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THE  
**FOREIGN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**



ART. I. — *Reise um die Erde, ausgeführt auf dem Königlich Preussischen Seehandlungs-Schiffe, Prinzess-Louise, commandirt von Capitain W. Wendt, in den Jahren 1830, 1831, 1832.* (Voyage round the World in the Prussian Ship the Princess Louise, by Dr. F. J. F. Meyerd.) 2 vols. 4to. Berlin, 1834.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous narratives of Voyages round the World, the successful accomplishment of which, instead of being matter of wonder, is now an every-day occurrence, such accounts are still looked for with impatience if they are known to have been conducted by men from whose labours new information may be expected, and are read with interest if they afford any real addition to our stock of knowledge. It might, indeed, be supposed that preceding adventurers had left little to be told respecting most of the countries which navigators, not bound on a voyage of discovery, but on a commercial enterprise, had occasion to visit. Thus, for instance, with regard to the work before us, it may be asked, what novelty can we expect from Brazil, Chili, Peru, or China? We have not only accounts of voyages to all these countries, but numerous and authentic narratives of travels in the interior, which must have anticipated all, and more than all, that a transient visiter of the coast can hope to learn. May we not almost say of such a voyager in the words which Schiller puts into the mouth of Max Piccolomini:—

—————“ We have been  
But voyaging along the barren coasts,  
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,  
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,  
House on the wild sea, with wild usages,  
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays.—  
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals  
Of fair and exquisite—O! nothing, nothing,  
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.\*

Facts, however, do not justify this view of the subject. The

very frequency of such communications has made us so familiar with remote countries, not only in general, but in detail—not merely with the outlines of national character, but even with individuals—that we are interested in them as old acquaintance and are desirous of knowing what has happened to them since we last heard of them. Thus, for instance, ever since the death of Cook, the Sandwich Islands have become as interesting to us as many of our own distant possessions—to which, in fact, they now in some measure belong. The celebrated Tameameah and his introduction of European civilization, the labours and conduct of the Missionaries, the establishment of Christianity, the visit of King Rihā to England, and his death among us, all serve to render any real and authentic intelligence welcome. Besides, in the present state of the navigation, commerce, and manufactures of Great Britain, it is indispensably necessary to have recent information from every part of the world. It is above all desirable that this information should be authentic, and on this account it must be important in many instances to confront the accounts given by our own countrymen with those of foreigners. It is possible that the speculators in mining operations in Mexico or Brazil *may* hold out fairer prospects than facts would justify; that Missionaries *may* describe in too glowing colours the results of their labours, and that without intentional misrepresentation in either case.

But further, in reply to those who would object that little novelty can be looked for, we must be allowed to observe, that the old proverb, “there is nothing new under the sun,” is in a certain point of view wholly exploded. The immensely extended sphere of modern education embraces an infinity of objects which were formerly the exclusive domain of the learned; and every branch of natural history, botany, zoology, mineralogy, has now become a popular and favourite pursuit. In this field new discoveries are daily made, which are not merely interesting in themselves, but of the utmost importance to the arts, commerce, and manufactures. Numerous instances of this kind will doubtless occur to our readers, but we may mention an important one of the most recent date. The British government, having received satisfactory information of the fitness of the timber of the Cowdie tree of New Zealand for spars for the navy, sent the Buffalo to that country for specimens. That vessel has just returned, and brought a cargo far exceeding all expectation. Before the return of the Buffalo, an enterprising and experienced naval officer, who has formed an establishment of his own in New Zealand, had offered, and, we believe, contracted with the government, to furnish spars of this kind from that island, at a lower price and of better quality than those from the Baltic—a

circumstance, which, in the not impossible contingency of a war with Russia, may be of essential importance to this country.

Every body is aware of the numerous and splendid additions made of late years to the ornaments of our parks and gardens by plants introduced from foreign countries. The beautiful and various heaths from the Cape—the dahlia, now so general—the *camellia japonica*, and innumerable others, are comparatively recent. We have seen a volume of original drawings, nearly 200 years old, representing the flowers cultivated at that time in the English garden; how poor was the ornamental Flora of those days when contrasted with the abundant treasures which we now possess! How many valuable species of pines have we become acquainted with, and some introduced into our parks, through the splendid Monography of the Genus *Pinus* of Mr. Lambert, who is still indefatigable in collecting materials to complete his great work, and whose magnificent herbarium, unrivalled by any private collection in Europe, is constantly enriched by acquisitions from all parts of the globe!

After premising these general observations, we must say a few words of introduction to the work before us.

This was the third voyage of a Prussian ship round the world, but no detailed account of the first and second has been published. They were undertaken by the Royal Company for Maritime Commerce, and seem to have fully answered the purpose for which they were projected, of establishing a commercial intercourse between Prussia and distant countries. The author, Dr. Meyen, accompanied the expedition on board the *Princess Louise*, as physician and naturalist, and the work before us bears ample testimony to his industry, zeal, and ability.

The *Princess Louise* left Hamburg on the 9th September, 1830, but in consequence of adverse winds, and violent storms, first in the German Ocean and the Channel, and afterwards in the Atlantic, did not arrive in sight of Cape Frio till the 14th of November, and on the following day she reached the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Meyen complains much of the inaccuracy of the charts of this coast; he says, that several new islands, not laid down in the charts, were discovered close to the shore. Among them is a small island, with a new house upon it, almost 4' to the east of Punto Negro. In crossing that part of the Ocean called the *Sargasso Sea*, from the vast quantities of sea-weed, *fucus sargasso*, Gmel., which is identical with the *fucus natans* of *Turn.* and *Lin.*, he expresses his conviction, contrary to the opinion of Von Humboldt and Martius, that these sea-plants do not grow on shoals, from which they are detached by various causes, but that they germinate and grow in the water on which they float.



We commence our extracts with some of the author's observations on Brazil:—

“At the time of our visit to Rio de Janeiro Don Pedro was still Emperor of Brazil. We were eye-witnesses of the disturbances which afterwards forced this extraordinary man to abdicate his throne. The police and the administration of justice were at that time already in so relaxed a state that they were unable to maintain public order. At sunset pickets of soldiers were stationed at all the approaches leading to the principal streets, and every passenger was challenged. It was by no means an unusual occurrence for five or six murders to be perpetrated in one night. In many houses the slaves were chained down during the night, that their masters might sleep with a feeling of security. The capital resembled a volcano, of which every one dreaded the eruption without exactly knowing how it would break out. Justice will avenge itself on the white man for the barbarities which he has for centuries exercised on millions and millions of negroes. The fate of Brazil is inevitable; three-fourths of the population are people of colour, only one-fourth being of Caucasian origin. . . . . When we visited Rio the importation of slaves had ceased; the legal import had been prohibited since the 1st of July in the same year—yet the trade in slaves was still carried on in the interior, as well in those who had been already imported as in others who were still smuggled in. Forty thousand negro slaves were on an average annually imported into the Brazils; and in the few last years previously to the abolition of this lucrative trade there was a considerable increase in the importation, so that two or three slave ships entered the harbour of Rio every week.”

We will not follow our author through his description of the still existing horrors of the slave-trade, even after the prohibition of the further importation of slaves, conformably to the treaties made with England. His report of a visit to the warehouse of a slave-dealer, where the greater part of the unfortunate victims were children, branded with red-hot irons, generally on the noblest parts of the human body, fully corroborates all the preceding accounts of that atrocious system, and of its demoralizing effect on minds which are in other respects not destitute of feelings of humanity.

“To our astonishment,” says he, “we found at Rio people of the country, distinguished for their education and humanity, who too coolly assured us that we were mistaken in imagining that the negroes belong to our species. Agreeably to this principle the slaves are treated, and, as the people at Rio boast, with extraordinary mildness. A person must have long resided there, and become gradually accustomed to the sight of this misery and degrading oppression, before he can understand such language.

“If a stranger visits the dépôt of a slave-merchant, the latter receives him with the greatest civility, cordially shakes him by the hand, and assures him of the uncommon excellence of his merchandize. He immediately orders some of the poor wretches to stand up, and, stick in hand, makes them exhibit their capabilities. But if these atrocious

dealers in human flesh perceive that you have entered their *depôt* from mere curiosity, they immediately become vulgarly insolent, cursing foreign nations, especially the English, who they say meddle in their concerns, and rob them of their legitimate gain, only to enrich themselves. We know, from various writers, what is now the easiest mode of acquiring riches at Rio, namely, by purchasing slaves and sending them out to work.

“ Long before day-break, as well as throughout the whole day, thousands and thousands of slaves may be seen wandering about, seeking employment; the harbours and market-places are thronged with them, and it is impossible to walk even a few steps without being accosted by them. These slaves are obliged to provide for their own maintenance, and to carry home to their owners a certain sum of money every day. If they have been unable to realize this, they are beaten; but if they have gained more, they are allowed to retain a part, in order to make up any deficiency on some other day. During our stay, we daily saw the slaves bring home to their owners two *patacas* (one rix-dollar Prussian). Many owners send their slaves for daily employment to the neighbouring quarries, while very many others send them out to catch insects; and this is the reason why the most brilliant insects are to be had so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. When a man has attained to some adroitness in this operation, he may on a fine day catch in the immediate vicinity of Rio more than five or six hundred beetles. This trade in insects is considered very lucrative, six millreis (four rix-dollars, or about fourteen shillings,) being paid for the hundred during our stay. There is a general demand for these brilliant beetles, whose wing-cases are now sought for the purpose of adorning the ladies of Europe—a fashion which threatens the entire extinction of this beautiful tribe. The diamond beetle (*chlamys bacca*, Kert., and especially the *chlamys cuprea*, Klug.) was in great request for brooches for gentlemen, and ten piastres were often paid for a single beetle.”

The thirst of gain has, however, taken other ways to attain its object with the greatest rapidity. Humanity will not believe the fact at some future day, when we state that the negroes themselves are sometimes kept for breeding, as with us horses are kept in the studs. Young negresses are purchased solely for breeding children; and a negress when pregnant is worth fifty piastres more than before. The young children are taken from their mother's breast and sold for thirty or forty piastres. To the master of the slaves everything is lawful—he makes pretended marriages and dissolves them when he will; he separates the children from their parents, and sells man and wife, so that they, perhaps, never meet again. Even the milk of the negresses is made an article of trade, and sold as cows' milk. Hence milk, which is always very dear, is never seen at Rio in the houses of foreigners, unless they have cows of their own.

We wish we could participate in the hopes of the author that this lamentable state of things is likely to be speedily amended. The importation of slaves being prohibited, their value is in-

creased, and the owners must treat them more mildly, in order to defer as long as possible the necessity of working themselves. From the great mortality among the negroes in Brazil, the blending of the several races, and their consequent improvement, he anticipates that in thirty years the slave population will consist of men who will no longer bear the yoke of slavery, and will be able, from the superiority of their numbers, to emancipate themselves, if the whites do not give them freedom of their own accord.

The subject of slavery and the slave-trade is of such importance, and one in which the English nation is so peculiarly interested, that we shall submit a few reflections to the serious consideration of our readers. We have watched with unremitting attention the progress of public opinion, from the time when the eloquent denunciations of a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, and others, first entirely unveiled to the eyes of the astonished world the inconceivable horrors of that nefarious traffic, to the late consummation of the long-cherished wishes of the friends of humanity, by the ever-memorable act of complete, though tardy, justice—by which, not only Britain's own favoured isle, but every spot of earth on which her flag waves, is declared to be the land of the free. An extensive correspondence with the West Indies during the last ten years has induced us to hope that a great number of the opponents of emancipation were chiefly actuated by apprehensions that it was not yet time to effect it with safety, and we are persuaded that, now that the decisive step is irrevocably taken, they feel their hearts relieved as from a burden that has been long intolerable. But the sincere advocates of the Emancipation have, we believe, never dissembled from themselves that this sudden change from slavery to freedom might possibly be attended, at least at the commencement, with a considerable diminution in the labour of the negroes—and, perhaps, in some instances, with even a total refusal to work at all—and that this would be followed by a proportionate diminution in the produce, especially of sugar, the great staple of our islands. At all events, it is certain that such a result was confidently anticipated by other countries, which predicted the entire ruin of the British colonies, and consequent advantage to themselves.

• Now, it is notorious that, notwithstanding all the treaties which have been concluded between England and other countries for the abolition of the slave-trade, it is still carried on to an enormous extent, because, even if the governments were really sincere in their wishes to suppress this trade, their subjects were wholly averse to a step which they denounced as utter ruin to all interested in the colonies. They have therefore persisted, in spite of, perhaps with the connivance of, their governments, and in Brazil in particular it has been officially declared to be out of the power

of the legislature to put an end to the traffic. Slaves imported by ships under Portuguese colours are indeed sometimes seized, but we fear that they are employed by the government nearly in the same manner as they would have been if sold to private individuals. But the difficulty of convicting and punishing these violators of the laws is nearly insurmountable. The minister of justice has declared in the Chamber of Deputies in Brazil, that the vast extent of coast rendered it impossible for the most vigilant superintendence to prevent the clandestine importation of negroes; that, having had information of an instance of such an unlawful importation, he had sent officers to the spot to investigate the matter and bring the offenders to justice; but that these officers declared in their report, that although they had obtained indubitable information of the fact, it was absolutely impossible to produce any legal proof; the people were so decidedly averse to the abolition that no one could be found to give evidence; that, if witnesses could be had, no jury would convict, and even the local magistrates would not condemn. The moment a slave ship arrived, the negroes were hurried into the interior, and no trace of the transaction was to be found on the spot where it had taken place. Such being the case, it can scarcely be doubted that Brazil, which offers such facilities for extensive cultivation of colonial produce, will use every means to promote that object, and to supply any deficiency, real or supposed, in the produce of the British West Indies.

Under these circumstances, it will be for the English government to use all lawful means to prevent the act of justice done to our own slaves from having a fatal influence in continuing the abomination of slavery, and promoting the slave-trade in other countries. Those treaties which are even now inefficient, will be still less regarded when the temptation to violate them shall be greater. It is affirmed, that the escape of one slave ship out of *three* affords the dealer sufficient profit. What then can England do? There is one thing which we think might be tried, and which would probably have a considerable effect in attaining the object desired. It is well known, that it was unanimously resolved by the sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna that the slave-trade should be abolished all over the world. The Portuguese transmarine possessions were not then separated from the mother country, which it might be hoped would be able to exercise some control over them. They are now independent. Let England call on the governments of Europe not to allow the importation of colonial produce, from any country where it can be proved that the slave-trade is still carried on, either with the sanction or connivance of the government, or in spite of it; such a measure would surely act as a check on the importation of slaves. Could

that point be effectually attained, it might be hoped that the extinction of slavery itself would in due time succeed, as it has done in the British colonies.

During the remainder of the short stay of the *Princess Louise* at Rio, Dr. Meyen made the best use of his time in adding very considerably to his collections both of plants and insects, and, though his excursions were naturally confined to the environs of the city, he discovered many new species.

On the 20th of November the *Louise* left the harbour to proceed round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. A great number of water-snakes were seen both in the bay and in the open sea, and medusæ of immense size, that is, a foot and a foot and a half in diameter, floated past the vessel.

"When we came on deck the following morning (29th November), the ship was surrounded by a number of albatrosses, sea-gulls, and swallows, which were hovering over the quiet waters and eagerly catching in their bills everything that was thrown to them from the ship. Travellers must be pardoned for so often introducing the albatross, as it would in fact be very difficult to avoid mentioning these birds; for months together they were our constant companions during our dreary passage round Cape Horn, affording us many a pleasant hour on this stormy and desolate ocean, never forsaking us, even when the towering waves broke over us. When those in whom misery has not yet completely stifled the voice of nature, visit the remoter deserts of the world, be they either on the boundless ocean or on land, the smallest being endowed with life possesses an infinitely higher interest than far more important objects inspire in the bustle of the world. Proudly the albatross soars upon his element, bidding defiance to the raging of the sea and the fury of the tempest; without touching the waters even with the tips of his wings, he rises with the heaving wave and descends again into the abyss, over which the next billow breaks in foam. There can be no doubt that his flights extend round the whole circumference of the earth, and he is probably the only bird of which this can be affirmed.

"Close behind the stern of the *Princess* several of these magnificent birds were resting on the waves, and seemed very hungry. We threw them some pieces of bacon which were fastened to large iron fishing-hooks: one of them instantly seized the hook, which it was about to swallow with the bacon; the line was quickly drawn up, and the bird, with the aid of hooks, dragged on board. In a very short time we had four of these gigantic birds on the deck, where they walked about as there was no room for them even to spread out their wings for flight. On deck this enormous creature is as awkward in its motions as it is graceful when on the water. The great curvature of the point of the beak helps to fasten the hook, and, as their voracity is really extraordinary, there are always some ready to seize the bait when the sea is calm. It is a beautiful and affecting sight to witness the eagerness with which the other albatrosses hasten to the spot, when one of their comrades is caught by the hook and is dragged on board; they immediately seize the captive by the wings with their enormous beaks, and endeavour to

hold him back with all their might. They keep up with him till he is close to the ship, and when their companion is at length drawn up, they take their station at some distance, looking after him, till the irresistible charm of some new bait allures a second and a third from among their party. One day, as a female bird was drawn up, a huge albatross, probably her mate, came up from a considerable distance: he exerted his utmost strength to pull her back; but all his efforts proved unavailing. Thus a number of these beautiful birds are every year taken by the ships that double Cape Horn; they are left to walk about on deck, chiefly for the amusement of the sailors." . . .

"The force of the masses of water which some American rivers pour into the basin of the Atlantic has probably been frequently exaggerated; we were, therefore, the more surprised when we felt the effects of the Rio de la Plata at a distance of more than eighty German (nearly 400 English) miles. In crossing the latitude of the mouth of this mighty river we continued in 50° longitude west of London, and observed a current of 24' to 30' south-east within the course of twenty-four hours."

On the 13th of December, having been prevented by contrary winds from passing through the Strait le Maire, the voyagers descried the distant and picturesque Staatepland, and while the captain and officers were taking a view of the coast, the author and his assistants were employed in collecting some of the species of sea-weed which passed the ship in immense quantities. Among these they recognised two species of fucus, one of which was the fucus pyriferus, which Banks and Solander, in Cook's first voyage, found in Strait le Maire, of the length of 200 and even 300 feet. Mr. Agardh has formed the genus *Macrocystus* merely because it has inflated petioles.

"We succeeded in securing one of these floating islands, which was drawn on board with great exertion by five men amid loud acclamations. It was not possible to disentangle the enormous mass; we were unable to draw out more than sixty-six feet of what was probably the principal trunk; the individual branches were from thirty to forty feet long, and about the same thickness as the main stem from which they issued. The entire length of the plant may be estimated at triple the length measured—consequently 200 feet. The pear-shaped air-vessels at the bases of the leaves were from six to seven inches long, and each leaf from one or two to seven or eight feet in length—dimensions which may afford some idea of the enormous size of these plants." . . . "As the air-vessels are so very large, we found no difficulty in preserving a quantity of the air contained in them, which we enclosed in hermetically sealed bottles, and brought home for chymical analysis. The extraction of this air in sea-water, which was of a temperature of 4° R. and the thermometer standing at 4° 8', was very cold work."

It took the vessel twenty-five days to double Cape Horn. After passing the latitude of the Straits of Magellan, the weather became more favourable, and she cast anchor at Valparaiso on

the 21st of January. So much has lately been published concerning Valparaiso, its climate, natural productions, &c., that our author does not find it necessary to enter into detail on the subject. Referring to the statements of Mrs. Graham respecting the elevation of the ground during the earthquake, the author says that, on examining the coast of the bay, both north and south, this fact was every where confirmed.

"One afternoon, when the sea-breeze was not very strong, we made an excursion to the rocks, which lie on the northern side of the harbour, far above Almendral; we were most agreeably surprised by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation, and the variety of animals which abound here. These masses of sienite, which lie half under water, are a part of the rocks which were raised to a height of three or four feet above the level of the sea during the last great earthquake in 1822. The millions of plants and animals which once animated the surface of these cliffs, while they were yet covered by the waves, have all dried up. The beautiful effect of the submarine Flora and Fauna is much heightened by the transparency of the water; all the surfaces are covered with innumerable pholadæ, intermingled with actiniæ of the richest colours; while chitonæ of the most diversified tints, patellæ, and fissurellæ clothe the rocks, and vie with the actiniæ in brilliancy of colouring. Large asteriæ, which are here particularly abundant and of unusual beauty, are seen at a greater depth, or fastened to the sides of the larger rocks. The *asterias helianthus*, Lam., with whose original habitat we were hitherto unacquainted, is found in large numbers on the coast of Valparaiso. The extraordinary size of this animal, and the number of its radii, of which it generally has between thirty and forty, constitute it one of the most distinguished of this beautiful species. Our *asterias aurantiaca*, Nov. Sp. excels it in the richness of its tints, but the bright coloured *asterias gelatinosa*, Nov. Sp. is, undoubtedly, the finest of the whole, and it is much to be regretted that it cannot be preserved without losing all its splendid colours. Its surface is white, inclining to a milky blue, and the prickly warts with which it is covered are of a bright orange. Numerous voracious crabs inhabit the clefts of these rocks; various fuci, with their long broad leaves, which are sometimes eaten by the poor people, cover the rocks and afford food and shelter to various tribes of animals."

It having been decided, some days after the arrival of the Princess Louise at Valparaiso, that she should remain there for five or six weeks, the doctor and his companions resolved to undertake a journey across the Cordilleras, as far as Mendoza. Though this excursion was highly interesting to themselves, and they found many valuable additions to their collections, yet this route is so well known from the accounts of preceding travellers that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that subject. Their observations on the manners of the people are worthy of attention, and those relating to the statements pub-

lished by our own countrymen may deserve the consideration of future travellers to South America.

"In attempting to give a sketch of the life and manners of the inhabitants of Santiago, it is more than probable that many inaccuracies have crept into the description, since our residence among them was but short, and our occupations too various to allow of our giving much time to the study of their character. We have not measured the manners and customs of these nations by the standard adopted in our less genial climate, and which has been sanctioned by the authority of centuries; and though we may occasionally state facts very much at variance with the customs of our own country, we have not done so with the view to represent them as either bad or vulgar, nor yet with the foolish notion of holding up the manners of our own country as the only model of propriety and decency. Our sole object has been clearly to point out the difference existing in such various countries, that the observer of human nature may be able to form an accurate idea of the national character of the people, and to trace the causes which have occasioned so great a diversity in the manners and customs of different nations. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the many English travellers, who have visited these countries within the last few years for the acquirement of wealth, but who have generally returned with disappointed hopes, should have published their journals, in which they often represent this amiable nation in the most revolting colours, and that too after having experienced the strongest demonstrations of hospitality and kindness. The sex especially has been an object of attack, and sometimes ladies have even been mentioned by name, a circumstance which has been unfavourable to later travellers; for the custom, which admitted every stranger of respectability into the first families, without the necessity of a special introduction, has now disappeared. The ladies are much afraid of the formal Englishman, who cannot understand their habits, and turns them into ridicule as soon as he leaves their company. He fancies himself distinguished when a lady presents him with flowers, whereas it is only a mark of common politeness. An Englishman calls the people dirty, because after dinner a basin is passed round the table, and the whole company, ladies as well as gentlemen, wash their hands, whereas these good-natured people desire by this to show their cordiality to their guests.

"The forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship still continue to have great influence on the majority of the population, and Catholicism is still the only authorized religion of the state, a law which we can scarcely comprehend, because the legislative authority of these times, in fact, broke the harsh supremacy of the church after the enemy had been defeated. The revenues of the pious institutions were henceforth considered as state property, and the clergy received salaries—nay, they even proceeded, and evidently with too much precipitation, to abolish the monasteries, by which they destroyed the schools of the monks, while they were as yet destitute of means to establish others in their stead. Very few of the presidents, among whom was Ovalle, publicly professed the Catholic religion; neither have many of the



ministers hitherto done so. Indeed, we do not think that we are far from the truth if we ascribe but a very slight degree of regard for the prevailing forms of religion to the more influential men of this new state. The writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other French contemporary authors, which are read with the greatest avidity throughout the country, have not failed of their effects upon the easily excited minds of these people. It is by no means a rare occurrence in the provinces, to meet with men with the writings of these philosophers in their hands, who are still ignorant whether Prussia is in England or North America. The people are, in general, extremely bigoted—the women and girls of all ranks invariably so;—you are not permitted to pass a church or a convent without taking off your hat and making an obeisance. A visit to the churches of Santiago is as dangerous to the Protestant as a pilgrimage to the mosques is to the Christian at Constantinople. Only a short time before our arrival, two Englishmen were grossly insulted in the cathedral.

“The inhabitants of the west coast of South America have not remained free from the mania of imitating the manners and customs of foreign nations, and thus we see with regret the gradual disappearance of all nationality of character in those towns, which are more exposed, in consequence of the free trade, to the influence of foreigners. We should form a very erroneous idea of beautiful Chili and its inhabitants, were we to look only at Valparaiso.

“A Chilian lady, even of middling rank, always wears silk stockings, and such tight silk shoes that they are sure to burst in two or three days; their church-going attire is made of velvets, silks, and laces, and they have the largest and handsomest French tortoise-shell combs in their hair, and sometimes, if they wish to appear much dressed, they display two or three: even in the house, they wear the most elegant Chinese shawls, with which they often lie down on the carpets. Not only is domestic peace frequently disturbed by this extravagance, and marriages prevented from taking place, because the men have not the adequate means; but we may almost regard it as likely to prove a source of ruin to the country, if proper measures are not taken to counteract this unhappy propensity. Good, we mean practical, female schools, on the same plan as those in Europe, ought to be established, and not such as the celebrated school of Mora, at Santiago, which, in our opinion, is but calculated to excite the very propensity which, above all others, ought to be suppressed. It is not so sultry in Chili as its inhabitants fancy, and who on that ground refrain from work; it seems to us to be merely a habit of idleness, which they are unwilling to shake off, although the times are altered, and require the adoption of a different system. It is very remarkable that it is only since the general deliverance from the dominion of the Spaniards that this love of dress in the ladies has become so extravagant. Although all secretly condemn it, yet no one ventures to speak against it openly, for in no country, probably, are the men so completely, under the authority of the sex, (we do not exactly mean to say under that of their wives,) as in Chili, though it is only a natural consequence of their beauty and attractions.”

At Santiago our travellers had the good fortune to meet with Mr. J. Ingrim, (probably Ingram,) an Englishman, who not only received them with much kindness, but even offered them accommodation in his house, which they gladly accepted. Being well acquainted with all the members of the government, he presented them to Don Diego Portales, vice-president of the republic and minister of the interior, who promised to facilitate, as far as lay in his power, their inland journey. Their original plan was to go over the volcano of Maipù to Mendoza, and, if possible, to visit the new volcanoes, which broke out in sight of Santiago, during the earthquake of 1829. The minister, however, assured them, that the journey to Mendoza was impracticable, because the independent Indians occupied that part of the country: and that, in spite of all attempts which had been made, the way to the new volcanoes had not yet been found. He advised them to confine their attention to the volcanoes of Maipù and Peteroa, both of which are in constant action. This advice they followed, and immediately prepared for their journey—the account of which is highly interesting, but far too long for our pages.

It was about this time that accounts were received in Europe of immense quantities of silver having been discovered in Chili, on which the most extravagant speculations had been founded—we, at the same time, heard of a journey into the interior of the country, undertaken by order of the Chilian government. The following passage relates to the latter:—

“At San Fernando we met Mr. Claudius Gay, a French naturalist of Draguignan, who, accompanied by Don José Anton Silva, a worthy Chilian of Santiago, was about to visit all the provinces of the Chilian republic. Mr. Gay was commissioned to this great undertaking by the government, with which he had concluded the following contract:—

“Mr. Gay agreed to travel over the whole of Chili in four years and a half, and minutely to investigate the natural history, geography, geology, statistics, every thing in short which might be advantageous to manufactures, commerce, or the government. And only one year after the completion of the journey, Mr. Gay stipulated to submit to the inspection of a commission a sketch of the following works:—

- “1. General natural history of Chili, of the animals, plants, and minerals, accompanied by plates.
- “2. The physical geography of Chili, with observations on the climate and temperature of the provinces, with a map of the whole state, and views and plans of the principal towns, harbours, and rivers.
- “3. The entire geology of the country.
- “4. The statistics of the republic, with reference to agriculture,

trade, manufactures, population, and the administration of every province.

"5. Plan of a museum, in all its branches, with a catalogue of names, &c.

"6. Accurate investigation of all the mineral springs in the country.

"The government agreed to pay Mr. Gay one hundred and twenty-five piastres per month, during the whole of his journey, and to give directions to the chief authorities of the different provinces to promote in every way the objects of the traveller—all the collections made by Mr. Gay, were to be the property of the state. The government also furnished him with astronomical and other instruments, which were, however, either to be returned undamaged or paid for, on the completion of the journey.

"This great enterprise, from which so much was to be expected, was begun in October the preceding year. Mr. Gay had examined the sources of the Rio Cachapoal and its vicinity—visited the lake Taguatagua, and was about to commence a journey to the Rio Tinguiririca up to its source. His departure was fixed for the day after our arrival, and every thing prepared for the expedition."

Having learned at San Fernando that a body of 2000 Indian horsemen, of the tribe of the Pehuenches, had encamped at the foot of the volcano of Peteroa, our voyagers resolved to accompany Mr. Gay, and to penetrate as far into the Cordilleras as their time would permit. They left San Fernando on the 3rd of February, and reached the banks of the Tinguiririca by sunset the next day. On the 5th, they prosecuted their journey along a chain of steep hills, from two to three hundred feet high, where they collected a great number of new plants, among which were a rose and a parmesia, both of extraordinary beauty.

The rock consists of green porphyry, with large masses of felspar, which occasionally stands out very high and steep on the right bank: at some distance are almost perpendicular walls of sienite, of the height of above a thousand feet; their serrated summits rising bare above all vegetation. It was noon before the party reached the Rio Chado de Talcaregua, where it empties itself into the Rio Tinguiririca; they crossed this dangerous mountain stream with great caution, for it was so rapid that the mules were often driven back in their progress. At every step they first carefully tried the firmness of the bottom, and then advanced with their breasts directed against the stream. On the other side of the river they had immediately to ascend a very steep mountain about six hundred feet high, on the summit of which there was a small plateau, where they rested under the shade of some trees. The continued heat had so completely

burnt up the whole plain which lay exposed to the sun's rays, that a few scattered halms of wild oats and some flowering shrubs of the Bermudiana were all that remained. On accidentally turning up the clayey soil, it was found completely filled with small bulbs, the flowers and leaves of which had long since disappeared. How beautiful must be the aspect of this plain and all the declivities of these mountains in the spring of the year, when they are clothed with the splendid mantle of the liliaceæ! Here and there, where there was some moisture to lessen the withering effect of the heat, were seen traces of this first beauty of the spring. Unfortunately they were not able to prosecute their journey to the extent they hoped, an express having been sent to inform them that their ship would sail on the 12th of February, and not stop, as had been intended, till the beginning of March. They, therefore, parted from Mr. Gay, who was to proceed to the Volcano del Azufre, and the sources of the Tinguiririca, while Dr. Meyen resolved to ascend the Monte Impossible on the crest of the Cordilleras. This was an arduous undertaking, in which, however, after much labour he succeeded.

"The very difficult road since our last resting place, near the spring on the plateau de Gualtatas, had carried us over five high mountains, which consisted, for the most part, of green-stone porphyry, and of which some presented a very strange appearance, as the rock composing them consisted of thick slabs piled one upon another, which, on the summit of the mountain, lay quite detached, so that we could throw them down. The last mountain before you come to the Monte Impossible is composed of a red green-stone porphyry, in which are disseminated a number of crystals; in some parts, which are exposed to the constant heat of the sun, the surface is covered with a black and shining coat of brown iron-stone. Another mountain consists of a white stone, which is entirely decomposed and changed into a substance resembling porcelain earth. On the northern side there is a fearfully steep precipice, across which there was a foot-path. It was but just possible to proceed by this route, and it was only by treading very firmly into the deep ashes of the decomposed rock that we had a tolerably safe footing. This mountain precipice is above a thousand feet deep, and great masses of rock impend over the foot-path, fragments of which occasionally rolled down. At length, about four in the afternoon, we reached the limit of eternal snow on the Monte Impossible. The boulders on the declivity of the cone, which is from five to six hundred feet high, impeded our progress at every step, and the exertion was so great, that we began to suffer from a violent oppression on the chest. The temperature of the air close to these fields of snow was 5°, 8° R., and the water that came from the snow only 6°, 4° R., while the thermometer exposed to the sun was 8° R. The cone of this lofty mountain consists of greenish grey porphyry, with numerous very large

crystals of hornblende. We never regretted the loss of our barometer more than at this moment, when we had for the first time attained the line of perpetual snow on the Cordillera. We passed some delightful moments in the contemplation of the magnificent scenery before us.”—

On the 11th of February the travellers again reached Santiago, where they found the whole city in gala, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Chacabuco, and learned, to their great vexation, that their ship was likely to remain for a considerable time at Valparaiso, so that they had hurried back without any necessity. They resolved, therefore, to prosecute their excursions from Santiago, and to visit the sources of the Rio Maipù, and the volcano of that name. On this very interesting excursion they reached on the third day a place called the Quesaria, a small hut, resembling, as it seems, the chalets of Switzerland, where a few persons pass the summer in making cheese. They estimated its elevation above the level of the sea at nine thousand feet. We subjoin an account of some remarkable petrifications.

“Towards three o'clock we left the Quesaria, and entered upon the most fatiguing road which we had yet had to travel; it lasted above two hours, and ran along the declivity of the high mountain chain which borders the right bank of the Rio del Volcan, and is thickly covered with boulders. The formation of these rocks consists of black porphyry and Alpine limestone of a bluish black colour, whose strata are placed perpendicularly; their terminations form a continued and variously indented coast, sometimes rising considerably and then descending like steps, and having numerous deep clefts, which appear as if they had been formed by the continual washing of a torrent. This Alpine limestone contains an immense mass of petrifications, among which we particularly noticed the ammon's horns: we saw specimens measuring three feet in diameter; but, owing to the rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we could not bring any of them away with us: we, however, carried off some other petrifications, such as cucullæ, exogyrae, coral, cyathophyllum, belemnites, &c.; they are, however, not in good preservation, being much flattened and damaged. Advancing further on this difficult route, which offers little variety except a few prickly leguminous plants, and very interesting shrubby syngenecistæ, we find the rock composed entirely of porphyritic conglomerates, which alternate in their colours at every thousand paces. Sometimes they appear variegated green and white, then red and yellow, then brown and black, and so on, till the glen of the river opens into a plain, which rises directly into the snow fields of the ridge.”

In their advance towards the volcano they met with many difficulties, but were amply rewarded as well by the valuable addition to their collections, as by the sublimity of the scenery. They were, however, unable to reach the crater, being stopped

on one side by prodigious masses of ice, covered with ashes of black lava, and extending nearly to the summit, which was covered with snow, and on the other side by a deep cleft, which it was impossible to pass; they, therefore, returned to Valparaiso, where they had still time, before the sailing of the ship, to visit the warm baths of Colina.

The Princess Louise left Valparaiso on the 6th of March to proceed to Copiapó, to take in copper, but first touched at Coquimbo, to take on board a young Englishman in the employ of the owner, who had business to transact at Copiapó. On the 10th of March, they entered the harbour of Copiapó. Large masses of rock rose before the entrance of the harbour, and the surf was terrible. Captain Wendt, though he had visited it on a former voyage, thought it necessary to use very great caution; he entered without accident, having had constantly from fifteen to twenty fathoms water. They had, however, narrowly escaped a great danger, for they learned that, close to the entrance, and almost in the middle of it, there was a sharp rock, only six feet under water, which had been discovered a short time before by an American ship striking on it. Captain Wendt resolved to ascertain its precise situation, and had some difficulty in finding it. A noise like that of boiling water led him to the rock: they ascertained that it was only six feet below the water, but at its edges their sounding line showed a depth of two hundred feet.

The changes that have taken place on this coast, in consequence of the successive convulsions of nature, are very remarkable. We have already noticed the elevation of the surface by the earthquake of 1829, as mentioned by Mrs. Graham; the following passage contains some interesting particulars:—

“The basis of this coast of northern Chili, is the same kind of coarse-grained sienite which we collected at Valparaiso and Coquimbo, but we were greatly surprised on beholding the immense banks of shells which, in this place, invariably cover the sienite, and extend unbroken into the open sea. In some places these banks rise more than forty or fifty feet above the present level of the sea; they consist of a mixture of perfect shells, such as we found in a living state on this coast, cemented with sand, clay, and the fragments of shells. In some places of considerable extent, there are masses composed of such very small fragments, and so firmly cemented, that it is difficult to make out what they are. From among the millions of shells which lie buried here, we have collected perfect specimens of the *Concholepa Peruviana*, some of which were even yet covered with pholadæ and a gigantic *balanus*, the *Venus Dombeyi*, the cardium, and many others.

“In speaking of the effects produced by the great earthquake of 1822, we have already mentioned several places on the coast of Chili, where similar banks of shells have been noticed. We at the same time

stated, that the same cause which had occasioned the earthquake had also elevated the whole tract of the coast of central Chili three or four feet above the level of the sea. This lifted the banks of living shell-fish above the surface of the water, which caused the fish to die. By this circumstance we were immediately able to discover that similar elevations of the ground had frequently taken place, and that they had been of different degrees of violence. This was most evident in the harbour of Copiapo, where the shell banks are of extraordinary magnitude, and in several places have a different stratification.

"We here perceive that the ocean formed large caverns in these banks when they were on a level with its surface, and which, having been raised by successive earthquakes, now appear at different elevations. The spring-tides also, which have occurred here at various times, have contributed to give a rugged and very singular appearance to these banks. Many of these elevations have doubtless taken place in our times, but we have no historical accounts of them. An old fisherman, who lives with his wife and children in a miserable hut, was the only person who had witnessed these great convulsions of nature. He had taken up his abode in one of those great caverns which have been formed in the shell banks by the action of the water, when, during the great earthquake of 1819, the sea suddenly rose and inundated the whole country to the depth of 30 feet; it also penetrated into his cave and wept away four of his children."

The accounts which have hitherto reached Europe respecting this very remarkable part of Chili are extremely scanty, and, with the exception of the little communicated by Frezière, in his voyage to the South Sea, and by Captain Basil Hall, there is perhaps scarcely any original information. On the maps the whole of this country, as well as that of Atacama, is incorrectly laid down. No traveller, at least none who has published his observations, has penetrated beyond the town of Copiapó, and in all books and maps we find a Volcano de Copiapó, which however does not exist there. Dr. Meyen cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural resources of the country; the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the climate, and the abundance of valuable metals, being an ample compensation for the frequent and often destructive earthquakes with which it is visited more than any other part of South America; for during our travellers' stay six or seven shocks in twenty-four hours were a very usual occurrence. Before every shock a slight noise, like that of distant thunder, is heard. The people, however, seem not much to regard it; often when they are engaged in conversation, a person hearing the noise (*ruído*) cries "Esperen usted!" and runs out of the house; when the shock is over he goes in again and continues the conversation as if nothing had happened.

The great mineral wealth of this country is well known. Two hundred mines of gold, silver, and copper are actually worked;

but the produce is far inferior to what it might be if the country were better cultivated, the population more numerous and industrious, and above all, if there were passable roads. Another great obstacle is the want of fuel, so that if the ore were not extremely rich it would not be worth the expense of working. Ores containing less than 50 per cent. are disregarded. But the bronze, as the Chilians call the variegated copper ore of the mine of Checo, which belongs to an English company, contains generally 70 per cent., whence it might be inferred that the profit is enormous; but such is not the case. The ore must be conveyed by troops of mules from Checo to La Punta, ten leagues distant, where the smelting furnaces are situated. The copper must then be conveyed on the backs of mules to the port, which is 30 leagues distant. The fuel for the furnaces, chiefly charcoal, is fetched from the Cordilleras, at the distance of several days' journey, where the small shrubs are burnt to make charcoal. Thousands of mules are employed in this labour; the expense and the loss of time are consequently very great, and nothing but good roads can remedy this evil.

On our travellers' return from Checo they passed through Nantoco, a pretty village, consisting of sixty or seventy peasants' houses. The English Mining Company has here a very fine farm (*hacienda*), from the produce of which the workmen in their mines are supplied. At another farm belonging to the company different sorts of European grain are cultivated, and there are fine vineyards.

"No where," says Dr. Meyen, "have we seen larger or finer flavoured grapes, but the wine which is made from them is very bad, and not unlike that from Concepcion." This however must be attributed to the mode of preparing it, as none of the persons employed about it have the slightest knowledge of the process. It seemed to us that this wine ought to equal Madeira. The manager of the *hacienda* of Nantoco is an Englishman, who has lived many years in this country, and has completely adopted its manners and customs. The finest figs, pomegranates, and apricots, are here found in abundance, and this *hacienda* is, in every respect, far superior both in its arrangement and neatness to every similar establishment in the country.

"On the following morning we continued our journey to La Punta, where the smelting furnaces of the company are situated."

On their arrival at La Punta, the travellers were received with the greatest attention by the director of the works, a very agreeable and well-informed Spaniard. The process of smelting the copper ore is here carried on in a very superior manner, and the bars sent from these works are valued, on account of their purity, considerably higher than those of any other mines.



We quote the following remarks on the condor :—

" About two leagues from Nantoco, we perceived in the road before us a dead mule, which was instantly attacked by ten of the large vultures called condor. We immediately alighted and went up to them with a double-barrel gun. They very quietly suffered us to come up till we were within 200 paces of them, when one after the other hopped off and took their station at some distance in a semicircle, watching us closely, and retreating a little at every step we advanced. Only one of them remained with the prey, on which he placed his claw, every now and then turning his head to observe us. We fired at him just as he was about to rise; the ball hit his side; he flapped his wings violently, ran forwards, and rose a little. We then fired the shot from the second barrel, which lodged under his wing; he made another effort, expanded his wings, and flew away with the rest. We never again met with this species of condor; they were certainly above four feet high; nearly the whole of their body of a greyish brown, their back quite white, and a yellowish white ruff round the throat. We saw the black condor with the white back in great numbers on the summit of the volcano of Maipù, and we may almost certainly affirm that the vultures we had just seen are a totally distinct and much larger species of the same genus. Molina remarks that the word condor is of Peruvian origin, and that it signifies very large and different kinds of vultures. Hamilton saw condors five feet high, whose legs were as thick as a man's wrist. Their iris was of a dark brown, while that of the vultur gryphus, *Humb.*, was yellow. From all this it seems probable that there exist other and larger species of the condor than those with which we are acquainted. The usual manner of catching this king of birds is by placing some dead animal near to a spot where a person lies in wait for them. From the great rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we were unable to pursue this method, and we never succeeded in shooting any of them. Though much has been fabled about the condor, we think Vidaure's account very probable. He says that the peasants inclose a narrow space with a paling, into which they throw some dead animal. The vultures instantly pounce down upon it, and, when they have consumed their prey, find themselves unable to get out of the paling, as there is not room for them to spread their wings: we have ourselves seen that they require a clear space of from six to ten paces to run before they can rise. The peasants then come up and kill them with clubs. It is said that the condor is sometimes taken alive by a man concealing himself under an ox-hide, and holding him down by the feet till others come up to his assistance. It is affirmed, even by credible writers, that large flights of condors will attack horned cattle, and begin by tearing out their eyes, that they may have them more in their power. Now this story is very improbable, though it nearly approaches the truth. We ourselves saw a mule which had fallen down from exhaustion, and been left behind by the *tropa*. While yet alive, it was attacked by a large flock of the *frubu*; they had already pulled out one of its eyes, and began to tear out its intestines, but retreated four or five paces whenever the animal rallied its remaining strength and attempted to

struggle ; they then immediately resumed their onset till the poor beast was finally overcome."

The inhabitants of this country seem to have their thoughts entirely engrossed by mines and mining. If they hear of a beautiful country, they at once conclude that it abounds in mines. At this time, however, they had another subject of discussion, namely, the approach of the comet, at which they were greatly alarmed, and put many questions to our travellers, who tried, but in vain, to allay their fears, as they relied on the authority of a countryman of Don Alejandro's (meaning Baron Von Humboldt,) who had predicted the coming of this dangerous visiter.

In the houses of the people of Copiapó there is a singular mixture of luxury and poverty.

"We saw," says Dr. Meyen, "in the house of a gentleman, a piano worth at least a thousand piastres, and which, according to the taste of the country, was nearly covered with gilt bronze. There were several tables, each worth five or six ounces of gold, and a watch worth 500 piastres. In one corner of the room the señora was lying on the carpet, resting her arm on the sofa ; close to her stood an enormous chafing dish, for lighting cigars and warming the Paraguay tea, while a little child, covered with rags, was tumbling about in the dirt, to the great amusement of the señora. A variety of large silver plates, dishes, and other utensils, are very common, being comparatively much cheaper than porcelain, the conveyance of which, on the backs of mules, is very hazardous and difficult ; besides which, it is constantly liable to be broken by the frequent earthquakes. There is, on the other hand, a lamentable deficiency of the most common articles, such as cups, glasses, spoons, knives, &c. Looking glasses are amongst the greatest rarities."

The account of a breakfast at Ramadilla, to which they are invited, is rather amusing.

"The Englishman, our companion, was our host's amigo, and had announced our arrival to him two days before. We had been very much exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding night, and were longing for some refreshment. After a good deal of conversation, it seemed to occur to our host that we might be hungry, and he said very coolly to his servant Lorenzo, 'Bring a fowl.' In about a quarter of an hour Lorenzo returned, saying there was none to be had. 'What ! villain,' said the master, 'no fowl ?' We helped the poor man out of his embarrassment by offering him the meat we had brought with us for roasting. When it was served, our host partook of it very heartily, and added a water-melon to our roast. He asked whether we would like to take wine, as in that case he would immediately send to fetch some, but that no wine could be obtained within a league of his house. At dinner there were only two plates between three persons ; Lorenzo was summoned to procure one, but he returned after ten minutes search and said, 'No hay, Señor.' There was the same ceremony to obtain a knife, and afterwards another water-melon ; but 'No hay !' was the invariable reply. All this

conversation between the master and the servant was carried on with so much gravity that we found it extremely difficult to keep our countenance; and yet this gentleman is an extensive mine-owner, and employs 50 men in his works. There was besides no lack of gold, for he offered to purchase our guns for 34 and 36 piastres, for which we had paid only 18 and 22 dollars in Germany."

On their return to Copiapó the travellers learned that their vessel was to sail in a few days; they therefore hastened to the port, and on the 20th of March left the coast of Chili, the Italy of South America. On the 20th they anchored at Arica, a small and wretched-looking town, which has suffered severely from repeated earthquakes; yet it is one of the most important ports of the whole west coast, because nearly all south Peru, the environs of Lake Titicaca, and Bolivia, are supplied from this place with European manufactures. It is, however, a mere harbour for the importation of merchandise, where the merchants residing at Tacna have their agents and warehouses. For this latter place Captain Wendt set out on the 28th, by land.

"Among the curiosities of Tacna are the specimens of virgin copper, on the surface of which it was here and there crystallised in perfect cubes. Mr. Bolten, the merchant to whom our vessel was addressed, was the owner of these specimens, but would not part with them on any terms. This virgin copper occurs in almost incredible masses in the Cordillera of Bolivia; it is found near Corocucro, about 20 leagues from La Paz. The small specimens which we saw of this copper were covered with carbonate of copper; yet, in the melting, 16 ounces produced above 14 ounces of quite pure copper. An attempt was soon to be made to transport this copper down the mountains; but, although it is nearly pure, it does not seem to promise any, or, at most, but a very small profit, for it is far up the mountains, at a distance of seven days' journey from the coast, so that the expenses of carriage on the backs of mules might probably exceed the worth of the metal: about 150,000 quintals of this copper have been detached, and are lying ready for removal."

Mr. Bolten having determined that the ship should stop a fortnight at Arica and then proceed to Islay, Dr. Meyen resolved to take a journey over the western chain of the Cordilleras to the Lake Puno, and then return by way of Arequipa to Port Islay. Captain Wendt exerted himself to facilitate this plan, but the obstacles were so numerous, and the expenses so enormous, that they were on the point of giving up their intention. They however set out on the 31st of March, and in the vicinity of Palca observed some remarkable buildings, of which the following is an account.

The square towers which occur in this neighbourhood are particularly curious. They are about 20 feet high, eight broad, and built entirely of unburnt bricks. Bands of metal are occasionally inserted to give them

greater firmness. One of these obelisks was damaged at its base, which enabled us to discover that it was not hollow but quite filled up. On questioning the country-people about these buildings, they merely said, 'they are of the times of the kings,' that is, of the incas. In the immediate vicinity of Palca we counted seven of these obelisks, three of which stand almost close together. As they have not been painted, the natural colour of the clay gives them a very sombre and dreary appearance. Others call these obelisks *Casas del Rey*, by which is now understood any sort of building which affords the traveller protection against the scorching rays of the sun. These obelisks, however, can afford shade only in the morning and evening, and must therefore have been erected for a very different purpose. It is rather singular that no mention should have been made of these buildings in any of the modern works on Peru. We met with them also in some other places, in the vicinity of Puno for instance, which led us to a conjecture respecting their real destination. It is well known that under Yupangui, the inca, a rebellion broke out among the original inhabitants of the province of Callao. Herrera says that the inca, tired of the incessant wars, sent his son, the Inca Topa, to suppress the rebellion, in which he very soon succeeded, and, in commemoration of his victories, Inca Topa erected large masses of stone—'*bultas de piedra*'—and other magnificent buildings; and we are much inclined to consider these obelisks as the *bultas de piedra* of Herrera."

The road from Palca to the Lake of Puno, or Titicaca, lay through an interesting country, which, after passing San Francisco de Anqual, the travellers found to be rich and well cultivated. Everywhere they saw herds of lamas, swine, sheep, asses, horses, mules, and even oxen, and were delighted to find, for the first time, agriculture resembling that of Europe in an *oasis* surrounded by chains of barren mountains covered with snow. Their prosecution of the journey to the Rio Slave, the pretty villa Acora, the town of Chuquito, with its magnificent church and handsome market-place, gave them much pleasure. The country from Chuquito (sometimes spelt Chucuito) resembled a flower-garden. All the slopes of the neighbouring mountains were covered with rich vegetation, "and there is little doubt," says Dr. Meyen, "that countless treasures, which we were obliged to pass, were buried here." It is remarkable that all the flowers were yellow. The party were much pleased with the environs of the lake, and were desirous of making some stay at Puno; but, the merchant at Tacna having neglected to give them letters of recommendation, they were treated with great neglect and even rudeness. No lodging could be obtained but a stable, from which the asses and lamas were removed to make room for them; nay, Dr. Meyen was even taken for a spy, and brought before the police as a coiner, because he offered a piece of gold coin of the republican government which had a flaw in it. He therefore left Puno, after one day's stay only, to return to the ship.

On the 9th of April, Dr. Meyen left Puno in no very good humour, to proceed to Arequipa over the pass called Altos de Toledo, which he was assured would not be very fatiguing, but the result proved the inaccuracy of this information. On the tops of the mountains enclosing the valley through which the travellers passed to reach the Rio Jussecano, there are many obelisks like those near Palca. The journey to Arequipa lay through a country the geological features of which were very interesting: the district about Tambo, where they passed a night, would, if carefully explored, furnish abundant treasures in all the branches of Natural History; but any one who would wish to examine the country, ought to take with him a sufficient stock of provisions. When they reached the Altos de Toledo, which pass, according to Messrs. Rivero and Pentland, is 15,530 English feet above the level of the sea, they found the climate very cold; in the morning the whole plain and the neighbouring mountains, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with ice and hoar-frost, in consequence of a thick fog, which falls daily at sunset, and which obscures the air to such a degree that the postillion was obliged, in the night, to grope the way with his hands. Besides this there was nothing to eat; fortunately there was a large building, where a hundred travellers might have passed the night and found shelter from the cold.

On arriving, on the 13th of April, at Arequipa, they learned with much surprise that the Princess Louise had not yet arrived in Port Islay. This circumstance, however, enabled the Doctor not only to arrange his collections of plants and minerals, which had increased very considerably, but also to make an excursion to the volcano of Arequipa. The party suffered severely from fatigue, and when nearly at the summit were completely exhausted by the attack of a peculiar disorder, called the sorocho; a difficulty of respiration was succeeded by vertigo, nausea, vomiting, and even bleeding at the nose, which obliged them to lie down on the ground for a considerable time, till they had recovered sufficient strength slowly to descend the mountain. They nevertheless brought away a rich collection of volcanic productions, and also some rare and very beautiful plants. On the 21st Dr. Meyen returned to Arequipa, arranged his new collections, and on the 22d left this beautiful city, much regretting that a German merchant to whom he had letters of recommendation was absent, so that he had not had the opportunity of mixing with the higher classes, whose hospitality and kindness are spoken of in the highest terms by all travellers.

Dr. Meyen mentions that he "saw in the cathedral at Arequipa a tablet, with an inscription recording the visit of Mala-

spina and his companions. The persons engaged in that celebrated voyage of discovery remained for a considerable time at Arequipa, and some of them ascended the volcano and made various researches, concerning which unfortunately very little has been made known."

We participate the more fully in the regret expressed by Dr. Meyen, as we have ourselves seen here in London the MS. narrative (in Spanish) of that highly interesting and important expedition, as well as the numerous very large and magnificent original drawings illustrative of it. We may also take this opportunity of stating that we have likewise had in our hands the original MS. of the personal narrative of the celebrated travellers Ruiz and Pavon during sixteen years' residence in Chili and Peru. Two volumes of the *Flora Peruviana* are, we believe, all that has ever been published of the results of the expedition of these eminent botanists; an expedition which cost the Spanish government 100,000*l.* sterling. They explored parts of the country which have not been visited by any subsequent travellers, and the publication of their MS., as well as that of Malaspina's expedition, would be most welcome to all lovers of science.

After leaving Arequipa, and crossing the Pampa or plain, there are two chains of mountains—the Alto Primero and Alto Segundo. It is not easy to fancy anything more monotonous than this last tract: not a blade of grass, not a bird, not an insect, is to be seen—nothing but the skeletons of the mules that have sunk under their burdens in this dreary desert. Here and there indeed a solitary splendid cactus looks like an apparition on the blackened declivities:—

"The *cactus cahdelaris*, which we first saw in the Cordillera of Tacna, is occasionally seen here. Its habitat seems to be very accurately limited to the elevation of from 7,000 to 9,000 feet. But close to it is another *cereus* which surpasses it in beauty—it is octangular, and attains the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet; on the edges are hard protuberances, at regular intervals, from which grow the bundles of thorns and long white blossoms. There is not a more beautiful form of this remarkable family—we called it *Cactus Arequipensis*."

In this deserted spot there is however at Tambo a post-house and a very good inn, where every thing is indeed very dear, but, as Dr. Meyen observes, this is not to be wondered at, as this Tambo (Tambo means an inn on the road,) is situated in a spot cut off from all resources by sandy deserts and chains of mountains, so that the stock of provisions, &c. cannot be kept up but at a very great expense. The inn has been erected here because

there is a small spring, which waters some fields planted with lucerne and melons. The dwelling-house is divided into many apartments. Our travellers arrived at midnight, and had immediately a very good supper, a thing which had never before happened to them in Chili or Peru. Having allowed three hours to refresh themselves and their horses—they left the inn to cross the Pampa, of which the following account is highly interesting:—

“The Pampa Grande, which separates the promontory of the Cordilleras from the mountain-chain, and runs along the coast, is an immense desert of sand, throughout of equal elevation, stretching from south to east and from north to west, without a rock or the trace of a living being. On the western borders of the desert, close to Tambo, there still occurs some of the *trachyte* which is found at Arequipa, but further on we meet with nothing but sand. Monotonous as this desert may appear, we did not, in the whole course of our journey, visit any tract that interested us more. On descending into the plain, which is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the whole chain of the Cordillera lay stretched towards the east, with its extreme tops veiled in fleecy clouds. The rising sun now gradually illumined the loftier summits, whose eternal mantle of snow glowed with a bright roseate light, while we were still immersed in profound obscurity. As the sun rose, it lighted up the western edge of the Great Pampa, in which we were pursuing our journey; clouds of mist came in view resembling an ocean, for which in fact we at first took them; from them arose chains of lofty mountains with steep summits. This phenomenon was so singular that we conceived that we must have approached the ocean, and that we beheld a reflection of the ranges of the Cordillera, which lay to the eastward. But, as the sun rose above the horizon of the Cordillera, the strata of vapour gradually ascended; the bases of the mountains became visible; their summits vanished, and we at length saw uninterrupted chains of mountains, which extended along the coast and formed the boundary of the great Pampa in the West.

“But the surface of this sandy waste is still more remarkable, and, probably, without a parallel; the sand is formed by the action of the wind into large heaps, of the most perfect falciform shape; which are situated at various distances, having their concave side turned invariably to the north-west. The span of these falciform arches is from twenty to seventy paces, and their elevation from seven to fifteen feet. Their slope on the external convex side is very inconsiderable, while on their inner concave side it is from seventy-five to eighty degrees. The external surface is undulated: sometimes two or three of these heaps stand close together, so that they have become united at their extremities. Thousands and thousands of these mounds cover the plain as far as the eye can reach, and, what is very remarkable, we nowhere see a small hill, indicating the commencement of such a mound. Their invariable direction is north-west, except in the middle of the Pampa; here there is a tract of from one hundred to two hundred paces in length, where these circles gradually turn, and then open direct to the west: after this they

again assume their old inclination. There can be no doubt that winds prevailing constantly in the same quarter have occasioned this remarkable phenomenon. The direction of this wind would be determined by the form of the plain, and its similar inclosure on both sides, and the formation of new mounds would cease, so soon as all the loose sand on the surface had been blown together. The sand, which now covers the plain, is much coarser, and not so easily set in motion, but, at all events, the fact that no new heaps of sand are now formed demands particular attention. May the climate have changed, and the wind, which caused this formation, have ceased? We do not think so; but it would be very desirable to obtain more information respecting the prevailing wind of this Pampa.

"We crossed it at night and early in the morning, in order to escape the unpleasant effects of the reflected rays of the sun. At this time there was a complete calm, but, in the afternoon, when the plain has attained a higher degree of heat, and the cold air rushes down from the summits of the Cordilleras, a strong wind may prevail. At what time may these mounds have been formed? This question cannot be answered—but they are, probably, the monuments of centuries. It is singular that all the old Spanish authors who have written concerning this country are silent on the subject. General Miller is the only person who briefly mentions them. He says that, notwithstanding the various sizes of these heaps they are invariably of the same form, till they approach the mountains, where they assume some irregularities, and terminate abruptly. There is a sandy waste between Payta and Piura, which is covered with similar mounds. There is an important passage in the Memoirs of General Miller, in which he says that, on the road between Arequipa and Yaramba, clouds of dust rise to the height of a hundred feet; all around, these clouds are seen floating about in one direction; they sometimes overtake the traveller, but, as they are only a few minutes in passing, it is very easy to avoid them, by galloping round them."

On the 23d of April, the travellers reached Islay, the new harbour of the province of Arequipa, which was first opened in 1827. Here they found the Princess Louise, which sailed on the 26th.

"Our passage to Callao was very agreeable. Already on the evening of the fourth day, we reached the island of San Lorenzo. The wind was favourable, and the moon shone so brightly that the Captain was able to run the same night into port, where we cast anchor at four o'clock in the morning. At day-break we hastened on deck to enjoy the long-wished-for prospect of this fine harbour. We are unable to picture the beauties of the scene, which at this instant arose upon our sight. The extensive harbour was covered with strata of mist, which were just sinking, and permitted a partial view of the hills of the distant coasts. A forest of masts concealed the city, with its magnificent castles, which fill so important a place in the modern history of this country. Nothing can exceed the clearness of the water, and the undisturbed quiet of its



surface, which reflected with wonderful fidelity the splendid vessels, riding on its bosom. Only the splashing of the oars of the little barks, which hastened with fresh provisions to the foreign ships, broke the delicious repose of the scene, on which the effect of light and shade was truly tropical. At the further parts of the harbour, round the whole island of San Lorenzo, as well as on the opposite sides, the heavens were still wrapped in profound obscurity; flocks of millions and millions of birds, extending miles in length, were rising from their retreats, and hovering over the clear waters of the ocean. These remarkable flights of birds are composed of sea-gulls, cormorants, and pelicans, whose numbers it is not possible even to guess at. Small flocks of penguins approached the ship, and then again flew off with the rapidity of lightning. Among them we saw the *Spheniscus Humboldti*, a new species. Salutes were now fired from the many ships of war, the flags were hoisted, and from the Castell de la Independencia they were seen floating in the air, while the wind wafted towards us strains of music from the North American ships of war. They had on board guests of distinction, who had been vanquished in the repeated struggles of factions, and had sought safety here."

The city of Lima has been so often described by recent travellers of our own country, as well as of other nations, that it was not to be expected that our author could collect much new information during his short stay. Dr. Meyen accordingly limits his observations to a few pages, which are chiefly filled with statistical details, and a series of meteorological observations, from the 4th to the 18th of May. Speaking of the public library, he says, that he was much surprised to find in it Spanish translations of most of the accounts of voyages and travels, published in the English, German, and French languages. Among the rare articles relative to natural history, there are the MSS. of scientific expeditions, performed by order of the Vicerbys. The establishment had suffered much during the revolution, when it was left without any person to take care of it; and it is said that foreigners took advantage of this circumstance, and obtained many of the most valuable works, which they carried to Europe. We do not know how far this may be true, but a Captain in the merchant service informed us that he had agreed for the purchase of the whole library, but one of the changes in the government, which are so frequent and sudden, prevented the completion of the bargain.

"The Botanic Garden," says Dr. Meyen, "exists only in name, and we should certainly never have found it, had it not been so accurately laid down in the plan of the city, made by the Spaniards. The entrance to it is through the Hospital de San Andrés, but it has long since been sold, and converted into an ordinary private garden. We found in it nothing but some large plantations of banana, some cheremoya, and

orange trees. Only two rare shrubs had survived; they are considered poisonous, and belong to the family of the Asclepiades. The Museum of Natural History and Antiquities, now called the Museo nacional y Latino, is in the general tribunal de la Minería. The income assigned to the institution for the year 1831 was 2,760 piastres, but it appeared to us as if it did nothing more than pay the salary of the two officers. The greater part of the objects in this collection were, formerly, the private property of Mr. Rivero, who had been director-general of the administration of the mines in Peru; he was banished from Lima by political intrigues, and the government took possession of his collection, with the promise to pay for it; the banishment has expired, but Mr. Rivero has received neither his collection nor the money. The thing most to be regretted is, that these curiosities are getting quite spoilt, since not the least care is taken to preserve them."

"Four Peruvian mummies are placed in the corners of the museum; they are similar to the two specimens which we brought home with us, and which are now in the Anatomical Museum at Berlin: they are considered as very great curiosities in Peru, and fetch high prices. The collection of Peruvian idols of gold and copper is very remarkable; it contains, among others, those of which Mr. Rivero has given descriptions and drawings in his '*Memorial de Ciencias Naturales.*' These figures are very curious, for they have not been cast in a mould, but formed with the hammer. Mr. Rivero has still in his possession a large number of objects wrought in gold, and we may expect a treatise on this subject, illustrated by above a hundred drawings. Among the large collection of vases found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, are some of extremely singular forms. There are likewise some sculptures wrought in a hard stone, but of rude workmanship. The ancient weapons are of copper, and some of exquisite manufacture. One of the great treasures of the collection is a rich cabinet of petrifications, from a recent formation at Pasco, which abounds in curiosities. Besides these, there is a miscellaneous assemblage of silver ores from Pasco, and of the principal birds of the country."

On the 21st of May, the Princess Louise left Callao to cross the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands. The sun was set; the port-officers had left the ship, and the anchor was weighed, when the boat of a North American frigate, lying in the harbour, brought a visiter, who proved to be no other than General Miller, commander-in-chief of the Peruvian army, who is so well known by his military exploits and his work on Peru. In consequence of the late revolution directed against the government of the vice-president La Fuente, General Miller had taken refuge on board the American frigate, and remained there till the departure of the Princess Louise, when he came and asked to be conveyed to the Sandwich Islands. The voyage was extremely favourable, and on the 22nd of June, they descried the Mouna Roa, the volcano in Owhyee. On the 24th, they reached the harbour of Honoruru, where they cast anchor in fifteen fathoms.

They had scarcely cast anchor when several merchants came on board and saluted them as old acquaintance, Captain Wendt having been to these islands in the same vessel on a former voyage. Soon afterwards they were visited by Kuakine, well known by the name of John Adams, at that time Governor of Oahoo, to whom Captain Wendt announced that the King of Prussia had sent a great number of presents to the King of the Sandwich Islands, which were on board. Kuakine made scarcely any reply, and soon afterwards left the ship. They were greatly surprised that, instead of being welcomed by numerous canoes and parties of natives swimming round their vessel, as happened to preceding navigators, only a single canoe, with two men on board, appeared, and these they were obliged to hail several times before they would approach. They offered cocoa-nuts and water-melons for sale, but, instead of being content with a few nails and bits of iron, they asked very high prices, and would take nothing but Spanish dollars. "We knew nothing," says Dr. Meyen, "of the conduct of the missionaries who then oppressed those islands, but could infer from the extraordinary dearness of provisions that some great change must have taken place." About an hour and a half after the governor's departure, the flag of the Sandwich Islands having been hoisted on the fort, was saluted by seventeen guns from the ship, which were answered by an equal number from the fort. Captain Wendt and Dr. Meyen then landed, and were received with great joy by the natives, who crowded round them. They learned from the governor, that the young king was in the country, but had been sent for. We extract the following interesting particulars relating to these islands:—

"We spent the afternoon in looking at the town of Hongruru, and got a Spanish merchant, who is settled there, to introduce us to the celebrated missionary, Bingham, to whom we had letters. On our way to his house, we witnessed a sight which very much tended to lessen the missionaries in our estimation, for we saw two of their wives taking an airing in a small carriage drawn by natives. To many of our readers it may, perhaps, appear somewhat irrelevant if, in the course of the narrative, we bring forward particulars, which seem to bear more immediately upon the private life of the missionaries. It, however, seemed to us necessary to collect facts of this nature, in order that the public might be the better able to judge of the character of these men. The missionaries in the South-Seas cease to be private individuals; they have fixed the attention of the whole civilized world, which holds them responsible for their actions. The Sandwich Island missionaries are natives of North America, and it is against them alone that the severe censures from all quarters have been directed. They have undermined the prosperity of the country instead of promoting it: they have banished hospitality, one of the most attractive qualities of these children of nature, expelled mirth and joyousness from these happy isles, and introduced, in its stead, a religion

of which the natives have no distinct notion. Men have come forward—and, singularly enough, in places the most remote from these scenes of action—men who were, of all others, least acquainted with what had been previously written on this subject, and who yet defended, with the utmost zeal, the conduct of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. We should enter more into detail were that man still among us, who most warmly defended these missionaries; but he is dead, and is no longer able to vindicate himself. He engaged ardently in the contest, because he fancied that the world in general was raising an opposition to the noble work of missions, and did not seem able to comprehend how individual members of this extensive body might fail in the attainment of their object by the adoption of mistaken measures.

“On arriving at Mr. Bingham’s house, we found in him the proud ecclesiastic, who is conscious of possessing temporal as well as spiritual authority, and who, in the feeling of his own consequence, neglects the usual forms of social politeness. Mr. Bingham, however, invited us to visit him whenever we felt so disposed; and the surgeon of the mission immediately offered to accompany us in our excursions into the interior of the island; offers which, however, we declined, partly not to lay ourselves under obligations, which would only have taken up our time, and chiefly that we might be able to form for ourselves an opinion of the state of the island unbiassed by the missionaries.

“Kauike-Aouli, the young king, returned to his residence the same evening, and went immediately to Mr. Bingham, to consult with him. General Miller had left the Princess before us, to take a ride into the interior, and on his return to Honoruru, had met Kauike-Aouli, to whom he was introduced. The young monarch immediately inquired about the presents which we had brought for him, asked whether we had a sword, and was quite overjoyed when told that we had. On his return from Mr. Bingham, he sent one of his attendants to inform us that he was ready to receive the letter from the King of Prussia; upon which Captain Wendt and myself, accompanied by a North American merchant, who was to act as our interpreter, repaired to the dwelling of Kauike-Aouli.

“It was a magnificent tropical night, lighted by a clear bright moon, and an innumerable host of stars twinkling in the dark blue sky, when the young king granted us his first audience. In a large open space, in front of the king’s house, were two small and prettily ornamented Indian huts, belonging to Kaahumana, the queen-mother, and last surviving wife of Tamameah, before which were stationed several hundred natives, belonging to the royal household. At the door of one of these huts stood Kauike-Aouli, and before him, seated on fine mats, were the aged queen-mother and the four surviving widows of Riho-Riho, brother of the present king, who died in London. Kauike-Aouli, (who has since been crowned King of the Sandwich Islands, by the name of Tamameah III.) is about 17 years of age, and of middle stature. His face is frightfully disfigured by the small-pox, and so bloated and deeply copper-coloured, from the constant and early use of strong and highly-spiced liquors, that it would be scarcely possible to find among us a more decidedly ugly person. Neither his age, his language, nor his behaviour, during our stay at

Oahoo, bespoke any of that energy of character which obtained for his father such extensive authority. He was dressed in a white shirt and pantaloons, a coloured waistcoat, and a white straw hat, which he took off on receiving us, and laid in it the letter from the King of Prussia, which Captain Wendt presented to him. During the whole of the audience, he remained standing in the same place. Though he speaks a little English, the conversation was carried on through an interpreter, and one of his first inquiries was about the presents. On hearing that we had also brought some for his wife, in case he were married, he immediately turned to his attendants, saying, it was high time for him to be married, since even his friend, the King of Prussia, wished it. He at the same time begged that we would say nothing about these presents, since it would excite a jealousy among the ladies of his acquaintance.

"During this conversation, one of the attendants, who was sitting at the king's feet, begged that I would let him look at my large Peruvian hat, made of Vicuña wool, which I was holding in my hand. He instantly put it on, which excited the loud laughter and jokes of the other Indians. Within the hut, before which the king was standing, there were several females of gigantic stature, who were lying at full length upon fine mats, and showed great curiosity to see us.

"We were next introduced to the queen-mother, Kaahumana, who was in a kneeling attitude on a mat by herself, and wrapped in a gay-coloured Chinese coverlet, which was so closely drawn around her that we could only now and then catch a glimpse of her face. At the first sight of the enormous figure of Kaahumana, kneeling under the gaudy coverlet, in the full light of the moon, we were so taken by surprise, that we did not at first know what to make of it; we took her for some idol, till she, with much kindness, extended her hand, saying repeatedly, 'My queen, my queen!' at the same time pointing to herself. Perhaps she wished to give us to understand, that she was the queen and lawful sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, and not her step-son, Kauike-Aouli, who only bore the name. Thus ended our first audience. It was agreed that the presents should be publicly delivered on the following day in the king's own residence, and we, at the same time, received permission to visit any part of the island.

"On the morning of the 25th of June, the presents were landed and conveyed on small two-wheeled carriages to the house of the king, where he had assembled his court to receive the gifts of his majesty the king of Prussia. On entering the court-yard, the guards presented arms; they were dressed in the uniform of English sailors; otherwise the soldiers of the Sandwich Islands have no clothing whatever, excepting the marro and a piece of linen hanging down from the shoulder. In the house we found all the chief men of the state assembled; they were standing, like so many statues, leaning against the walls of the apartment. The king and John Adams, the governor, were seated on a bench, and invited us to sit down on that which was placed opposite. Nearly all the foreign merchants of Oahoo were present on the occasion. The young king shook hands with every one on entering, and there was a general salutation 'Good morrow, king! good morrow, king!' Kauike-Aouli was

dressed in white pantaloons, a black jacket trimmed with braid, and a coloured waistcoat and handkerchief; but the ungainly figure of the governor was enveloped in a sort of blue frock hanging down to the ground, and ornamented with buttons bearing the stamp of an anchor.

"The residence of the king is built in the fashion of the Indian huts, but is quite a palace compared with them in point of size; though, placed by the side of the houses of the merchants, and particularly of the missionaries at Honoruru, it is a mere barn. It is about 140 feet long, of which the first 120 feet form one entire apartment, down the centre of which are placed the pillars that support the beams of the roof. These pillars, as well as those along the walls, are made of trunks of the cocoa-nut tree, covered with long reeds, which are interwoven with grasses, and particularly with the stalks of various beautiful ferns. The space at the end of the house is partitioned off by coloured curtains. It has on each side two small chambers, and a large one in the centre. These small apartments serve for sleeping and dressing rooms; they are furnished with large heaps of fine mats, from fifteen to twenty piled upon one another, the upper one being always finer than the one below it—and they form a very soft couch. The centre apartment contains two portraits in broad gold frames, one of the present king, and the other of the queen who died in London. There is also a picture representing the Meeting of the Congress at Washington. The saloon in which the court was held was without any ornament; the floor was covered with fine mats, and the furniture consisted of a large oval table of polished wood, two japanned benches with backs, a side table with water standing on it, and a few wooden chairs.

"Immediately on our arrival, the ladies of the family made their appearance. The old queen-mother walked in first with very measured steps, followed by Kinau, Kekau-Ruohi, and Kekau-Onohi, sisters-in-law of Kauike-Aouli, and widows of Riho-Riho. There was also a niece of the deceased prime minister Karaimoku, well known by the name of William Pitt, and Madame Boki, wife of the unfortunate governor of Oahu, who had accompanied King Riho-Riho to London. On entering, the ladies held out their hands to us, and the aged Kaahumana conducted herself with much propriety of manner. All the ladies wore full silk dresses, called mission shirts, drawn close at the neck, black silk shoes and stockings, and their hair was very tastefully ornamented with the beautiful flowers of the *Edwardsia Chrysophilla*, which has been introduced from Otaheite; the queen-mother had on a straw hat decorated with flowers and feathers of rather ancient date. After the ladies had taken their seats, the king desired the presents to be brought, and the attendants of the queens retired to the back part of the saloon.

"When the chests were opened, Captain Wendt and myself endeavoured to arrange the articles so as to produce the greatest effect. The assembly loudly expressed their surprise at the number of the presents, but the king, sitting on his bench, behaved with so much indifferent coolness, that we soon perceived it was studied. The statues of cast iron, among which were those of Frederic II., Alexander I., Napoleon, Blucher, &c., excited their lively admiration, and the king had them brought to him

that he might examine them more closely. The decorations of a military uniform, the hat and plume, and above all the handsome sword, seemed to give him great pleasure. A rich saddle was immediately put upon a horse, and called forth their applause; but, above all, they were delighted with the beautiful portraits of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher, which Kaiike-Aouli had once expressed a wish to see. Drawings of the various uniforms of the Prussian army were handed about the assembly with evident astonishment and loud remarks. Among the presents which had been intended for the wife of the king, there was an elegant bonnet, decorated with flowers: it instantly caught the eye of the young queen, Kinau, who, in spite of her gigantic size, really possesses some attractions. She put on the bonnet, and was much admired in it. The trinkets also seemed to please this lady very much, and she expressed a wish to try them on, a ceremony which threw us into some embarrassment, as the necklace and bracelets, though made of unusual dimensions, would not fit. It was not till after very great trouble that we at length succeeded in clasping the necklace, by tightly squeezing her royal neck; and yet this lady, compared with the others, is by no means large, but rather of a slim and delicate make.

"The king was requested to put on the uniform, which he immediately did in the ante-room, with the aid of his secretary, Halilei; when all at once there was a cry 'The missionaries are coming!' upon which he instantly pulled it off. When he returned into the saloon dressed in the uniform, and perceived his sister-in-law, Kinau, ornamented with the trinkets, he desired her to take them off, as they were not intended for her, and she should not have any of them. The lady instantly obeyed with a very good grace. The fine linen, the silks, toilettes, and various other articles, excited the envy of the ladies, as the king kept everything to himself. During the whole time that these presents were being delivered, the queen-mother sat silent and melancholy. She could with difficulty conceal her envy, and therefore feigned indisposition, and two attendants who stood beside her were constantly employed in fanning her. A stick, with a mouth harmonica, which we had brought for John Adams, pleased the old lady so much that she instantly laid hands on it, and in the midst of the assembly made an essay of her musical powers.

"When our business was concluded we took leave—the day was extremely hot, and, as we had been occupied above four hours in delivering the presents, we felt much exhausted. Some foreign merchants, who were settled there, gave the king to understand that he should offer us some refreshment, upon which he replied that the missionaries had forbidden it. Our presents made great impression upon the king and his chief men: although the former was very measured and studied in his behaviour, and had evidently been instructed beforehand by the missionaries, he yet expressed himself to the English merchants as being much ashamed, that he had sent to his majesty the King of Prussia so trifling a gift as a feather cloak, while he had received so many things which he could never repay. It is rather curious that, notwithstanding the frequent presents which the English have sent to the Sandwich Islands, they have never been equal in value to those which we had the honour to present.

"The occasion of these presents from our monarch to the ruler of the Sandwich Islands was in consequence of the first visit of the *Louise* to Honoruru, when Kauike-Aouli, who had heard much about the achievements of the Prussians during the war against Napoleon, became so enthusiastic in his admiration of Prince Blucher, that he longed, if it were possible, to see his portrait. He sent the King of Prussia a coloured feather mantle, accompanied by a letter, in which he set forth the great value of the present, it having been worn by Tamameah I. in the battles which secured to him the possession of the Sandwich Islands.

After this interview, our author set out on an expedition into the interior, accompanied by Dr. Ruck, an English physician, settled at Honoruru. In this excursion they had occasion to admire the richness and variety of the vegetation, and made large additions to their collections.

"We had already been long wandering about in the dark, when the continued rain, which began soon after sunset, incommoded us extremely, and we at length reached the large building which had been assigned for our night's quarters. The house belonged to Madame Boki, who offered us the use of it. It served as a sort of winter palace for Madame Boki, as well as for the royal family, into which they could retreat when it was too hot in the plains. The temperature here was extremely agreeable, although the house was not above 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea. During our stay there the thermometer never rose above 17° R. There is an uncommonly interesting prospect from this spot. The whole valley, at the opening of which the town of Honoruru lies, and which is clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation and the loveliest tints of verdure, gradually slopes towards the sea, the shores of which are covered on the one side with plantations of cocoa and palms, and on the other with many hundred scattered huts and houses of the town, and the inclosures of the royal fishponds. On either hand of the valley rise steep walls of rock, often from 800 to 1000 feet high, clothed with beautiful plants, and having here and there a small cascade.

"Madame Boki had given orders to the inhabitants of the smaller huts in the vicinity to pay every attention to our people; in consequence of which we received in the evening, soon after our arrival, a very large calabash filled with poë, which the people devoured with great avidity.

"On the following morning we started to continue our excursion, but a heavy rain set in, which drenched us so thoroughly that we were obliged to return to our dwelling. We expressed a wish to have a warm breakfast, for the temperature (15,8° R.) was very chilly; but we were not a little surprised when the people told us, that this being Sunday, the use of all hot food was tabooed, a regulation on which the missionaries strenuously insisted. This was the most ludicrous thing that could have happened to us in this romantic spot of nature. I immediately took some wood, lighted a fire, and made coffee. As soon as the Indians saw the fire blazing they set up a loud shout, fetched



more wood and forgot all about the taboo; they even kept blaming the missionaries, especially because they should get nothing for their dinner that day but dry tarro, which they did not like as well as the poë. The observance of Sunday, as established by the missionaries, is very rigid: till sunset every sort of amusement is prohibited, and the people are compelled to repair twice a day to church; even a walk or a ride is interdicted; and this prohibition has lately been enforced with the utmost rigour against strangers: their horses have been taken away from them and they have been condemned to a fine of 100 piastres. Our friend, Captain Wendt, intended to have ridden up to day to accompany us in our excursion; but, on repairing to the governor, and asking permission to ride up to join us, which as a stranger he might very easily have granted him, this request was refused. The use of warm food, and, in fact, even the lighting of a fire is entirely prohibited on a Sunday; and this law affects especially the poor Indian, who has but a small choice of food; the rich can do better with cold meats, as these are in that case prepared with the greater delicacy."

Early next morning the party prosecuted their excursion; but their advance into the country was greatly impeded, and at length wholly stopped by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation.

"The number of plants which we collected in the course of a few hours was really astonishing. The Indians were soon very useful to us in helping to pack them; as if they had often been employed on such work. We never received any assistance of this kind in our journeys in Peru and Chili; there the people sat around us in a circle and were amused at our being obliged to do such work—but as to offering us any assistance, this never seemed to occur to them." . . . "Late in the afternoon, we reached the country-house of Madame Boki, in which we had already passed one night, and were not a little surprised to find prepared for us a hog baked in the ground, which it was said the king had ordered to be dressed for our dinner, but for which his servants contrived to get paid more than the thing was worth. The ancient hospitality of the Indians has vanished with the introduction of Christianity and the wants of civilized society;—during the whole of our stay in the island of Oahoo, we never received one single mark of this old laudable virtue, either from the reigning family or from any of the natives. The king himself never offered us so much as a glass of water."

"Conformably to his instructions, Captain Wendt had invited Kauike-Aouli, on the 28th of June, to dine on board the *Princess Louise*; he was accompanied by his uncle, the governor Kuakini, Kaiki-Oeva, the governor of Owyhee, his secretary Halilei, and several favourites:—besides these, we had also invited General Miller and many other foreigners. Kauike-Aouli came in the boat belonging to our ship, attended by some servants, who brought poë and tarro, that, in case his majesty should have an appetite after dinner, he might have wherewithal to satisfy it immediately. He appeared in the same dress which he wore when he re-

ceived the presents—though some attendants carried the uniform which the king of Prussia had sent him. He put on this uniform just before dinner, and we immediately observed that the sword, the plume, and the spurs were missing, which he affirmed had been left behind by his servant, without however giving him the slightest reproof for his inattention. But this was an invention of his own, for his secretary Halitei informed us that Kauike-Aouli had left these articles at home on purpose, for the missionaries had told him that it would be an act of folly and great impropriety if he were to put on such things."

"The cloth was spread under a tent on the deck; our guests behaved with much propriety, but ate most voraciously. Sometimes, even when their plates were overladen, and they saw that some dish or other was likely to be soon finished, they instantly desired to be helped to some more of it. They were very moderate in drinking—but they were able to bear a good deal." . . . . . "During dinner the guests made many complaints against the present government of the Sandwich islands; Kauike-Aouli, who is well aware of them, but has not the power of removing the causes, took no part in this conversation, which he listened to with pleasure, and let all the severe remarks fall on the governor Kuakini, the brother of Kaahumana; but he said privately, that all this would be changed as soon as Boki should return. This however, is a vain hope, for it is certain that Boki perished with the Tamameah brig, on board which he had embarked fourteen months before, on a voyage to the New Hebrides."

During their stay, the Doctor made the best use of his time in visiting every part of the island, and adding to his collections, which he was so fortunate as to enrich with several new plants. The Sandwich islands are too well known for us to follow him in these excursions, but the subjoined observations seem worth quoting.

"It is very remarkable that, in the production of certain forms of the animal and vegetable kingdom, nature should be so closely tied down to localities—a circumstance which we are as yet unable to account for. The forests of Brazil abound with hideous amphibia and innumerable insect tribes;—it is impossible to touch the branch of a tree, or the leaf of a plant, without disturbing beetles or other insects; but in Oahoo, as in the other islands of the South Sea, there is the greatest paucity of insects. In vain we examine the under-surface of the leaves—in vain we shake the trees—no insects fall down; we however meet with snails of very pretty forms and often of brilliant colours, sometimes striped very regularly, and a good deal like our *helix nemoralis*—sometimes entirely grass-green; which colour they however lose when dead, and which can have been communicated to the shell only by the animals having subsisted on green leaves. Instead of insects, nature has, in the Sandwich Islands, placed millions of land-snails upon the trees, while she has observed a medium in the Indian isles. There, as for instance at Manilla, she has assigned to vegetation, partly land-snails and partly insects—both frequently of enormous size, and the most brilliant colours,

There is a great variety in the size, colour, and form of the land-snails of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. von Chamisso has already described an *auricula Onaihiensis*, and an *auricula sinistrorsa*, and Mr. Green an *Achatina Stewartii* and an *achating Oahnensis*, besides several new kinds brought back by the French naturalists and ourselves. It is a curious circumstance, that the greater number of these snails are sinister, while among us, and in all other parts, this deviation is very rare—nay, there are some kinds of the species *achatina*, which seem to occur only sinister in the island of Oahoo.

On occasion of a visit to the rich possessions of Don Francisco de Paulo Marini, Dr. Meyen says, "He is a man of ordinary education, but of noble sentiments, whose name will ever rank foremost in the history of the civilization of the Sandwich Islands, even when those of the missionaries shall have been long forgotten. Marini has introduced the most useful plants from all parts of the globe into the Sandwich Islands, the cultivation of which may hereafter be a source of great wealth to them. The cocoa of Guatimala, cultivated by Marini himself, is of the finest quality, and probably equal to that of Manilla, which, in consequence of its very high price, is not an article of commerce with us. The coffee, lemon, and orange trees, the vine, which bears fine grapes, a beautiful papaw tree introduced from the Marquesas, the tamarind, cotton, the finest pine-apples, and many other fruits, are in the possession of this Spaniard, who was the minister of Tamameah I. The indigo was brought from Batavia by Mr. Serrière; it attains extraordinary perfection at Oahoo, but is not permitted to be cultivated to any extent, neither are sugar and coffee, though they would give employment to thousands of indolent Indians, and besides furnish very nutritious food. A sugar-mill, which was in operation sometime since, had been again given up. It is only the ignorance of the missionaries, their want of general education, and a competent knowledge of human nature, which could lead to such absurd conduct. The possessions of Marini are in the most beautiful order, and might serve as model-farms for the whole country. Many of the hedges are composed of the *cactus ficus indica*, which are quite covered with flowers, and have a very lovely effect. It is true that Marini has acquired great wealth in the Sandwich Islands, but he has done it in a manner which will be to the advantage of the remote posterity of the present generation. Besides, he intends to end his days in the island, and to leave all his property to his children."

The missionaries being again alluded to in the above extract, we add another passage, which after all that has been said against them by Kotzebue and recent French navigators, seems to call for some answer from them or their friends.

"The houses of the missionaries are very handsome; they were just erecting a very large stone house, which was built in a superior and durable manner. The dwellings of the missionaries are to those of the Indians as our palaces to the ordinary habitations of the poorest class—of course, palaces at Oahoo do not look like palaces in London, Berlin, or Petersburg. Even the residences of the reigning family are

extremely miserable, in comparison with the handsome and very elegantly furnished houses of the missionaries, which form a strange contrast with the little huts which Mr. Stewart once inhabited, and which he has described in such lamentable terms in his journal. Now we find, in the houses of the missionaries varnished floors, handsome furniture, fine pianos, and the walls adorned with beautiful paintings. Who has supplied the missionaries, who were sent to the Sandwich Islands as very poor persons, with the funds for these luxuries? Though we will not speak of the sums which some of these gentlemen are reported to have collected and sent to North America, we think we may conclude that the money has been drawn from the country and the people for whose improvement and civilization the missionaries were sent to the Sandwich Islands."

In conclusion, Dr. Meyen expresses his satisfaction that on the death of the old queen Kaahumana, in June 1832, the king, having been crowned under the name of Tamameah III., and recognized by the English, had assumed the sole government and immediately revoked many of the sumptuary laws issued by the old queen, and again permitted the dances and favourite games of the inhabitants, who were for the future to be allowed to attend church—but compulsion in this respect no longer exists. The Islands, he hopes, will now attain the prosperity and importance which their favourable geographical situation is well calculated to give them.

We have quoted the preceding remarks respecting the missionaries without pretending to express either our assent or our dissent from them. That there is some justice in them we can hardly doubt, but at the same time our own knowledge of the very different manner in which, for instance, Sunday is observed on the continent, from what it is in England and in some parts at least of the United States, and the complaints which we have so often heard made by foreigners of the dullness of our English Sunday, render it probable that they may be, though intending to be impartial, yet not wholly unbiassed judges on this subject.

From the Sandwich Islands Captain Wendt directed his course to China. On passing the Bashee Islands, on the 7th August, he observed that their longitude was different in all the charts on board the *Princess Louise*: and even the relative positions of the several islands are very incorrectly laid down. The latest charts published by the East India Company are the most accurate. On the 13th of August the voyagers reached the coast of China, and intended to anchor off the island of Lintin: but they learned that all the foreign ships which had been there during the summer had fled from Lintin about a week before, and sailed to Cape Syngmun, for fear of the solar eclipse, which was visible in the

southern hemisphere on the 7th of August. Captain Wendt, whose business led him to follow the foreign ships, accordingly proceeded to Cape Syng-mun, where he found thirty large ships, chiefly English and American. Having completed his business in the harbour of Cape Syng-mun he sailed on the 3d of September for the Philippine Islands, intending afterwards to return to China.

The voyage was tolerably favourable, till they came within sight of land, early on the 10th of September—only they were alarmed by three violent concussions, which they attributed to the effect of a submarine earthquake. When about forty-five miles from the coast, they were astonished to see the sky darkened, and the surface of the sea covered with immense swarms of locusts. They were already at the entrance of the bay, when a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning arose, and obliged them to stand off from the coast, so that they had enough to do on the following day, to come to an anchor in the bay of Manilla. The nearer they approached to the coast the more thickly was the sea covered with the locusts, which had doubtless perished in the storm of the preceding night. On landing, they learned that the country was suffering under a visitation from those destructive insects, which had even caused a famine in some of the provinces. The government had offered a reward for their destruction. It had already paid 50,000 piastres, but, though the reward was only a piastre for eight arrobas (256lbs.) there was no sensible diminution of their number. It was a new species of the genus *Acrydium*, Latr., to which Dr. Meyen gave the name of *Acrydium Manilense*.

Our author, like preceding travellers, while he cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural beauties, the fertility, and the riches of these fine islands, (or rather of Luçon,) is astonished at the bad system of government, which the Spaniards still permit, and the little care that is taken for their protection against foreign invasion. When the Princess Louise arrived, there were several French, American, and Spanish merchantmen in the harbour, some of the latter of which were very large and handsome. But the only man-of-war was one small Spanish frigate—a beautiful vessel, but nearly dismantled. The police and custom-house officers, who came on board to take an account of the ship and the cargo, displayed equal curiosity and ignorance. They desired to know every thing that had occurred on the whole voyage, and in particular what political news they had brought from Peru and Chili. None of the police-officers spoke any language but Spanish, so that it was next to impossible for them to come to any understanding with several passengers who spoke only English. The custom-house officers could hardly read or write, one of them

dictating while the other spelt the words for him: in making the inventory, neither of them could pronounce a hundred thousand, and they therefore copied it from the ships' papers. They were much surprised at the quantity of gunpowder on board. On taking leave, they strictly enjoined Captain Wendt to wait on the Captain General and the *Teniente Real*, within twenty-four hours after his arrival at Manilla.

The minute investigation of the custom-house officers proved, however, of advantage to our author, for, when he and Captain Wendt waited on the governor, the latter, having concluded from the account of their effects that they were naturalists, immediately asked the doctor if he were a botanist. As he was himself a great lover of natural history, he voluntarily gave them permission to travel into any part of the interior of the island which they might like to visit. They had the more reason to be pleased with the offer, as almost all foreigners were denied this privilege. The English and North American merchants settled at Manilla were not even allowed to go to the *Laguna de Bay*.

The governor asked many questions respecting the South American Republics, and particularly about the Peruvian and Columbian fleet—a visit from which seemed to be much dreaded at Manilla. There were at that time 7,000 troops at this place, of which however not more than 700 were Europeans. Their appearance was good, and they were ready on all occasions to let the natives feel their superiority.

The day after our voyagers had been presented to the governor, they again waited on him, to obtain a passport to visit the interior; but he told them that they must make a written application, and that he could not give them permission to visit more than one certain province, and when they returned from that they might perhaps get leave to make another journey. He showed them an interesting collection, and presented the doctor with a Quang beetle, a beautiful insect two inches and a half long. The ladies of Manilla are fond of keeping in cages handsome beetles, which they feed on the fruit of the pisang. While waiting for their passports into the interior, they spent some days in the city, with which they were much pleased. In the garden of their house there were many bananas; almost all of which bore fruit that were full of seed—a circumstance which greatly surprised them.

It was not till the 22d of October that they were able to leave Manilla, in a light vessel called a banca, which is rowed by two men with extraordinary rapidity. At a late hour in the evening, they reached the pretty village of San Mattheo, where they put up at the house of a Tagalese woman, with a view of making themselves acquainted with that interesting people. Don Candido, a

Spaniard, who accompanied them, was known at this house, and went to arrange every thing for their reception. With a very grave countenance, he informed the simple Indians that the Doctor was a very learned man, sent by the government of a remote country to become acquainted with them, and to examine the animals, plants, and stones of their country—all which was expressly stated in our passports. The Indians listened with profound attention, and treated us with the greatest respect.

The primary object of this excursion was to visit a celebrated cavern, the access to which was represented as extremely difficult and dangerous. Some time being necessary to get together the horses and attendants, the party received visits from great numbers of the native Tagalese, whose mild and amiable manners they highly extol. It was amusing to see the high value which they attach to titles and rank; an Indian who speaks Spanish, or who has held an official situation under the government, gives consequence to his family for several centuries. The following is the account of the cavern.

"We at length reached the entrance of the cavern, that great natural curiosity of which all Manilla speaks with wonder and astonishment without ever having seen it. On entering, we perceived in the ground the nest of an ichneumon, who came flying home leading captive a large lizard. Both fought with all their strength, when we took them prisoners, and placed them in spirits. The entrance to this cavern is very spacious; at first it is about ten feet high and from four to five broad; then continuing of various dimensions, sometimes twenty, at others forty feet high, while in other places again it is very low and narrow. The cavern is formed in a limestone rock, which, like all caves of the same kind in Europe, is covered with stalactites, which assume the most grotesque forms. The cavern of San Mattheo is remarkable only for its extraordinary size. We visited it accompanied by a number of men with spades and pickaxes, in order that we might dig for petrifications, should we have a favourable opportunity. The Aetas carried large bundles of dried cane reeds, from twelve to fifteen feet long, which were lighted at the end and served as torches. Their naked bodies, of a dark brown colour, their savage appearance, amid the flickering light of the torches, and the buzzing of the thousands of bats and other hideous animals which covered the walls, gave to this cavern the appearance of an entrance to the infernal regions. Thousands and thousands of bats which clung to the walls were scared by our approach, and, flying about with the utmost rapidity, made our further progress both difficult and disagreeable. The sides of the cavern were covered with multitudes of a species of *Thelyphonus*, probably the *caudatus* of Java, and a tarantula, the antennæ of which were from seven to eight inches long; at the slightest touch of these feelers, the animal drew itself together and let itself down from the wall, which was probably the only means it possessed of escaping the pursuit of the bats—which

most likely subsist entirely on them. Of these bats, we brought a *Rhinolophus* though there were many others of this family which we were unable to preserve for want of time. We advanced very slowly, for our Indian guides had a sort of dread, and at first would not go at all into the cavern, till I placed myself at their head with a torch in my hand. After having proceeded about half a league by a tolerably smooth path, we heard in the distance a loud noise, which we found to our astonishment, to proceed from a very rapid stream. It is a work of some difficulty to get through this falling water, in order to penetrate further into the cavern. The smooth stones, which are generally covered with slime, render the footing very insecure, and the temperature of the water is so low that it is impossible to remain long in it. The temperature of the air in the cavern was  $25,2^{\circ}$  R., in the open air  $25,7^{\circ}$  R., while the running water in the cavern was only  $19,6^{\circ}$  R. To our no small mortification the stream occupied the whole of the pathway, which was particularly narrow here; we were therefore compelled to wade along in it, till its increasing depth prevented our further progress, and we were obliged to turn back after having proceeded more than a league."

Mr. Lindsay, secretary to the East India Company, had visited this cavern two years before, and, it being in the dry season, he penetrated further than perhaps any other person. He told Dr. Meyen that he had gone about two leagues into the cavern, when he was stopped by a perpendicular wall, where he felt a draught of air, from which he inferred that the cave had an outlet on the other side of the mountain.

Returning to Manilla, the travellers waited on the governor to give him an account of their excursion, and to solicit a passport to visit the Laguna de Bay or Bahia, but there were so many formalities to go through, that it was five days before they obtained it. We cannot follow our author in his animated account of his excursions in this beautiful and highly cultivated country, where every step presented some new and pleasing object.

The party passed several days at a very large hacienda, called Hali-Hali, belonging to Don Pablo \*\*\*\*\*, a Frenchman, who was married to a Spanish marchioness; it was a most splendid establishment.

A few days before their arrival, a cayman of extraordinary size had been killed there. This animal had seized a horse that was drinking, and dragged it to a small river on the boundary of the hacienda, where he devoured it. But, as the water in this stream was too shallow to swim in, and the belly of the animal was so dilated in consequence of its voracity that it projected beyond its feet, it could not walk, and it was, therefore, soon discovered; twelve balls were lodged in its head and breast, but it was not killed till the point of a lance entered the spine just below the neck. Its length was twenty Spanish feet, and its circumference



eleven, close behind the fore-feet. The feet of the horse were found in the cayman's stomach, and also seventy-two pounds of stones, some of which were jagged pieces of porphyry: its head weighed 270 lbs. Another cayman, supposed to be the female, has since been seen in the same place; it was calculated to be twenty-five feet long. The following are some additional particulars relative to the natural history of these islands, of which so little, comparatively speaking, is hitherto known.

"Though the alligators are not uncommon in the Laguna, and do the inhabitants much injury, attacking horses, cows and men, it is very remarkable that they never venture to meddle with the great buffaloes, which in general, on account of the heat, live the whole day in the lake. These buffaloes are everywhere seen near the shores of the lake, with only a part of the head, the very large ears, and the formidable horns, above the water. They appear to be aboriginal in the Philippines, at least we do not find any mention of their having been introduced by the Spaniards. They are of enormous size, their horns from four to five feet long, with a space of five feet from tip to tip. They are almost entirely black, with scarcely any hair, have no dewlap, and are undoubtedly a different species from those in and about Canton. They are employed for draught and other agricultural purposes. The Indians ride on them. They are very gentle when not provoked or frightened, and suffer little children to guide them.

"We saw great numbers of monkeys; they are often found without tails, which when driven by extreme hunger they are said to bite off."

"Having collected a large number of plants, especially lichen and jungermannia, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panician and Labujo, situated at a short distance from Talim. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents: and, by the time we reached the island of Panician, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed, at some distance, large pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds' or ants' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on the shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves up in a pear-shaped form, and, laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and, after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion." Notwithstanding the heavy rain, our party made a dreadful slaughter among them, and never did the use of the percussion-guns appear to us more advantageous than on the pre-

sent occasion. Such of the bats as had been shot at and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot and had fallen into the lake. After the whole body, consisting of, perhaps, 100,000, had risen into the air, and filled the neighbourhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labujo. The vermillion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and, as they travel in such immense numbers, they cause considerable damage to the farmers: plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop of which the labourer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

"On entering the wood, we found a large fig-tree, the fruit of which covered the ground a foot deep, and on which some hogs had just been feasting. Near it stood lofty oaks, with oval and pointed leaves, very smooth, resembling parchment, and small broad acorns, the cups of which were very rough: it was undoubtedly a new species of *quercus*, but the time of blossom was already quite past. We came to an old large tree, about six or seven feet in diameter, from the trunk of which, about a foot above the ground, issued a spring of cool (19° R.) and particularly good water. The Indians, who cannot account for this singular phenomenon, regard the spring as sacred, and have hung near it a vessel made of the bamboo cane, out of which every one who passes takes a draught of the water.

"One of the greatest curiosities which the woods of the island of Luzon offer, is the leech, which we met with in the region of the arborescent ferns. It forms a new species, which we call *sanguisuga tagalla*, smaller than our officinal leech, broad, of a yellowish brown colour, and the upper part marked with small, irregular, black spots, and a fine black stripe running lengthwise down the back. This leech is blood-thirsty, but its bite leaves very small marks, on which account it would be much preferred in Europe to those now in use. Before we had observed them, they got into our boots and began biting us: we felt the pain, but thought we had been bitten by ants, till, at last, our boots being filled with blood, our attention was aroused. We brought home two of them in spirits of wine. However fabulous this account of leeches living on trees may appear, it is, nevertheless, correct, and we must learn to believe that there are leeches which can live in damp air, just as well as we before observed that *confervæ* may be generated in a moist atmosphere, a circumstance which the celebrated Swedish writer on *Algæ* could not comprehend, and was uncourteous enough to declare to be a falsehood."

Though every page of this part of the work presents something new and interesting, we must not be tempted to prolong our extracts. The great importance of the Philippines to Spain is manifest; and when it shall be enabled, by the consolidation of domestic tranquillity and a more enlightened system of government, to turn its attention to the colonies which it still retains, we

shall be astonished at the treasures which Spain possesses in these islands. The actual population of the whole group is above two millions, but there is abundant room for five times the number; and the fertility of the soil is such that they might live in the greatest prosperity. Since many restrictions on the trade of the islands have been abolished, agriculture and commerce have considerably improved; yet some important articles of trade are still in the hands of monopolists in the mother-country, to the great injury of the inhabitants of the colonies. Though our author points out, without reserve, the defects of the administration, he is disposed to ascribe them neither to the ill will nor the tyranny of the Spanish government, but chiefly to its supineness, ignorance, and attachment to antiquated and deeply-rooted prejudices. He

"On leaving the city of Manilla, and visiting the villages in the environs, we were agreeably surprised by the high degree of affluence enjoyed by the natives. The utmost order prevails everywhere; extreme neatness and real luxuries in common life. The Tagalase live exceedingly well, and are very sociable among themselves. Yet, notwithstanding the great prosperity enjoyed by the peasantry, which we have never seen equalled anywhere, they are highly discontented with the government, and complain that the taxes on the agricultural produce of the country are too high. We are, however, by no means of opinion that these complaints are well grounded. If there were any occasion for them, it might be rather founded on the vexatious mode in which these taxes are collected.

"But the hatred of the Tagalase to the Spaniards is probably not so much owing to this circumstance as to the contempt with which the Spaniards treat these amiable and highly cultivated Indians.

"The great number of idle ecclesiastics are certainly a heavy burden on the poor people, yet they willingly pay the taxes for them, when their crops have not been destroyed by the locusts.

"In 1820, a very serious rebellion broke out at Manilla among the Indians, which was under the sole conduct of the priests, who saw with anger the resort of foreigners, by which the members of their own communion became gradually more enlightened, and they themselves lost much of their consideration and power. The environs of Manilla were, at that time, suffering from famine and a very fatal epidemic. The priests represented to the Indians that these scourges were owing to the French settled in the island, who had poisoned the wells. At their repeated instigation, the people at length rose *en masse*; the foreign vessels hastily left the harbour, the houses belonging to the French residents and other foreigners were attacked and plundered, and such of the inmates as had not been able to effect their escape, cruelly murdered. As is usual in such cases, deeds of great atrocity were committed, and many innocent individuals suffered. It is remarkable that the government did not take any steps to preserve peace, and, at first, seemed as though it were entirely ignorant of the affair. An officer was at length despatched

with a party of soldiers, to restore tranquillity, but he was not furnished either with ammunition or orders for serious interference. As soon as the Indians perceived this, they assailed the soldiers with stones and abused the officers. The commanding officer, a native Spaniard, and a man of honour, went to the captain-general, threw his sword at his feet, and declared that he would no longer wear it under such a commander.

"The revolution which broke out in the city of Manilla in 1824 was of a very threatening nature, and may serve as a warning to the mother-country, how soon it may lose all its beautiful possessions in India, if it does not take speedy and decisive measures to introduce an equitable system of administration. We will give some particulars of this revolution, as it is so little known in Europe.

"Colonel Novales was commander of a regiment of infantry at Manilla, and is represented as a man of a frank and remarkably upright character, by which he drew upon himself the hostility of his comrades, who neglected no opportunity of rendering him suspected by the government. In consequence of their calumnies, Novales was accused and brought before the tribunal, which however fully acquitted him. General Martinez, at that time Captain General of the Philippines, sent him under some pretext into a distant province, of which he was appointed vice-governor. Novales, however, regarded this ostensible mark of honour as a banishment, and was naturally much offended. He was, however, embarked on board a vessel; the ship put out to sea, but returned to Manilla the following night on account of an approaching storm. At midnight Novales landed in the capital, repaired to the quarters of his regiment, represented to the officers and subalterns the injustice that was intended to be done him by exiling him, and encouraged the assembly to mutiny. The whole regiment instantly obeyed him, and marched towards the palace of the captain-general. On the steps of the palace Novales stabbed the governor, who advanced towards him, and instantly made proclamation that the yoke of tyranny was now broken, and that he would himself provisionally assume the government. The enterprise, however, terminated fatally for the new regent; his brother, who, as officer on duty, commanded the Castell de St. Jago, retained possession of this fortress, which commanded the chief streets of Manilla, and refused to surrender it to the rebels. This action cost Novales his life; had his brother yielded the fortress, the Philippines would have been lost for ever to Spain; yet even without this surrender, the revolution would have succeeded, if the insurrection could have been in some measure prepared, but it was excited too suddenly by the wounded honour of Novales, and the Indians were unable to join in time. So early as eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Novales had been vanquished, and at four in the afternoon he was shot in the court of the palace with his friend Ruiz. On the following day fifteen subalterns shared the same fate, and all the soldiers of the regiment who had taken part in the insurrection were sent to Cavite to the galleys, where they still remain. The regiment was disbanded.

"Novales, with all his adherents, might have escaped to the provinces, if he had adopted the advice of his friends and secured the horses which

were in the city, but he rejected this proposal, saying, he would not be the leader of a band of robbers. The brother of Novales, who at that time preserved the Philippine Islands to the Spanish crown, is at present a captain in the army, though he was at first accused and brought to trial."

• Such is the political state of Manilla. The government still endéavours to prevent foreigners from settling there, and there are many merchants resident in the city, but who have never yet obtained permission to visit the Laguna de Bay. Nay, many an Englishman and North American have come to Manilla in vain; they have even been refused leave to quit the ship and to go on shore.

The Princess Louise left Manilla on the 15th of October to return to China. On the 23d a dreadful typhoon arose, which continued with unabated or rather increasing fury for four nights and three days, during which the voyagers several times gave themselves over for lost. Happily, however, their vessel was sound, and they reached the coast of China on the 10th of November. We refrain from making any extracts relating to China, as a subject respecting which nothing new can be expected from this work. We must mention, however, that our author speaks in the highest terms of the politeness and friendly conduct of the gentlemen of the English factory at Canton.

The only plates in these volumes are a view of the volcano of Maipù, a very well engraved map of Chili and Peru, and a plan of the city of Canton, reduced from a Chinese plan four feet long and two feet and a half high, which was brought to Europe and deposited in the royal library at Berlin. The third and fourth volumes, which have not yet reached England, contain plates and descriptions of the new species of animals and plants collected during the voyage.

ART. II.—*Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo: Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians, Memoirs, and Notes.* By Antonio Panizzi. 9 vols. 8vo. London, 1830—1834.

IN an article devoted to the romance of chivalry, where we might be expected to break away at once from real life and lead our readers among those

"Forests and enchantments tread,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

it might appear unseemly even to hint at the politics of the pre-

sent day, and jar with their dissonance the ear attuned to romantic melody. But who can think of Italy,—of that land most favoured by nature, of her stately cities, her rivers, plains, and mountains, the abode of the mighty of former days;—of Italy, the mistress of arts and arms, the land which never knew barbarism—who, we say, can think of her and not drop a tear for her present state of degradation? It is not possible to suppress the wish (little likely as we are to behold its accomplishment) that the galling yoke of Austria, which is felt from the Alps to the farthest shore of Sicily, may be broken and flung away, that Italy may be again blessed with the apparition of fair Freedom's holy form, and, grown wise by suffering, the Italians, forgetting their old distinctions of Lombards, Tuscans, Neapolitans, and so forth, may consider themselves one people, the children of one common country.

“*Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fuis  
Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.*”

But alas! we feel that these are mere aspirations, little likely to be speedily verified; the power of despotism is still mighty, and true liberty is either making little progress in the world or is tending to the tyranny of democracy. Before the future Heaven has drawn its veil: patience and hope remain for man, and by the cultivation of public and private virtues to prepare himself for the brighter destinies which may be in reserve for him.

It hardly behoved us, however, to make any excuse for advertising to the political condition of Italy, for the subject is frequently forced upon us by the very poems which we are about to notice, whose authors were (what great poet is not?) sincere patriots and true lovers of their national independence. The muse of Bojardo breaks off, never again to resume, in the midst of the romantic tale of Brandiamante and Fiordesquina, scared at the sight of the devastations committed by the troops of Charles VIII. of France, the prelude to those wars of foreigners of which Italy, to her misfortune, became the theatre. “*Mentre,*” cries the patriotic bard—

“*Mentre che io canto, o Dio redentore,  
Vedo l'Italia tutta a fiamma e foco,  
Per questi Galli che, con gran valore,  
Vengon per disertar non so che loco:  
Però vi lascio in questo vano amore  
Di Fiordesquina ardente a poco a poco;  
Un' altra fiata, se mi fia concesso,  
Racconterovvi il tutto per espresso.*”

That time, however, never came, but the genius of his more

illustrious continuator has left us without any reason to regret the interruption of his poetic labours.

The present beautiful edition of these poems has been prepared by a gentleman named Panizzi, one of those Italians who have been obliged to fly their country for their political opinions,—a circumstance, by the way, as our readers must be well aware, no ways conclusive in proof of the moral dignity of the exiled patriots' souls. Anytus, we know, was one of the men of the Piræus who delivered Athens from her Thirty Tyrants, and yet Anytus was afterwards one of the accusers of Socrates! To this a case somewhat parallel will presently appear. In his own country, Mr. Panizzi was, as we are assured, utterly unknown as a man of letters; here, through the patronage of the ex-chancellor chiefly, he enjoys the barren honour of being Professor of Italian in the University of London, and the substantial situation of one of the under-librarians of the British Museum. He is also, we understand, engaged for a handsome remuneration to catalogue the library of the Royal Society—two appointments which gave great offence to those narrow-minded persons who think that charity should begin at home, and that deserving Englishmen of letters, who have families to support, and are able to write out the titles of books as well as a foreigner, might have been found without any very anxious search. Be this as it may, Mr. Panizzi, we believe, performs the duties of his office in a most efficient manner, and he is not ungrateful, but seems perfectly content with his lot, for while his 'co-metes and brothers in exile' are sighing after the beautiful country they have lost, not a murmur or a sigh ever escapes *him*.

Mr. Panizzi writes and speaks English with facility, as is proved by the present work, though what motive but vanity could have induced him to employ it in preference to his beautiful mother-tongue we are unable to conceive; for, surely, any one who is curious about the original text of the Orlando Innamorato, must feel rather offended than otherwise at being presented with English notes. This dexterity in writing our language has also tempted Mr. Panizzi to become a reviewer: and here it is that his character appears in a most unpleasant light, and he becomes, as we have just hinted, a kind of literary Anytus. In conversation and in writing he is the incessant, and, we may add virulent, assailant of the literary reputation of his illustrious compatriot, Rossetti, whose Comment on Dante, that extraordinary monument of erudition and sagacity, he would fain make the world believe to be a tissue of ignorance and absurdity. Nay, should any friend of Mr. Panizzi's even hint that he is disposed to regard Rossetti's system as well founded, his own works, if he has pub-

lished any, will be made to feel the wrath of the learned librarian. But we leave the critic and turn to the essayist and annotator.

Mr. Panizzi, having undertaken the praiseworthy task of presenting the public with a new edition of the two great Italian poems of which Orlando is the hero, thought it advisable to prefix an essay on Italian romantic poetry in general. In this essay he develops his ideas respecting the origin and nature of the fictions which we designate Middle Age romance, and we will commence with a few words on some of the subjects which he there discusses.

Chivalry, and its origin and character, naturally lead the way. As this is a subject by no means exhausted, we expected to find here some novelty, but we were disappointed. Mr. Panizzi dutifully follows in the train of St. Palaye, of whose work, by the way, he evinces not the slightest knowledge, and expresses no doubt whatever of chivalry, with all its grades, course of education, discipline, &c., having had a real *bonâ fide* existence, and having exerted its softening influences over the minds and characters of our rugged forefathers. Now, of the truth of all this we have long entertained some very serious doubts; and, as this is a true Debateable Land, on which we "burn to encounter some adventurous knight," we here cast down our glove and challenge the defenders of chivalry to the combat. And, lo! a gallant knight, indeed, advances to the charge, and thus he makes his confession of faith in his all-accomplished mistress, the chosen lady of his heart.

"The Romish clergy," says Sir Walter Scott, "who have in all ages possessed the wisdom of serpents, if they sometimes have fallen short of the simplicity of doves, saw the advantage of converting this temporary zeal which animated the warriors of their creed against the invading infidels (in the time of the first Carolingians) into a permanent union of principles, which should blend the ceremonies of religious worship with the military establishments of the ancient Goths and Germans. The admission of the noble youth to the practice of arms was no longer a mere military ceremony, where the sword or javelin was delivered to him in presence of the prince or elders of his tribe; it became a religious rite, sanctified by the forms of the church, which he was in future to defend. The novice had to watch his arms in a church or chapel, or at least on hallowed ground, the night before he received the honour of knighthood. He was made to assume a white dress, in imitation of the neophytes of the church. Fast and confession were added to vigils, and the purification of the bath was imposed on the military acolyte, in imitation of the initiatory rite of Christianity, and he was attended by godfathers, who became security for his performing his military vows, as sponsors had formerly appeared for him at baptism. In all points of ceremonial the investiture of chivalry was brought to resemble, as nearly as possible, the administration of the sacraments of the church. The



ceremony itself was performed, when circumstances would permit, in a church or cathedral, and the weapons with which the young warrior was invested were previously blessed by the priest. The oath of chivalry bound the knight to defend the rights of the holy church, to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the principles of the Gospel. Nay more, so intimate was the union between chivalry and religion supposed to be, that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the church, and the knight was supposed to resemble the bishop in rank, duties, and privileges. At what period this complete infusion of religious ceremonial into an order purely military first commenced, and when it became complete and perfect, would be a curious but a difficult subject of investigation. Down to the reign of Charlemagne, and somewhat lower, the investiture was of a nature purely civil; but long before the time of the crusades it had assumed the religious character we have described."

Long, therefore, before the time of the crusades, chivalry had, from its embryo state in the forests of Germany, ripened into this luxuriant tree, diffusing its protecting shade over the noble and fair dames, the widow, the orphan, and the oppressed. The sons of every noble and knightly family were, in their twelfth year, transferred from the indulgence of their mother and the paternal home to the mansion of "some baron or noble knight, sedulously chosen by the anxious parent as that which had the best reputation for order and discipline." The PAGE, as he was now called, learned modesty and obedience; he was taught to ride and to use the bow, sword, and lance, his weapons being of course suited to his strength. He also went with his lord to the chase, learned to blow all the notes of *vénérerie* on the horn, to kill and cut up the game, to find his way (like a Huron or Catabaw) by the stars or by the moss, or the trees, or the manner in which they cast out their branches. If all failed, he was to go to rest on a couch of the withered leaves, or up in the branches of a tree. At home he waited on his lord at table, and carved the huge joints which were served up before the stalwart knights and nobles of those heroic ages. Meantime the "gentle damsel," had also to give his attendance on those "fair idols" ycleped the ladies, and here he was to demean himself with respect, nay, with adoration. Here too, he, of course, not unfrequently took his first lessons in the art of love.

This blissful period being over, the page becomes an ECUYER or ESQUIRE. He was now my lord's gentleman, own man, valet, or how else we designate it. Totally withdrawn from the service of the ladies, he only saw them "on occasions of stated ceremony." His business was to dress and undress his master, to train his horses, for he was groom also, and to keep his arms and armour in good condition. He did the honours of the house to strangers;

he played at chess, draughts, and other games; he had to enliven the feast by his powers of conversation; he was, if nature had not denied the power, to be skilled in poetry and music; he was—but we remember Imlac's description of what the poet should be, and the prince of Abyssinia's remark thereon.

Having thus got the degrees of A. B. and A. M., our neophyte proceeded to the LL. D., or rather the D. D. of chivalry, and became a KNIGHT after the manner and form aforesaid. On the eve of battle, or after victory, however, the ceremonies of the bath, night-watching, and so forth, were dispensed with, and the degree was conferred, as it were, by *diploma*, and he was now the mate of princes. Here, then, we leave him, and proceed to argue a little with his "honest chroniclers."

Where an institution is thus minutely traced out, (and we have not gone into a tithe of the details,) we naturally expect to find good and sufficient historic vouchers for every assertion. But, on examining St. Palaye's celebrated *Mémoires sur la Chevalerie*, which is the text-book on the subject,—for Sir W. Scott, Mr. Mills, and the rest, have drawn nearly all their materials from it,—we are struck immediately by the total absence of historic references in his notes. If chivalry, in the form above described, was reduced to practice, according to him, in the eleventh century, according to Sir W. Scott long before that time, should we not expect to find abundant allusions to its rites and ceremonies in the writers of those times? How comes it then to pass that there is not a hint of it in Geoffrey of Monmouth? Why did the *veracious* Archbishop Turpin not transfer its usages back to the days of Charlemagne? If, as we are told over and over again, the crusades were an emanation of chivalry, if knights went to the Holy Land to win fame, and thereby gain their ladies' love, is it not passing strange that all the contemporary writers, whose works are to be found in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, and who are profuse enough of anecdotes and little incidents, and most minute in their descriptions, should be so utterly silent in this important subject? Why does Raoul of Caen, the biographer and panegyrist of Tancred, that "mirror of knighthood," rob his hero of the interest which would attach to him if we knew of the ceremonies of his admission into the order, or how he himself admitted others into it, or of the fair dames whom, as "a very parfit gentle knight," he must have loved *par amours*? If chivalry, with its baths, its watching of arms by night in cathedral, church, or hallowed ground, was then existing, it is hardly possible that the copious and minute Fulcher of Chartres, the chaplain and companion of King Baldwin I., would not have left an account of how some gallant esquire, after having watched his arms the

preceding night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, received next day, in the presence of Christian and Moslem, the *accolade* from the royal hand of Baldwin. But all the historians are absolutely dumb on this important subject, and we believe that Tasso was the first who linked together chivalry (the chivalry we now speak of) and the crusades. There is not a word about their previous good education and their vows in the speech of the pope at the council of Clermont, in which he notices the ill conduct of the *preux chevaliers* of that golden age of knighthood. St. Bernard, when contrasting the virtues of the Templars with the vices of the secular knights, intimates no knowledge of each of these last having been placed by his parents when a child in the house of some baron or noble knight, "which had best reputation for good order and discipline." Gaufride Vinisauf, in his minute itinerary of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, sayeth nought of this vaunted chivalry; and, if it was such a sacerdotal kind of business, the knight being a sort of bishop in this church militant of chivalry, how could Lion-heart reconcile it to his conscience, or how could the prelates who were present permit him, to consecrate, as he did, the infidel son of Malek-el-Adel, the brother of Saladin? We fear our best authorities for the chivalry of the third crusade are the Talisman and Mme. Cottin's Malek Adel. Another difficulty which struck us in reading the writers of those times is this: they speak of knights (*milites*) in large numbers, such as 100,000 or so; and where on earth were those houses of "good order and discipline," in which such multitudes could have received their early education? Indeed, to judge by their actions, most of them must have been of a very unfavourably disposition originally, or have been brought up very badly.

Of the golden age of chivalry, truth compels us to say that, as the poet sings of an equally ideal golden age, we must cry of this,

"Vain wish!  
Those days were never; airy dreams  
Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth."

We never can mark out a century, or part of a century, in which the sun of chivalry shone bright and unclouded. In our search after those happy times, we are like the heroes in eastern and nursery tales, who, in quest of some wonderful thing, are sent on, on, on, by every person of whom they make inquiry. The blissful region still recedes as we pursue it; every one tells us it is farther off.

"Ask where's the North?—at York 'tis on the Tweed;  
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

It is, in short, a kind of terrestrial paradise, or *land of faërie*, no where to be found.

Having shown the slender foundation on which the splendid fabric rests, we will now briefly state our own opinion of the origin of this ideal state of chivalry. Space will not permit us to adduce our strong reasons, and dogmatism were not seemly in such doubtful matters.

We observe, on reading the aforesaid essays on chivalry, that the great, the sole authorities, we may say, are the prose romances of the 14th and 15th centuries, such as *Lancelot du Lac*, and *Perceforest*, and what is nearly the same, the work named *L'Ordre de Chevalerie*. It will be difficult, we apprehend, to point out any earlier work in which chivalry is presented in its full form and lineaments. Our theory then is, that the authors of these and similar romances, most especially he of *Perceforest*, were the real inventors of chivalry. We cannot assent to St. Palaye and his followers, when they maintain that these writers only describe the manners by which they were surrounded, and are therefore equivalent to historic authorities for the manners of their times, for they expressly assert that they are giving the usages of distant ages, of times, as in the case of *Perceforest*, one of the characters in which is Alexander the Great, even anterior to the Christian era. The phrase, *a celui temps*, continually occurs, and it would certainly be very strange if a romance-writer of the present day, who were to lay his story in England some centuries ago, should describe balls and plays exactly as they are now, and tell us that such was the usage of those times in language which would evidently give us to understand that the customs of those times differed from our own; yet such is what these writers must be supposed to have done, if we admit this principle. It is much more consonant to reason to suppose that they idealized what they saw around them, and exalted it to an imaginary point of perfection. The virtues of courtesy, liberality, justice, loyalty, generous devotion to the fair sex, and piety to God, united with valour, though more rarely than we are apt to imagine, must have presented themselves to the view of the romance-writers; and, as we generally love to contemplate virtue, they indulged their fancy in conceiving and portraying a time when these virtues were the ornament of every knight. The religio-military brotherhoods of the Temple and Hospital probably suggested the idea of the parallel between knighthood and the priesthood, and led to the fiction of the cere-

monies attending the dubbing of a knight in those ideal times which they portrayed; and to the tournaments which were so frequently before their eyes, was given, in their fictions, a degree of pomp and ceremonial far exceeding what the reality presented. We have said that it is chiefly in the 14th and 15th centuries that chivalry is to be found, and it is our opinion that the attempts to introduce it, as described in romances, into real life, were made at the courts of England, France, and above all, at the splendid court of the Dukes of Burgundy, of the house of Valois. It was at these courts that the orders of the *Garter*, of the *Etoile*, and of the *Toison d'Or* were instituted. The following passage of the historian of St. Denis, quoted by St. Palaye, is, we think, strongly confirmatory of our opinion. Having occasion to give a minute account of the manner in which Charles VI. of France, in 1389, conferred knighthood on the King of Sicily and the Count of Maine, when he tells how the two princes came to watch their arms, the night before the ceremony, in a habit as modest as it was extraordinary, in compliance with the ancient regulations of chivalry, he adds, "Cela sembla étrange à beaucoup de gens, parce qu'il y en avoit fort peu qui sçussent que c'étoit l'ancien ordre de pareille chevalerie." Now, as this *ancien ordre* is to be found in the romances of that age, and no where else, we think we are warranted in suspecting that it is nothing but the creation of the authors of these romances. Sismondi, who appears to think nearly as we do on the subject, would carry this mode of reducing the fictions of the poets to practice a little higher. Speaking of Philip Augustus, he says,\* "He introduced, as far as he could, into his court and kingdom, the chivalrous institutions which he found in this poetic world (the romances); it is thus he gave an historic existence to the twelve peers of King Arthur, knights of the Round Table, or to the twelve peers of Charlemagne, peers of France. At the festival of Pentecost, in the year 1209, he knighted his son Louis, then twenty-two years of age, and, in the plenary court which he held on that occasion, he imitated the splendour of the courts described by the authors of the romances of chivalry." This is strongly confirmatory of what we have advanced above, and the practice probably began with Philip Augustus, who certainly first made the twelve peers of France, and for which his only authorities were the romances. It is curious enough, by the way, that chivalry should be under more obligations to Philip Augustus than to his rival, Richard Cœur de Lion, whom we are in the habit of regarding as the model of a *preux chevalier*. In fine, the truth probably is, that this reduction to practice of the fictions of romances began with

\* Histoire des François, vol. vi., p. 310.

the 13th, and was continued through the 14th and 15th centuries; and as it is in the romance of *Perceforest* (a most delightful one, by the way, it is) that the most ample details of the chivalry of the olden time are to be found, its author may perhaps justly claim to be regarded as its chief inventor. It may surprise some persons that we have said nothing of *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, a great authority with the aforesaid essayists, but we regard it as a mere romance and no true history, and at best it would only be authority for those times when it was attempted to reduce chivalry to practice.

Our remarks on this subject have, we find, run to greater length than we had anticipated; but we deem it necessary for the critic and reader of the Italian romantic poems to have just ideas on chivalry and its origin.

We know no more curious question of criticism than the origin of the two great cycles of romance of the middle ages, viz:—those of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and the Paladins. It is at the same time, we fear, one which we have not the means of ever answering in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and it will probably long afford a field for subtle combinations and ingenious theory. On this point, Mr. Panizzi advances some novel speculations, to some of which we yield our assent, others do not convince us. Thus on the great question, of which was the first, Mr. Panizzi ranges himself on the side of those who assign the priority to the romances of Arthur. He thus expresses himself.—

“ If the original destination of poetry were in every nation of the world to celebrate the glorious actions of heroes, one of the provinces of England, possessing one of the most ancient languages extant, would seem to have surpassed all other countries in the application of the art. All the chivalrous fictions since spread over Europe, appear to have had their birth in Wales. Du Cailly and Legrand have pretended, in a manner the most flippant and unfair, that all the romances of Arthur and his court were but imitations of the old French romances concerning Charlemagne. The very reverse is the fact, since the romances treating of this emperor and of his most renowned chiefs may be strongly suspected to be of British extraction. The songs in praise of Arthur belong to a very remote period, and some of them, still in existence, bear indubitable marks of very high antiquity. When the Britons occupied that part of France to which they gave their name, and which was subsequently conquered by the Normans, (who settling there, in turn gave their name to a portion of it), they unquestionably brought with them their traditions and customs. So famous were their lays in France, that the French *trouvères* were accustomed to cite the British originals as vouchers for the birth of their stories; whilst some of them were translated by Marie de France. A glance at these translations will show the lays to be of British origin; and, were this of itself doubtful, the avowal of the translation honestly avows the fact: an avowal which Mr.

Legrand insists on disbelieving. Truly it must appear somewhat singular, that the learned critic pretends to be better acquainted with the origin of these poems than even the person by whom they were written. The practice of translating the lays of Wales into modern languages was adopted by Chaucer himself; and the system of narrating stories or jests was particularly well received in Normandy, where, as is generally the case, the new settlers made the fables of the original inhabitants, or *avroxboves*, their own. In Turpin's book, and in Maugis' romance, mention is made of a count of Nantes, named Oel, as being one of the heroes of Charlemagne; and by the romances of the Round Table we find him father of *Isculte aux Blanches Mains*, Sir Tristram's wife. We have already seen that it was a Norman who sang the song of Orlando, and in due time we shall have occasion to observe how intimately connected is the name of this hero with Wales and Little Brittany."—*Essay*, p. 34—37.

It is here that we chiefly dissent from this writer. We must confess that we have very strong doubts respecting the Welsh origin of the romantic poetry of the middle ages. It is very unfortunate that the Cymric, like the Celtic, scholars and antiquarians are of such easy faith and so enveloped in prejudice that their translations and their assertions are little to be depended on, and the critic who cannot read Welsh and judge for himself is safer without than with the aid of such fallacious guides. We certainly see no reason to doubt, as some have done, of the existence of Arthur, for he is spoken of by Nennius and others much older than Geoffrey of Monmouth; but we doubt very much if the Round Table and its Knights, the Sangraal and the perilous adventures to which it gave rise, the loves of Tristram and Isotte, of Lancelot and Ginevra, are to be found anterior to the twelfth century, at least in any thing like a developed form. There is a vast deal of obscurity about the British History of the monk of Monmouth. William of Newburgh, we know, early accused him of having forged it; no original was, we believe, ever exhibited; and as to the circumstantial account of the original having been brought out of Brittany and so forth, we own it does not carry to our minds the conviction of demonstration. Let any one read the minute account given by the author of *Perceforest* of the manner in which he came by that ancient story, and he will see how these matters can be managed. At the same time, we do not accuse Geoffrey of having actually invented his history, but we are disposed to regard it as being a translation somewhat of the same kind with that of the Poems of Ossian the son of Fingal. As for the Breton lays translated by Marie de France, we have read them carefully, and we will add with much pleasure, and the result has been that we are strongly inclined to range ourselves on the side of Ritson, Legrand, and those who view them as originals, and not

translations. We have not now space for going into particulars, but such is the general impression which the perusal of them made upon us. As to the poetess's honest avowal of their Breton origin, we think the following passage from Legrand, given in a note by Mr. Panizzi, quite satisfactory :

" Marie de France dit de traduire elle-même de l'anglais en français . . . . nos fabliers et nos romanciers surtout emploient (cette expression) très frequemment, quand ils veulent traiter un sujet de la table ronde. Rarement ils le commencent sans annoncer qu'ils l'ont tiré d'une bibliothèque d'Angleterre, ou des archives compilés sous le roi Artus. Pour quiconque connaît l'ancienne romancerie, ces formules triviales ne signifient rien : il n'en est point dupé."

The same writer thus gives the commencement of a *fabliau* as old as the *Lais* of Marie de France—

" Bien de gens ne regardent les lays que comme des fables. J'ai cependant mes garans pour toutes les aventures de ceux que j'ai faits. Elles ont été chantées en Bretagne et ailleurs. On en conserve à Carlion les originaux, et c'est dans cette source authentique que je vais puiser encore celle que vous allez entendre."

The fact would appear to be that the great success of the British History gave a sort of dignity and authenticity to the phrase *translated from the British original*, and it was gladly laid hold of by the composers of lays and *fabliaux*; but we fear all the originals spoken of are as ideal as the archives of Carlion. In short, these British bards seem to have been to the *trouvères* of France what Turpin was to the poets now under consideration, and Cid Hamete Benengeli and other Moors to the romance-writers of Spain—a sort of affidavit-men, ready to vouch for any thing. To conclude, Mr. Panizzi's assertion that Chaucer translated from the Welsh is totally erroneous; the tale in question, that of the Frankeleyn, is taken, as he should have known, apparently from the Decamerone and the lines

" Thise olde gentil Bretons in his dayes  
Of diverse adventures maden layes,  
Rimeyed in hir firste British tonge :  
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,  
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance ;  
And on of hem have I in remembrance  
Which I shal seyn with godd wille as I can"—

only prove that the comic bard imitated the old custom; they perhaps also show that he was acquainted with the *Lais* of Marie de France.

We are very far from assenting to the assertion of Caylus and Legrand, that the romances of Arthur and his court are imitations of the old French romances of Charlemagne; but we can as little



concede to Mr. Panizzi that the reverse was the case, and that the romances of the Round Table were the originals. In fact, the two cycles seem to have come together into being; the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth and of the pseudo-Turpin, appeared much about the same time, and, in the reign of Philip Augustus, *Tristan de Lionais*, *Lancelot du Lac*, and others, on the one side, were composed, as we are told, by Crestien de Troyes and Rusticien de Pise, and those of *Huon de Bordeaux*, *Les Quatre Filz-Aymon*, &c., on the other side, by *Huon de Villeneuve* and some other poets of that poetic age. They appear to have exercised some influence on each other, lending, as was always the case, names and circumstances, but that was all. There was evidently at that period one of those outpourings of the poetic spirit, which take place from time to time in this world of ours, and which our philosophy, do what it will, can never adequately explain. The simple fact remains; the producing cause is unknown.

The difference between the romances of the Arthurian and Carolian cycles in poetic merit is very remarkable. If we except the beautiful *Huon de Bordeaux*, which, by the way, appears to have had a German original, those of the latter, such as the *Quatre Filz-Aymon*, *Les Enfances d'Ogier*, &c., are in general very dull and uninteresting, all about fighting and scarcely any thing else; whereas those of the Knights of the Round Table are full of the most interesting and romantic adventures. It is of the prose romances, which are said to have been formed from originals in verse in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that we are obliged to speak; but what we say of them must, *à fortiori*, be true of the rhymed originals if there were such. The poets of the two cycles were like two parties of miners, one of which had the good fortune to hit on a richer vein than the other.

Great effects often spring from small causes. Who, in reading the dull "*Life of Charles the Great and Roland*," which appeared in the eleventh or twelfth century, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, would ever see in it the well-head of the stream, which finally expanded into the noble *Lago Maggiore* of Italian romantic poetry? Yet such appears to be the case, though even here scepticism might perhaps raise a question or two; for, if we except Pulci, the authors of the Italian poems seem to have derived from it little, save a few proper names, such as Marsilio, Agolante, Ferrau, &c.—and its influence on the French romances of the Paladins was apparently still less. It will not be needless to state what this history is.

The *Life of Charles the Great and Roland*, as it is called, relates first, briefly, an expedition of Charlemagne into Spain, in which he made a conquest of the entire country. On his return

to France, an African king named Aigolandus landed in Spain; and speedily recovered all that the Saracens had lost. Charles soon re-entered the peninsula with a large army, headed by himself and by Milo de Angleriis, the father of Roland: a bloody and indecisive battle, in which Milo and 40,000 Christians fell, was fought; after which Charles returned to France, whither he was soon followed by Aigolandus at the head of his army of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Æthiopians, Parthians, Africans, Persians; among whom were to be observed Tarafinus or Texefinus, (Taxfin, *i. e.* Tashfin?) king of the Arabs; Brunabellus (Brunello?) king of Alexandria; Avitus of Bugia, Hospinellus of Algabria (Algarve); Fatinus of Barbary, Maimones (Mamoon) of Mecca, Ebrachim (Ibrahim) of Seville, Altumajor of Corduba, *cum aliis multis*. He came and laid siege to the city of Agen and took it. Charles went disguised as his own ambassador to Agen, and spied out the strength of the place, in which he imitated Alexander, who, according to the romantic history of him in both the East and the West, did the same more than once. He then went and collected an army, and came and besieged the city for six months, at the end of which time the Saracens left it secretly by night, and got away on the other side of the Garonne; Aigolandus went to Saintes (*Santones*), whither Charles followed him. A battle was fought in the meads between the castle of Taleburg and the city of Charante (*Carantem*), after which the Saracens retired into Saintes, which they left also in the night and returned to Spain.

Charles now appeared a second time in Spain at the head of a great army, of which we must name the principal leaders. These were *Turpin*,\* archbishop of Rheims, who, as he tells us himself, absolved the Christians and slaughtered the Saracens; *Roland* count of Mans (*Cenamonensis*) and lord of Blaye (*Blavii*); *Oliverius* count of Cevennes or Geneva (*Gebenensis*); *Estulfus* of Langres (*Lingonensis*), son of count Odo; *Arastagnus* king of the Bretons; *Englerius* duke of Aquitaine; *Salamon*, the comrade of *Estulfus*; *Baldwin*, the uterine brother of Roland; *Aldebode* king of Friesland; *Arnald* of Berland; *Naman* duke of Bavaria; *Ogerius* duke of Denmark (*Dacia*), *Oel* count of Nanfès; *Constantine*, the Roman prefect; *Rainaldus* de Albo Spino; *Ivonus*; *Samson* duke of Burgundy; *Ganalon*, who afterwards proved a traitor, &c., &c. After a vain attempt at converting Aigolandus, a battle is fought and he is slain. A most formidable personage now appears on the scene. *Ferracutus*, a giant of the race of Goliath, was come from the coast of Syria, with 20,000 Turks, sent by the Admi-

raldus of Babylon to make war on king Charles. He was now at the city of Nagera, whither Charles led his army. Ferracutus came forth and demanded a single combat. Ogier the Dane (*Dacus*) was sent first, and the giant gently (*suaviter*) went up to him, and putting his arm lovingly about him, carried him into the city. Raimaldus de Albo Spino (*Rinaldo*) was treated in the same way by him. He carried off Constantine and Oliver together. At last Roland engaged him: they fought all day; at night they made a truce; next day they fought again; the giant grew drowsy and asked a truce to take a sleep. It was courteously granted, and, on his waking, Roland explained to him the mysteries of the Christian faith. In the conversation, the silly giant lets out that he is only vulnerable in the navel, and when they return to the fight Roland uses his knowledge and kills him. All Spain is again reduced, and the book ends with the treason of Ganalon, the defeat at Roncesvalles, the death of Roland, the punishment of the traitor, and finally the death of the emperor himself.

The reader versed in Italian romance will easily see how little the Italian poets were indebted to the archbishop of Rheims. Were it not for the names, as we have already hinted, one might almost doubt if Bojardo and Ariosto had ever read his work. If they did, it must have been in MS., for it was not printed till 1574, long after their great poems had appeared; yet Bojardo at least would seem to have taken several names direct from it. May it not have been these lines of Dante that first led the Florentine, Pulci, to seek in it the battle of Roncesvalles?

“Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando

Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,

Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.”

Dante, it is highly probable from this, was acquainted with Turpin's book.

We have already expressed our doubts of Geoffrey of Monmouth's work being a mere translation, and there can be no doubt that the *Life of Charles and Roland* was a forgery; but it does not follow that either of them was the pure invention of its author. We have very good authority to prove that there were popular ballads of both Arthur and Charlemagne in being long before either of these works was written, and these of a sufficiently romantic character to appear to the soberer sort somewhat incredible. Thus Sigibert, a writer of the eleventh century, says, under the year 470, *Mortuo igitur Uthrapendragon Rege, sublimatus est in regno filius ejus Arturus, cujus mirabiles actus etiam linguæ personant populorum, licet plura eae fabulosa videantur*. He here evidently means popular tales and ballads. That Charlemagne was the hero of song and lay, also, cannot well be disputed, though we agree with Mr. Michel

in thinking that it was a song of Rollo, and not of Roland, which Taillefer chanted to inspirit the Norman warriors, at the battle of Hastings. In these ballads, then, we view the germs of the two great cycles of romance which amused the leisure of our forefathers. May not something of the same kind have occurred in the case of the war of Troy? and may not the Homeric poems contain little more than the fictions of older bards, originally set forth in short lays and ballads?

One of the most novel portions of Mr. Panizzi's essay is, his inquiry respecting the Charles of romance and his principal Paladins.

"If ever," says he, "there was a sovereign who, to a bold character united a strong and determined will, it was certainly Charlemagne; and these qualities, which are apparent in all his actions, are attributed to him by all historians. In the romances; on the contrary, he appears a foolish, treacherous prince, easily imposed on, and who, sensible of his own want of energy, suspects every one who dares to act manfully. He submits with the greatest *bonhomie* to Gano, who has repeatedly betrayed him, but who regains his favour by cringing and flattery. He is not a dastard in battle, for the fame of his valour sounds too loudly to be denied; but in his house, and among his family, he acts like a coward. Now this character is remarkably well suited to every Charles who succeeded him. Distinguished, one and all, by the weakness and imbecility of their conduct, the praises of the monks were lavished upon them in proportion to their worthlessness."

We have here Mr. Panizzi's theory respecting the Charles of romance: the language certainly appears to us rather too strong; for the Charles of Bojardo and Ariosto is, to our apprehension, very far from being a contemptible personage. In French romance, as in *Huon de Bordeaux*, *Le Quatre Filz-Aymon*, and *Ogier le Dannoys*, he undoubtedly makes a much less dignified appearance than in the Italian epics; and, perhaps, this may give some foundation for Mr. Panizzi's hypothesis, which is, that all the Charleses of the Carlovingian line, that is, Charles Martel, the Great, the Bald, the Fat, and the Simple, and the events of their reigns, have, in popular tradition and the lays of minstrels, been mingled and fused together, and the product has been the Charles of romance, who is, therefore, great and little, strong and weak, victorious and vanquished. Hence he defeats, with great slaughter, the Saracens, who had invaded France—for so did Charles Martel; but his capital, Paris, is besieged by the Saracens, and it was in reality besieged in the reign of Charles the Bald by the Northmen, who, as Mr. Panizzi shows very satisfactorily, were frequently confounded with the Saracens. In like

manner, Mr. Panizzi finds the name of Ganalón in a bishop named Wenilo, who acted the part of a traitor to Charles the Bald; and, as Lupus, Duke of Gascony, was concerned in the treacherous attack at Roncesvalles, he supposes that this arch-traitor of romance was formed, like Charlemagne, by composition. It is remarkable enough that, as it appears from a document of the time of Charles the Bald, Lupus actually was hanged for his treachery by Charlemagne; and Gano, who, in Turpin, is torn to pieces by horses, is hanged in the *Morgante Maggiore*. Why Pulci thus chose to depart from his original, we cannot tell, neither can we, perhaps, impute to him a knowledge of the real circumstances of the case. In all probability, it is only an accidental coincidence, such as has lately been pointed out in the case of Macpherson, who, in his tale of Carthor, when he departs from his Irish original, happens to agree with its Persian parallel, of which he could not possibly have known anything. Why the romance-writers make Gano duke of Maganza, Mayence, or Mentz, a place so far away from Gascony, is a question into which Mr. Panizzi does not enter, but it is one, we think, not undeserving of examination.

Our author institutes an inquiry as to who the three celebrated Paladins, Roland, Renaud, and Ogier, really were. In the work just alluded to, there is also some speculation on these matters. We will therefore set before our readers the result of the labours of both writers. Our first subject shall be the warrior of Denmark.

Mr. Panizzi shows very plainly that, in the time of Charlemagne, a French lord, named Oggerus, retired from the court of the emperor, and sought refuge with Desiderius, or Didier, King of Lombardy; and, in the prose romance of Ogier le Dannoys, the same thing is told of the hero, who is, therefore, to a certain extent, a real historic personage. But then the question comes, why he was called the Dane (*Dannoys*), an appellation which he must early have had, for Turpin, as we have seen, styles him Duke of Denmark (*Dacie*). Mr. Panizzi says that, some said it was because he was a native of that country; others, because he conquered it; others, that he had been a Saracen, and, on his conversion, his former friends wrote to him, saying, *Tu es damné*, and, to prove his sincerity, he insisted on being called Ogier Damné at his baptism. The other writer adopts the first opinion, and endeavours to explain it, and his theory certainly is novel if not convincing. In the songs of the poetic Edda of Scandinavia he finds a hero named Helgi Hundingsbana, between whom and the Ogier of the prose romance he observes so many points of re-

semblance as to make it extremely probable that the two heroes are one and the same individual. He thus concludes his examination of the two stories.\*

"Here, then, we have parallels to all the circumstances of the Eddaic poems mentioned above. The Norns (*Fates*) are at the birth of Helgi, the Fays at that of Ogier; Sigrun was a Valkyria, Morgue, a Fay; Helgi was honoured by Odin, Ogier, by Arthur; Helgi returned to this world, Ogier did the same. To this we may add, that Helgi came from Valhall on horseback, attended by a train of warriors; and that Ogier came through the air from Faërie, on the steed Papillon (*butterfly*), accompanied by Benoist. There are martial exercises in Valhall; and Ogier has to take the field in Avallon against Capalus; and finally, the Fay-ladins of Avallon are not unlike the Valkyrias of Valhall."

The conclusion at which this writer arrives is, that the Normans brought with them to France the legends of their mythic hero, Helgi, and that, to please them, he was incorporated in the Carolian cycle of romance, a matter the more easy to do since there was, as we have seen, a real person of nearly the same name. That Helgi might become Ogier is apparent to any one skilled in etymology. Oberon, it is well known, is the German Elberich. Ogier himself is called, by the Spaniards, Urgel.

The writer just quoted seems disposed to extend his northern theory to Roland also. Mr. Panizzi, who, as we have already hinted, gives most absurdly into Welsh and Breton systems, appears to regard Roland as a Breton chieftain. Having noticed that Eginhart, in his life of Charlemagne, calls Roland (*Rutlondus*), who was slain at Roncesvalles, *warden of the British march*, and quoted, from D'Anville, the following passage:—

"Upper Brittany . . . . . was a frontier country, opposite to the land of the Britons, and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, and Count of Angers, commanded there"—he proceeds:

"The Britons paid a kind of tribute to the Franks, but seem to have governed themselves after their own fashion, and obeyed their own chiefs. They also appear to have kept aloof from their neighbours, on whom they made frequent inroads during the reign of Charlemagne. Orlando was Marquess of Brava, a title which, in the olden time, signified warden of a border, or governor of a frontier country; and Angers is situated near the borders of Brittany. In the same territory there is 'Le Lion d'Angers,' a very chivalrous sound, as well as four or five small places called *Brain*, or *Braye*, from which, perhaps, *Brava*. The Britons being tributary to Charlemagne, Roland may possibly have been one of their chieftains faithfully attached to him, and whom he may have entrusted with the government of that part of the country with which he (Orlando) was best acquainted, and where he had most adherents; a course which

\* Keightley's "Tales and Popular Fictions, their resemblance and transmission from country to country," p. 237.

was often pursued. *Roland*, or *Rouland*, is proved to be a Welsh name, signifying *rolling* or *overwhelming floods*, and one *Roouland* was no less a person than the father of Sir Tristram. The Britons, faithful to their country, named some of their new places of abode in France after other places and persons originally British. Hence there is a *Bangor* in the island of *Belle Ile*, and an islet in the bay of Douarnenez is called *Ile de Tristan*, both on the coast of Brittany. Nor was *Roouland* forgotten, since, on the north-eastern coast of Brittany, between St. Brienc and the mouth of the Trieu, there is a small place called *ROHOULAND*."—pp. 103—105.

We have already expressed our want of faith in these Welsh origins: we must further observe that the supposition of Armorica, or Brittany, having been colonized from this country, after the same manner that New England, for example, was, is an extremely erroneous one. Armorica had always a Celtic population of its own, and the most we are justified in asserting is, that a portion of the vanquished Celts of the West of Britain were received among their Armorican brethren: but it is not very likely that they could have exerted much influence in any way over the country. As to the argument from the similar names of places, we hold it to be pough. There is a *Bangor*, for instance, in Ireland, as well as in Wales and Brittany; the name is, probably, significant, and suits the natural characters of different places. The *Ile de Tristan*, probably, was named after the romances of the Round Table got into vogue, just like the *Brèche de Roland*, in the Pyrenees, and so many other places. We think Mr. Panizzi altogether mistaken in the origin of the *Brava* of the Italian poets, which he hints at. Turpin says he was Count of Blaye (*Comes Blavi*); and, when we recollect that *l* and *r* are commutable letters, the real origin of *Brava* is apparent.

A different course is taken in the work to which we have already adverted. Having shown that there was a real person named Rotlandus, or Rutlandus, in the time of Charlemagne, the author observes that, the celebrated Hrolf, or Rollo, to whom Charles the Bald ceded Neustria, was the son of Rognavald, Yarl of the Orkneys; and that from Rognavald was formed *Ronald*, a name still in use in the Hebrides. He thinks that *Roland* may have been formed from it as well as *Ronald*; that ballads have been made in praise of him and his son; and that the casual resemblance between his name and that of one of Charles's nobles has been the cause of the latter's having attained to such celebrity in the lays of the Trouvères who resorted to the courts of the Norman monarchs.

It is a common failing of limited minds to infer imitation where they see resemblance; and, from this defect, as the following passage proves, our author is not free.

"The question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek has been much agitated. Pelli and some minor writers have eagerly contended that Dante was well acquainted with Greek, and Dionisi has gone so far as to assert that he taught it. Maffei, Tiraboschi, and, last not least, Foscolo, have denied this. To quote, as has been done, a pretended sonnet from Dante to Bosone Raffaelli in the affirmative, implies such a poor opinion of the reader's taste as to be unworthy of notice. It is true that Dante pronounced the words *Letè*, *tragedia*, &c., very properly; it is true that he praises Homer, it is true that he knew the derivation of *Flegetonte*, yet his knowledge of the pronunciation and meaning of a few Greek words does not imply that he knew Greek thoroughly. He may even have been acquainted with a translation of Homer, for a version of the *Odyssey*, at least, was executed before that of Leonzio, procured by Boccaccio and Petrarca. In his poem he does not admit that any one went to hell or paradise, and returned, but *Aeneas*, *St. Paul*, and himself, (the knight who performed the journey by order of Charles Martel is out of the question,) and consequently he excludes Ulysses. In the 28th canto of the *Inferno* he relates the travels of this gentleman, not according to the *Odyssey* but according to the account of Pliny and Solinus. There is, however, an argument drawn from Homer's *Iliad* on the one hand, and from Dante's *Purgatory* on the other, which has never been taken into consideration, and which, yet, almost induces a belief that on one occasion at least Dante knew the *Iliad* and imitated it. Still the question will be, whether the *Iliad* was translated before Dante's time or not.

"Any one conversant with Homer will remember that fanciful and highly poetical passage of the *Iliad*, where the Scamander addresses itself to the Simois, threatening to drown Achilles with its waters and bury him beneath its sands. According to Dante, Buonconte da Montefeltro, who was killed at the battle of Campaldino, but whose body was never found, was treated by the Archiano and Arno exactly in the way that the Scamander and Simois would have treated Achilles. The rivers Archiano and Arno were moved not by themselves but a devil, who was incensed by an agent's carrying away Buonconte's soul, on the possession of which he had relied. As he could not get the soul, he was resolved to do his best with the body. How far this may tend to elucidate the question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek, it is not here the place to determine. Certain it is, that the coincidence has not the air of being fortuitous, especially if we consider the admirable art with which Dante always imitates but seldom or never copies; whence arises the difficulty of discovering the similarity between a passage in his poem and any of the writers with whom he vies."—*Essay*, p. 153—155.

"Parturiunt montes—nascitur ridiculus mus!"

If Mr. Panizzi, who boasts such a familiarity with Dante, had looked a little closer, he would have seen that the poor Arno was quite passive in the business, and his whole attempt at convicting Dante of plagiarism fails. The *naïveté* with which he speaks of



the difficulty of catching Dante in the fact is somewhat amusing; for, the truth is, Dante imitates only Virgil and the Bible, and these he copies; he takes legends, &c. from Ovid and others, but it is not easy to trace an imitation of them. Though Mr. Panizzi speaks thus familiarly of Homer and Greek, we doubt if he has any great familiarity with this language. If he had, he surely would not give *φίλος-στράτος* "love-conquered," as the meaning of *Filostrato*; and, if acquainted with Greek literature, he would have seen that the original of Pulci's Margutte, which puzzles him so much, is probably the Margites of Homer. Mr. Panizzi has no right to complain of his defects being pointed out; no one is more ready than himself to *show up* others: thus poor Mr. Rodd could not mistranslate a passage of Turpin, without Mr. Panizzi going out of his way to expose him. Yet, as the following passage will prove, the critic himself dwells in a glass house. "The great Paladin, Orlando, weeps over the fate of France, and of Charlemagne, and of Christianity; which, like all other human things, he supposes one day will fall." In a note he gives the passage of Pulci to which he alludes:

"Tutte cose mortal vanno ad un segno;  
Mentre l'una sormonta e l'altra cade;  
Così fia forse di cristianitade."—

*Morg. Mag.* xxxvi. 41.

and adds, "the *Courier Français* has lately been tried in France and acquitted, for having supposed exactly the same thing." Now we think differently. What the *Courier* and Mr. Panizzi mean is plain enough, but we wager, and we appeal to any one acquainted with the Italian language and of sound judgment, that it was *Christendom* and not *Christianity* that was in the mind of the pious Paladin.

Enough of finding fault: we haste to a more pleasing task—that of viewing Mr. Panizzi as the zealous and not unsuccessful vindicator of the fame of a poet too long neglected. We must previously mention that the Essay contains a very good analysis of the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, the *Morgante* of Pulci, and the *Mambriano* of Bello, commonly called *Il Cieco di Ferrara*.

Never, we believe, has poet been worse treated by posterity than Matteo Maria Bojardo, the author of the *Orlando Innamorato*. In fact, the prevailing opinion seems to have long been that he was no poet at all, but how stands the real case? Simply, that he was the most graceful, tender, and elegant poet (Poliziano excepted) that Italy produced from the time of Petrarca to that of Ariosto. These qualities, certainly, do not appear to any great

extent in his great poem, but that is perhaps not difficult to account for. The

“Plus sentimento facilis quam carmine dives”

of Merlinus Coccejus is true of him in the *Innamorato*, but in the year 1499 a volume appeared at Reggio, intituled, *Sonetti e Canzoni del Poeta Clarissimo Matthe Maria Boiardo Còte di Scandiano*, which affords indubitable proof of the truth of what we have stated. As justice is sure to be done to every one, sooner or later, Venturi published at Modena, in 1820, fifty-four out of about a hundred and eighty lyrical pieces contained in the original edition, and here people to their surprise discovered that Bojardo had the qualities which we have assigned to him above. Mr. Panizzi has, we believe, some idea of reprinting all his lyrical poetry in this country, and we hope he will not change his mind, but give to a British press the full merit of having vindicated the fame of a poet whose name will not soon be forgotten.

We will set before our readers, to enable them to judge for themselves, two of Bojardo's sonnets, which Mr. Panizzi gives, with several others, from Venturi. They are not, perhaps, those which we might be disposed to select as the very best, were we free to act; but we happen to be favoured with translations of these two from the elegant pen of a highly accomplished young lady, and gallantry prohibits our choice of any others. The following was written on the occasion of the lady whom he loved presenting him with a purse wrought by her own fair hands:—

“Grazioso mio dono, e caro pegno,  
Che sei da quella man gentile ordito,  
Qual sola può sanar quel che ha ferito,  
E alla errante mia vita dar sostegno;

“Dono amoroso, sopra gli altri degno,  
Distinto in tante parti e colorito,  
Perchè non è con teco il spirito unito,  
Che già ti fabbricò con tanto ingegno?

“Perchè non è la man leggiadra teco?  
Perchè teco non sono or quei desiri  
Che sì te han fatto di beltade adorno?

“Sempre nella mia vita sarai meco,  
Avrai sempre da me mille sospiri,  
Mille baci la notte, e mille il gioruo.”

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“Beautiful gift, and dearest pledge of love,  
Woven by that fair hand, whose gentle aid,  
Alone can heal the wound itself hath made,  
And to my wandering life a sure guide prove!

"O dearest gift, all others far above,  
Curiously wrought in many-coloured shade.  
Ah! why with thee has not the spirit stayed,  
That with such tasteful skill to form thee strove?"

"Why have I not that lovely hand with thee?  
Why have I not with thee each fond desire  
That did such passing beauty to thee give?"

"Through life thou ever shalt remain with me,  
A thousand tender sighs thou shalt inspire,  
A thousand kisses day and night receive."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Panizzi, "never were the sentiments which such a present was likely to awaken, more truly and warmly expressed than in this sonnet."

The following was written when parting with his mistress for some time:—

"Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire  
Per la crudel partita, come suole  
Da sera o da mattino avanti il Sole  
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.

"Vidi il color di rose rivenire  
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,  
E vidi (e quel veder mi giova e duole)  
Cristallo e perle da quegli occhi uscire.

"Dolci parole e dolce lacrimare,  
Che dolcemente m'addolcise il core,  
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare;

"Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore,  
~~Quanto~~ suave che nel rammentare  
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolore."

"I saw that lovely cheek grow wan and pale  
At our sad parting, as at times a cloud,  
Stealing the morn or evening Sun to shroud,  
Casts o'er his glorious light an envious veil.

"I saw the rose's orient colour fail,  
Yielding to lilies wan its empire proud,  
And saw, with joy elate, by sorrow bowed,  
How from those eyes the pearls and crystal fell.

"O precious words! and, O sweet tears! that steep  
In pleasing sadness my devoted heart,  
And make it with its very bliss to weep.

"Love with you weeping sighed, and did impart  
Such sweetness to you, that my sorrow deep  
To memory comes devoid of sorrow's dart."

We will make one more extract, of which we will offer no translation. It must convince every one that Bojardo was possessed of beauty of imagination and melody of verse, and that the celebrated Quadrio is not far astray when he calls his lyrical pieces "un modello di delicatezza e di grazia." It occurs in a *Canzone*, in which in a series of comparisons he describes the beauty of his mistress.

"Come in la notte liquida e serena  
 Vien la stella d'Amore innante il giorno  
 Di raggi d'oro e di splendor sì piena,  
 Che l'orizzonte è di sua luce adorno;  
 Ed ella a tergo mena  
 L'altre stelle minore  
 Che a lei d'intorno intorno  
 Cedon parte del cielo e fangli onore;  
 Indi rorando splendido liquore  
 Da l'umida sua chioma, onde si bagna  
 La verde erbetta e il colorito fiore,  
 Fa rugiadosa tutta la campagna;  
 Così costei de l'altre il pregio acquista  
 Perchè Amor l'accompagna  
 E fa sparir ogni altra bella vista."

The bard of Scandiano also wrote Italian eclogues, in which he employed the *verso sdrucciolo* before Sannazaro, who is generally supposed to have been the first who used it in entire poems. He has, moreover, left Latin eclogues, which Tiraboschi justly styles "molto eleganti." He translated Herodotus's History, the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, and Apuleius's *Golden Ass*. Altogether, we may see, that his literary merits are not few, and that he deserves a higher station than has yet been allotted to him on the Italian Parnassus.

Bojardo's lyrical poetry being so soft and mellifluous as the preceding extracts show it to be, whence comes it, it may be asked, that the versification of his great poem is so rugged and negligent? The truth of this charge we are not disposed to admit to the full extent, but we will not now argue the case. At all events, we believe the familiarity and negligence of the verse of the *Innamorato* to have been matter of choice. The *Regina Ancroja*, the *Buovo d'Antona*, the *Spagna*, and the other romantic poems which were written before his time, are all in a low, vulgar, and familiar style; and Bojardo, probably, like Pulci, deemed that poems of this kind, which were designed for recitation rather than for the study, should not aim at epic pomp and dignity. That the *Innamorato* was recited, Mr. Panizzi has

made very probable; indeed, we think it is proved sufficiently by the opening lines:—

“ Signori e Cavalier, che v’ adunate  
Per odir cose dilettose e nuove,  
State attenti, quieti, ed ascoltate  
La bella istoria che il mio canto muove.”

None but a mind of high poetic power could have conceived the plan of the *Orlando Innamorato*. The romances of the Round Table, as we have observed above, are very far superior to those of the Paladins. Bojardo saw in what their superiority lay; he, at the same time, knew that Charlemagne and his peerage had an interest for Italian minds, of which Arthur and his knights could hardly hope to possess themselves. He, therefore, boldly conceived the design of giving to the former what he knew to be the great charm of the latter, namely, LOVE; and he had even the hardihood to subject to this passion Orlando, who had been hitherto regarded as almost a saint, knowing that *his* love would excite an interest far beyond that of any inferior personage. How well he succeeded needs not to be told: the riches of invention which he has so lavishly poured forth in his poem are hardly to be equalled; and, had he lived to bring it to a conclusion, the Muse of Ariosto must have sought some other theme, and she might possibly not have mounted to such a height of glory. Far, very far, however, be from us the desire to disparage Ariosto, one of the most delightful poets that ever existed; all we mean to say is, that in luxuriance of invention we apprehend he was inferior to Bojardo, and we doubt if he could of himself have formed so noble and extensive a plan as that which he took up and so admirably continued. Perhaps, where grace and elegance are given in so high a degree as they were to Ariosto, nature is more frugal of the faculty of invention.

The splendour of Ariosto’s versification made the negligent lines of Bojardo, abounding as they did in Lombardisms, appear to tremendous disadvantage. In those days the Italians had learned to regard the style as every thing in a literary work: if

“ the style was excellent,  
The verse they humbly took upon consent.”

Even Lucretius was thought lightly of because he had not all the polish of Virgil and Horace. Poor Bojardo was, therefore, to gratify “ ears polite,” re-made by the celebrated Francesco Berni, and by another person named Dominichi, and the effect has been, that the original poem has not been printed since the year 1544, and that the belief has been transmitted from critic to

critic that it is not readable. Mr. Panizzi has thought differently, and so do we; and he has, with immense labour, formed, by a collation of seven different editions, as pure a text of the poem as the strict laws of criticism permitted.\* We must let him speak for himself on this subject.

"I admit," says he, "the elegance of many parts of the *rifacimento*, but I contend that, if we may tolerate in an original poem a want of correctness, we have a right to be more rigorous when we are to judge of a work which has no claim to invention. The indiscriminate praises lavished upon Berni's work have rendered people afraid of examining it with an unbiassed and critical eye; whilst the outcry against Bojardo's incorrect and unpolished diction and versification, has created a kind of traditional belief that the lines of this great poet are not worth reading. I am proud of being the first to offer the original *Orlando Innamorato* in a legible form to the lovers of Italian literature, and I shall leave the question of its merits in comparison with Berni's *rifacimento* to all candid and competent judges, who will often be compelled to admit that the lines of the old bard are superior to those of the author upon whom the splendid reputation of having rendered the perusal of the poem tolerable has been conferred. Even readers who are prejudiced against or unacquainted with Bojardo will confess that it is unjust to bestow the encomiums due to this great poet on a writer whose name is now prefixed to a work of which he did not invent any portion. I have felt indignant at the title-pages of the *Orlando Innamorato* by Berni omitting the name of him by whom the poem was composed. Without Berni, the *Orlando Innamorato* will be read and enjoyed; without Bojardo, not even the name of the poem remains."

That the verse of the Tuscan Berni is more polished than that of the Lombard Bojardo we readily concede; but surely this is not a reason for depriving the latter of his fame. Southey somewhere complains of the tendency to the ludicrous of the Italian romantic poets: now one of the merits of Bojardo is that he is more free from this tendency than any other of them, and that almost every thing of the kind in the *re-made* poem is the property of Berni. We must confess that it was with surprise, as well as pleasure, we discovered this when we read the original poem for the first time in the present edition; and to us, the genuine verses of Bojardo, with all their negligence and all their ruggedness, but at the same time, with all their sweetness, (of which Berni was not capable), are far more pleasing than the Tuscan strains which have occupied their place. Dryden, a loftier poet than Berni, has modernized the Knight's Tale, of Chaucer; nothing can be finer, nothing more harmonious or more spirited than the lines of

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\* Mr. Panizzi, we believe, had to transcribe the whole poem, so extremely incorrect were all the editions.

this mighty master of rhyme: yet what person of true taste and poetic feeling would not rather read the ruder strains of the original poet! If the *Faërie Queen* were re-made, we are certain it would find a very limited number of readers; and now that the genuine Orlando Innamorato is placed before us, we expect that in future it will be read by the genuine lovers of poetry in préférence to the *rifacimento*, with which ordinary readers may continue to content themselves.

The present edition of the entire poem (for the *Innamorato* and the *Furioso* are but one poem), will, we trust, ere long take its place in every Italian library in this country. It has every thing to recommend it—a most correct text, many valuable notes and disquisitions, beautiful print and paper. To any library it will be an ornament,—no Italian library can be complete without it.

ART. III.—1. *Résumé préliminaire de l'ouvrage ayant pour titre, Théorie des Volcans*, par Le Comte A. De Bylandt Palstercamp. 'Seconde édition. Paris. 1834.

2. *Description des Terrains Volcaniques de la France centrale.* Par M. Amédée Burat. Avec dix planches. Paris. 1833.

WHEN we see a work written professedly for our benefit, we feel a sort of delicacy in expressing our opinion of its merits or demerits. Should we find fault, we must appear to be extremely ungrateful to one who gives us so much of his time and thoughts solely for our good; and, should we altogether praise it, it seems as if we suffered our self-love to run away with our justice. The first work which now comes under our notice is the second edition of a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages; and perhaps, as a mere "avant-propos" or "aperçu" of a larger work, ought merely to be announced to the public. However, as this avant-propos (which we are very much inclined to translate *feeler*) lays before us the plan of three projected volumes, opens to us the motives and labours of the author, and sums up his new theory, we feel bound to remark on it at some length.

In the first place, the Count expresses his conviction of the obligation under which we all lie to benefit our fellow-creatures, and gives us reason to suppose, that, having run about the world for thirty years, first to amuse himself and enlarge his ideas, he has at length arrived at the maturity of wisdom and love, and now offers us the results of his experience from pure philanthropy. He sets all criticism at defiance by professing a perfect indifference towards it; he declares that he has not one spark of

vanity, and leaves literary glory to the learned. He candidly informs us, that, after having classed volcanic eruptions into eight distinct parts, and entered explicitly into every minute detail concerning them, we ought to be very much obliged to him; and he flatters himself that his birth and rank in the world will protect him from the suspicion that he has any other motive than that of being useful to his fellow-men.

Having faithfully followed the prescription given by Circe to Ulysses, when he left Ithaca, in order to be initiated into the sacred mysteries, (and a copy of which will not, we believe, be necessary to our readers) the Count believes that his writings are destined to make truth triumph over error; but he is by no means sanguine that this triumph will be accorded immediately, because every man who opens a new career in science is rejected at first, and perhaps, like Huygens, Kepler, Descartes, Newton (especially), and Galileo, years may elapse before justice will be done him; no matter, received or not received, the Count has done his duty "*et cela lui suffit.*"

We are not however of the volcanic traveller's opinion; for although, in former ages, when just emerging, as it were, from the chaos of science and literature, a sublime truth had to work its establishment through long years of doubt and discredit—although men who made discoveries which have rendered them immortal were imprisoned as madmen (witness Salomon de Caus, in the time of Cardinal Richelieu, who discovered the power of steam)—yet we think that now we are even too ready to adopt new theories and speculations, too apt to be sanguine in our expectations of their success, and that in no science whatever do we find new systems and new principles so eagerly adopted as in Geology. It would be well for us, and rid us of a multitude of incumbrances, did every one follow the advice we heard given by the greatest geologist in the world to an ardent young traveller just about to explore unknown regions: "Report facts exactly as you see them, and do not send us any theories or speculations of your own."

Now let us follow our amiable author in his travels. Having shaken off the dust of the schools, places which Nature hates, because she has been so ill-treated in them, the Count starts to interrogate this Nature, as a son does a cherished mother, or as the Neophytes interrogated Plato or Pythagoras. He finds her always good, amiable, and graceful, even in the midst of her troubles, and unceasingly occupied in repairing the damages she cannot avoid; or in other words, we suppose, like a good housewife, darning her stockings. He follows her from the summits of mountains into the entrails of the earth, and approaches her im-



mense laboratory, in the hope that some spark from this formidable furnace would set light to his feeble torch, and dissipate the thick darkness into which he had been plunged by the study of scientific books. As a reward for his constancy, Nature accompanies him to Mexico, and thence to Asia Minor, without ever being tired of teaching his young ideas how to shoot, and he comprehends her as well as his ideas will let him. He then sums up the powers of nature and life, and in this instance condescends to follow the established opinions of some of our greatest philosophers, though we strongly suspect that he has never read the sublime article headed *Nature*, written by the Baron Cuvier for the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences naturelles*." But surely Count de Bylandt advances too much, when he states, that till now (we presume he means his own labours) the volcanic part of Geology has been entirely narrowed within the limits of the substances which compose it; the works of Baron von Humboldt, M. Von Buch, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Murchison, &c., are ample refutations on this head; and indeed to the former the Count allows some merit, and takes him as a guide to the gulf of Mexico, and M. de Saussure to the Alps—always, be it understood, in the quality of ushers to Nature. It would, however, appear, that he soon starts without a guide at all, for he says, that he traced his own route, and determined, as in fact every one ought, to see, to compare, to analyse, and to bring everything to a common centre, before he reasoned upon what he saw. It is thus that he believed himself able to trace a geometrical plan of the interior of the volcanic part of the earth, which geometrical reduction of phenomena occupied him during the last twelve years of his researches. The Count then applied to preceding writers to see what they thought of the same phenomena, or if they knew anything of them; if they agreed with the facts as he apprehended them, he strengthened his judgment with their arguments, but if not, he rejected and combated their positions, *i. e.* he was determined to have his own way in spite of them.

At length, we flattered ourselves we were fairly started in the route of our traveller's operations: he walks on, with the rules of physics and chymistry before him, he challenges the impartial reader to judge if he has demonstrated the figure which nature presented to him, and, in order to go from little to great, and from known to unknown, he begins by the examination of cold mountains (*montagnes froides*.) He attributes the elevation of mountains to four causes, which are sometimes isolated and sometimes united. The first is, the eruption of central fire, ignited at the first period of the development of matter,—secondly, to the sinking down of the mineral crust, after it had been extended

to the utmost point of elasticity, by the central fire in all its power—thirdly to the falling down of a part of the layers in deep caverns, produced by a vertical pressure of water, and which explains the frequent obliquity of strata, sometimes even in a contradictory sense to the rest of the mountain—and fourthly, to the heaving up of the outer crust by interior pressure, directed towards the extremity of those rays of the globe where the diminution of the force of the central fire had left it only the power of lifting up the points which oppose the least resistance. To the last the Count attributes the vertical direction of rocks and strata, which may be remarked in several mountains—here, he adds, “mon ouvrage développera mes idées,” and we hope it will.

Would not any one have supposed that we had now become involved in the maze of reasoning, so elaborately set before us by Count de Bylandt, and will not our readers be as surprised as ourselves on being obliged to return to the Count individually, and, in contradiction to his general plan, go with him from great to little, and from known to unknown? We offer the passage which caused our astonishment in the Count's own words :—

“Comme l'étude était ma passion dominante, et que je n'en dépendais pas, je pouvais lui donner tout mon tems. Il n'est pas toujours facile aux savans de profession de faire de longs et pénibles voyages de plusieurs années consécutives : leurs occupations, unies à d'autres circonstances personnelles,” (we suppose he means their purses) “ne leur permettent de venir examiner le terrain qu'en courant, qu'à jours comptés, et quelque grande que soit leur pénétration, l'on sait que l'aigle qui plane au haut des airs ne peut apercevoir et distinguer qu'un seul point à la fois.”

But it is time for us to be serious, and see what the Count asserts independent of himself; for, be it remarked, he finds it extremely difficult to quit this darling theme, and it has puzzled us not a little also to divest his theory of classical allusions and similes, which by no means add to the perspicuity of scientific observations.

As far as we can judge from the *avant-propos*, the Count's theory (for he insists upon it that we are not to call it a system,) is as follows :—that there are two great central volcanic fires or furnaces, “where fire and water dispute the empire of the globe,” the one situated under the island of Celebes, the other under the island of St. Christopher in the West Indies; from each of these issues a communicating and principal channel, through which the volcanic fluid is propelled from west to east according to the rotatory motion of the earth. From this great channel branch off a number of smaller channels, and on these are placed knots of

volcanic matter, which again 'propel it further, and thus cover the earth as far north as  $80^{\circ}$ , and  $65^{\circ}$  south, like a net-work. The force which propels this fluid he considers to be spiral, and the influence which guides it north and south magnetic. As long as it continues within the earth it obeys this influence, but when actually on the surface it obeys the sun. These channels, or perhaps more properly speaking, this one great channel, does not pass in a straight line through the centre of the earth, but makes an angle of five degrees; which angle or arc may be observed in all volcanic phenomena, vertical or horizontal. Stationing himself at the great western furnace, the Count divided a quarter of a circle into ten equal parts, and found that the branches of volcanic fire corresponded with each of these radii. The great channel leading from the western furnace to the eastern M. de Bylandt traces in this manner; starting from St. Christopher, it crosses Hayti, stretches along the Atlantic to the Azores and to Portugal; thence, finding an invulnerable obstacle in the primitive foundations of the African continent, it goes through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, and, passing by the Grecian Archipelago, Asia Minor, Arabia, and the Indian peninsulas, ends in the great eastern centre, and thus tolerably corresponds with the ecliptic. On, or near, this great canal are situated several of the above-mentioned knots of volcanic matter, among which he places one under the kingdom of Valencia, where the Count again takes his quarter of a circle, divided into ten radii, one of which passes into the department of Cautal, another to the Puy-de-Dome, &c. &c. Our limits do not allow us to follow the Count through all his radii, and we will therefore touch lightly on his opinion of the great convulsion which opened the Mediterranean Sea, tore America from the other continents, and caused the multitude of little islands which we observe in the neighbourhood of both these portions of the globe: he founds this opinion not only on the course of his great channel of volcanic fire, but on the similarity of the traces found of the primitive inhabitants of America to all that we know concerning the ancient Egyptians.

With respect to the spiral force, of which we have before spoken, he says, that, having, on his return from his travels, perused the works of Messrs. Faraday, Barlow, Arago, Ampère, &c. on this subject, he was struck with the coincidence of their results with his own, though he had obtained his by a different method; that is, he reached the same summit of the angle by means of the attraction of the molecules which compose fluids, excited by the magnetic fluid, and strengthened by spiral force. After exposing his manner of working his experiments, he calls upon these great savans, to bear witness to the value of his discovery on the contra-

dictory movements of the needle. Standing close by the crater of a mountain in active operation, he constantly observed that, in proportion as the electric fluid rises, the needle declines, but never further than a right angle, and *vice versâ*, and that, placed to the east of the crater, the north pole had the ascendancy; and if to the west of the volcanic mouth, the south pole would predominate. The spiral movement he conceives to be the most powerful of nature's conductors; without it no great results could take place, and it perfectly accords with the unity perceptible in all the designs of nature. He treats of fluids in the following manner. The first development of matter has been caused by the separation of three elementary, imponderable, and indivisible fluids,—first the universal ethereal fluid, which envelops all creation;—secondly, caloric, which he views as the principle of divisibility and of the formation of composite bodies; and which, in consequence of this principle, are almost all combustible. This fluid he also thinks is the great principle of life. Thirdly, light, which he considers as the principle of organization, and consequently also of life. Besides these, he finds two auxiliary composite fluids, both of which are equal in power to the others; these are the electric fluid, the inseparable companion of light, and to which he attributes motion; and the magnetic fluid, closely linked with all other fluids, to which it serves as a regulator. From the action and re-action of these fluids springs universal life; and to them may be added yet another fluid, caused by the union of all the others; this is the igneous, primitive fluid, which embraces all nature, without being the cause of it; as it seems to be the peculiar property of primitive matter to be incombustible. All volcanic operations the Count regards as the results of a combination of the first five fluids, in which the magnetic greatly preponderates, but the whole of which are subject to solar influence. Hence it follows, that volcanic fluids must obey the course of the sun at the surface of the globe, though within it they are drawn along by the rotation of the earth. They form a circumference parallel to the ecliptic, but which the equator divides into two unequal parts, the southern being the smaller, and the two great central furnaces being nearly equidistant from the equinoctial points, which he calls answering to them.

The currents of the sea the Count entirely attributes to the volcanic fluids, and he gives them an inverse movement to that of fluids over which they are placed. We should be glad to hear how he would explain the change which takes place on the western coasts of Africa during the harmattans, or winds which blow from the desert of Sahara. In one hour the course of these

currents will be entirely reversed, and continue so as long as the desert winds blow towards the sea. To the same cause does the Count attribute the trade winds, asserting, that till now they have been ascribed to chance. We suspect that he has yet something to read before he is *au courant* with modern science, from which the word chance is wholly expunged, and which has already given us very satisfactory reasons for the constancy of these great friends to the navigator. We extract a part of this passage.

“Les vents donc, tant réguliers qu'irréguliers, ne peuvent naître que du concours et de l'influence des cinq fluides élémentaires, et comme j'ai déjà fait remarquer, que c'est dans les canaux, et dans les cônes volcaniques que ces fluides se concentrent le plus, je donne dans mon ouvrage les preuves de ce que les vents, soit périodiques, soit permanens, ne regnent que dans les régions volcaniques.”

Volcanic fire itself the Count believes to be purely material. Its principles are filtration and fermentation, springing from the pressure of the upper strata. Where fermentation exists there must be heat, and the commencement of ignition. Fermentation is augmented by the effect of the gases and the water which results from it; it is also augmented in proportion as the heat penetrates more deeply into the inferior strata, where the substances are more compact, and consequently yield a greater abundance of matter, which contributes to the fire. All these parts are decomposed, combined, and penetrate the mineral crust, and form first little veins, which are increased by the fusible substances they meet with in their passage, and circulate in the manner of rivulets, which, by a gradual accumulation, form rivers and precipitate themselves into the sea. According to this, the existence of volcanoes is a necessary evil, in order to facilitate the discharge of so much combustible matter. A part certainly goes towards that warmth which is required by vegetation; but if the surplus had not any means of discharging itself, it would consume the whole planet, and consequently without volcanoes the world could not exist. The sea Count de Bylandt considers to be an indispensable agent, and without it no volcanic eruption could take place. The action of this sea-water on the volcanic matter, therefore, is one of the immediate causes of eruption, by increasing fermentation; the second accelerating cause is the mouth of the volcano, by which a column of atmospheric air is precipitated within, and the contact of which with the inflammable gases redoubles the force of dilatation. At every respiration of the volcano a fresh column is absorbed, and the action commences afresh. The detonations are also to be attributed to two causes; the first of which is heat, which, separating the masses with

violence, hurls them against other masses, which are equally in the act of bursting, and produces the most frightful noise. The other cause is the superabundance of hydrogen, the sudden expansion and condensation of which make the column of air vibrate, and these effects, added to the electric shocks, produce those rapid detonations which succeed each other with so much rapidity. Lava can only flow, and not be thrown out; for its compactness, its specific gravity, and the consequent adherence of its parts, hold it in a solid body; and, as the expansive property of the fire ceases at the mouth of the volcano, the lava is left to its own weight, which drags it along, while the æriform gases, in their rapid ascension, take with them the stones and lighter substances. As far as the base of the cone, lava flows with perfect regularity, as it is then subject to the inclination of the axis of the volcano, but this is lost at the foot of the cone, whence it flows irregularly, shaping its course according to the surface of the ground.

It is impossible to stop a current of lava; but, according to our author, it is easy to turn its course, by a projecting angle of not less than 45 degrees. On meeting this angle, more or less large, according to circumstances, the lava separates itself into two streams, and leaves a space in the middle, free from its destructive effects. This experiment was repeated frequently with success during two eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. The direction of the lava has nothing whatever to do with the atmospheric wind; because, in the first place, the heat and continual bursts of fire, which proceed from the mouth of an active volcano, dilate the air to such a degree that it would repel the most violent tempest; and, in the second, atmospheric movements are, as it were, paralyzed during an eruption—but it is the volcano itself which sends forth the most terrible wind; it is from its entrails that the rarefied air of its deep caverns, uniting with that which is contained in the column of water, and that sucked in at every respiration, is dilated to infinity, and is capable of carrying the cinders from Vesuvius even to Constantinople and Syria, which actually happened in the eruptions of the years 79, 472, and 1779.

The proportions which volcanoes bear to the force they require in order to send forth their contents, and which corresponds exactly with double the height of the cone, the impossibility of primitive mountains ever becoming volcanic, the division of the volcanic cone into triangles, and the bearing which this measurement above the level of the surrounding earth has upon the depth of the fire, the oblique axis of the interior of the cone, the centrifugal force which sends out the matter by means of spiral projection, &c., are ably set forth, though we hope that more arrangement and method exists in the work itself. An

application of the theory to the volcanoes of Sicily and Italy is also very interesting, and several promised maps will tend much to further elucidation.

Should the Count prove what he says, and fulfil the promises he makes in his *avant-propos*, he will open a wide field for the geologist, and at all events it is hardly possible for an observing person to travel for thirty years, and watch a great many eruptions, and examine a great many volcanoes, without exhibiting important and highly interesting facts; but we do hope that the three forthcoming volumes will not be so puzzling to the reader as the *avant-propos* has been to the reviewer. We can face conceit; we can even divest a subject of the incumbrances of irrelevant matter; but want of order and method presents difficulties scarcely to be overcome.

The work of M. Amedée Burat is of a very different character; it is a plain, careful, matter-of-fact statement of observations made by himself in the interior of France. It formed part of a more extensive undertaking, which, owing to various circumstances, especially "the new direction given to geology by Messrs. Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont," has been suppressed. The portion now published is confined to an account of the formations of Cantal, the Velay chain of mountains, the Haut Vivarais, and the Coyrons, and gives particulars which it seems have hitherto escaped the notice of geologists. The volcanic formation of central France, says M. Burat, forms an exception to the general situation of volcanoes, which are for the most part placed along the sea-coast, and their age, being posterior to that of the last tertiary deposits, does not allow of the intervention of sea-water among the causes of eruption. To establish this agency of salt water as an invariable law, is, the author thinks, incompatible with the present state of modern science, which leans much more to the dynamic theory.

The centre of southern France is occupied by a vast primitive plain of irregular form, every where surrounded by secondary formations. But, in the eastern part of this plain, volcanic fire has found an issue, and changed its surface by an aggregation of enormous masses, and by local heavings or disturbances which accompanied the successive emission of volcanic matter, during the three volcanic periods, termed by geologists trachytic, basaltic, and lavic.

No country has as yet so much contributed to a correct knowledge of extinct volcanoes as this portion of the European continent; it has set aside the systems of the German school, and it affords an admirable specimen for the study of those phenomena which arise from the heavings of the soil. M. Burat throws a

rapid glance over the whole of this district, and then takes the trachytic formation separately under consideration, and of which the groups of Cantal and the Monts Dorés constitute the best example. The author afterwards proceeds to the basaltic period, and leads us through Auvergne, and the Velay and Vivarais chains. In treating of the lavic period he conducts us through the *Chaine des Puys*. He minutely details the mineralogical part of these formations, and to those who have not studied the spot thoroughly his labours will form a valuable help; while, to those who have, they will present a table of reference. It appears to us to be a solid treatise on a certain portion of volcanic geology, and is written without display or pretension, evidently keeping in view the advancement of science rather than that of the author.

ART. IV.—*Wanderungen durch Sicilien und die Levante*. (Wanderings through Sicily and the Levant.) Vol. I. 12mo.—Berlin: 1834.

WE have long since avowed our liking for German travellers, with their jovial love of good eating and drinking, their philosophico-poetical enthusiasm, and that extreme *subjectivity*,\* seemingly inherent in the German temperament, which colours every scene, whether graphic or dramatic, with the peculiar tone of the feelings and theories of the observer. Nor do we now recant this our profession of faith, although we honestly confess that, in the tenor of the volume before us, there is a something less to ~~our~~ taste, a something—literally a *je ne sais quoi*, for in very truth we know not whether to call it *ultra-subjectivity*, or an *objectivity* growing out of *subjectivity*. We submit this difficult question to the judgment of the reader, and hasten to furnish him with the means of forming an opinion.

The anonymous German traveller, whose wanderings we are about to review, appears to be the accepted lover—we trust, the affianced bridegroom—of a certain *Annunziata*, to whom he dedicates his book in a tender elegy.—We mean a tender German poem, in the classical elegiac metre; which elegiac metre, *soit dit en passant*, is the only ancient metre that ever fully satisfied our ear in any modern language. But not only is the book dedicated to the beloved *Annunziata*, it is, from beginning to end, addressed to her; being, in fact, a series of letters in the form of a journal.

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\* For the philosophical German use of the words *subjectivity* and *objectivity*, see F. Q. R., Vol. XI., p. 223.



Now, assuredly no mode of book-making could be more propitious to *subjective* views than this of addressing every remark to a person who cares more for the writer than for what he sees, more for his sentiments than for his observations or opinions. Perhaps this very circumstance might put the author upon his guard, for never before have we seen German travels so *objective*, unless, indeed, we except one point which we are about to censure, and which might arise, perhaps, from his forgetting, whilst writing to *la dame de ses pensées*, everything savè herself and her portion, if not rather her want, of knowledge; for we find in this journal a very superfluous quantity of ancient and middle-age history; nearly as much information about Syracuse (the old, not the new,) and Agrigentum as about Palermo and Messina, more about our school acquaintance, Gelo and Hiero, Agathocles and either Dionysius—than about the King Francis I. of the two Sicilies, or his father, the late, or his son, the present, King Ferdinand.

The book, nevertheless, is not a bad, nay, it is a good book; and of that, too, we will now enable the reader to judge for himself, first observing that, although the book be new, these Wanderings having been communicated to the world only last year, they were undertaken in 1822, and that any political animadversions which they may induce must therefore be referred to that period; at least as far as the present volume, containing only the Wanderings in Sicily and Malta, is concerned. To how recent an epoch they may have been prolonged in the Levant, we have no present grounds for even conjecturing, the elegiac dedication being dated simply Naples, without any A. D.

Our Wanderer landed at Palermo, in May, 1822, and, after a very short residence there, proceeded westward upon his tour round Sicily, diversifying the circuit by a few trips inwards, when attracted by any inland sights. He visited Trapani, Marsala—where he drank Mr. Woodhouse's Marsala wine upon the very spot of its growth and manufacture, and takes the opportunity of informing us that, in London, this said Marsala wine is held to be the first of white wines, having quite superseded poor old-fashioned Madeira—meaning, perhaps, Cape Madeira. But to proceed with the tour. Our Wanderer next visited Mazzara, Girgenti, Syracuse, Catania, the crater of Mount Etna, and Messina—we mention only the principal places—thence he crossed the *Faro*, or straits, to Reggio, admiring, by the way, the beautiful atmospheric architecture of the *Fata Morgana*, looked at Calabria, and braved the classic terrors of Scylla and Charybdis on his return to Messina. He then made a maritime trip to the Lipari Islands, and the miniature but active volcano of Stromboli—contemptible after Mongibello!—and again returned to Messina,

missing most of the northern coast of Sicily. At Messina he waited impatiently for a conveyance to Malta—for the deliberate German really seems to have caught the English *mania* for hurrying over a tour, as though the object were, not to see much, but to go far—and at length bargained with a Sicilian sailor to take him back to Syracuse, whence the intercourse with the little British island is more frequent. Thence he sailed, with another Sicilian mariner, experienced all manner of delays, disasters, and miseries—from the delays, provisions ran short—and, upon reaching Malta, saw the English packet-boat, for which he had been too impatient to wait, quietly riding at anchor in the port.

In Malta he spent nearly two months, much about the length of visit he had allotted to Sicily. But, this time, it was sorely indeed against the grain of his hurry; for he had gone thither not to look at that remarkable island, but merely as the first stage to Egypt. On the fourth of September he at length sailed for Alexandria; and there, that is to say, at sea, he must, in our imagination, remain, until he shall think fit to publish his *Levant Wanderings*.

That the record of such a journey affords much matter worth reading, it were superfluous to say, for the most enamoured and pedagogic of pedants could not traverse such places without seeing and noting much worth telling. Our Wanderer, indeed, in addition to this, recollected, and perhaps, noted much that was not worth telling to any one but his pupil-mistress. This, however, it is easy to skip, and, from the mass, we shall now endeavour to select some information and some amusement.

We begin with the Wanderer's approach to Palermo by sea;—

“After an easy four-days' passage from Naples, towards noon, yesterday, the beautiful *Sikelian*\* island rose upon us from the waves. The mountain-ridge in the blue distance, with its innumerable points and jags, stood off in bold relief from the sky, whilst its foot so lost itself in the whitish misty line of the sea, that the eye was bewildered as to where the water might end and the land begin. As the packet-boat slowly floated toward the coast, Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferano, the two projecting points that protect the port of Palermo, distinctly presented themselves. The captain hoped to run in before the land breeze, which regularly occurs after sunset, should rise, but in vain. The sea grew rougher, and we had to pass another night on board. Meanwhile, we had been descried from shore, and, when it was quite dark, a boat, like a nutshell, came dancing towards us upon the white crests of the waves: it brought some Palermitans, who were impatient to fetch off their friends from Naples. This was, indeed, a

\* The reader should be aware that the Germans of the present day infinitely prefer Greek to Roman names and orthography.

violation of the quarantine laws; but the visitors seemed to be on intimate terms with our captain, and were, moreover, queerly and completely disguised, having white shirts or mantles drawn over their heads. The skiff lay under the lee of the ship: the strong swell sometimes tossed it up almost to the level of our deck, sometimes seemed to sink it into unfathomable obscurity. When now, after a couple of rapid, mysterious questions, several large bundles and packages—the baggage of our fellow-voyagers—were thrown into the boat, and followed by a couple of muffled-up, unrecognizable figures, the suspicion could not but arise that smuggling was here carried on under the protection of the king's own packet-boat.

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“The city lies in a luxuriantly fertile plain, named by Sicilian writers, *la Conca d'Oro* (the Golden Conch), enclosed on three sides by high mountains; to the north, opens the spacious bay, not indeed to compare with the Neapolitan in size or in ornamental islands, but strikingly bounded by Monte Pellegrino. . . . . In Palermo provision is made for the reception of foreigners. The influence of the English, who long occupied the island, has, in this respect at least, acted beneficially, although, in others, the Sicilians had no cause particularly to value their northern guests.”

That the fairer half of the Sicilians by no means sympathized in any distaste that the ruder sex may have entertained towards their British allies, our Wanderer proves from the complexion of the then rising generation of the southern islanders; an illustration which, according to the chilly notions of propriety entertained by us, sons of the north,\* might have appeared less indecorous in a letter to a brother or a male friend, than in an epistle addressed to a “beloved Annunziata,” of whom the writer only calls himself ~~the friend~~. But *apropos* of this male Sicilian dislike of the English—we learn from our German traveller that it rested upon political as well as sentimental grounds. He informs us that the English government, some quarter of a century ago, cherished a strong desire to annex Sicily to Great Britain. Why this desire, supposing it to have ever been entertained, was abandoned, he has not thought it necessary to explain, but he frequently speaks of the English possession of Sicily, and of the restoration of the island to its legitimate Bourbon kings. We almost suspect that our German regrets this said restoration, inasmuch as he appears very duly to appreciate English comforts, and that it is only in places where English troops had, during the English possession of the island, been long quartered, that he finds any approximation to such very un-Sicilian things. But we must return to Palermo.—

“The city makes a cheerful impression upon the foreigner who strolls through it, or, at least along the principal street, named the

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\* Are we more sons of the North than the less rigidly decorous Germans?

*Cassaro*. Where this street is crossed, at right angles, by the *Strada Macqueda*, several fountains spout their waters into the air, upon a small octagonal *piazza*, or open space, not unlike the *Quattro Fontane* (four fountains) at Rome, which have, perhaps, been here imitated. On both sides of the street are shops, right above which play-bills are displayed. If you turn to the right or to the left from these main streets, you get entangled in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes and alleys, from which, however, it is not difficult to escape, because you cannot long miss the one or the other of the two main streets. . . . A couple of days ago, however, I was so completely bewildered, that I knew not which way to turn, and, although I assuredly should, sooner or later, have extricated myself, I preferred asking my way: I requested a stranger, who was passing by, to direct me to the Toledo; this is the name of the main street at Naples, and is given by the royalists to the *Cassaro*. The man, who was doubtless a good Sicilian patriot, exclaimed, with fiery zeal, '*Niente di Toledo, Signore, niente di Toledo! Si dice Cassaro.*' (No Toledo, Sir, no Toledo! It is called *Cassaro*.) And, as he spake, he made an expressive, but nearly indescribable, Sicilian gesture, as if shaving the beard from the throat with the back of the hand. He then, with ready obligingness, led me to a place whence I could not miss the line of the *Cassaro*."

It will not be irrelevant to this labyrinth of narrow streets, and to the apparent ill-will born by the insular to the continental Sicilians—the two Sicilies, it will be remembered, are divided into Sicily on this, and Sicily on that, side of the *Furo*—to give a detached scene of the revolution of 1820, as related to our traveller by a newspaper-writer of the liberalist or movement party, who seems to have escaped with no other infliction than the temporary, though indefinitely so, suppression of his opposition journal. But, as the main interest of this particular scene turns upon the quelling the pride of the Palermo tanners, we must begin with the narrator's account of that, and of them and their corporation:—

"The corporation of tanners had, time out of mind, enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, and, during the tutelage of Ferdinand VII.,\* had achieved an independence so complete as to form them really into a state within the state. Their quarter, *la Conciattoria* (the Tannery), which comprehends the very narrowest and filthiest streets, they had so strengthened, that it had repulsed many an attempt of the city *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even, as the narrator averred, of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Their banner flaunted on their guildhall, and the first alarm assembled the sturdy tanners around it. They were as-

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\* We suppose this must be a mistake, for Ferdinand IV., both because he is the last king whose minority has subjected him to tutelage, and because there has been no Ferdinand VII. of the two Sicilies: the present king is Ferdinand V., or, in revolutionary parlance, II., Ferdinand IV. having become Ferdinand I.

sessed at a fixed sum by the government, which, for some years prior to 1820, had remained unpaid.

"During the revolution, the tanners were always foremost when murder and plunder were going on. The insurrection broke out at Naples, on the 1st of June, 1820; and, on the 15th of July, the Spanish constitution (which had been adopted by the Neapolitan insurgents), was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took away several tricolour cockades from their wearers,\* was nearly torn in pieces by the populace: General Coglitore, who threw himself before him, rescued him with great difficulty, thus enabling the detested foreigner to embark for Naples. His house and property were burnt by the populace. On the 16th, General Naselli, commandant of Palermo, and an especial object of popular hatred, attempted to put down the disorder by force; but the tanners broke open the prisons, setting the prisoners at liberty: and now the rioters, one Gioachimo Vaglica, a monk of Monreale, at their head, possessed themselves of several cannon. Naselli saw that he could make no stand against them, and fled to Naples. The people, left to themselves, committed the most revolting atrocities. The prisons were filled with soldiers and policemen; the offices of government were plundered and burnt; the money found in the treasury was distributed amongst the people. An artillery smith, who, to revenge his comrades, was spiking the guns, being detected, was beheaded; his hands were cut off, and, with his head, nailed up in the different quarters of the town. And now the ready way of getting rid of a private enemy was, slyly to slip a long nail or two into his pocket, and then to denounce him as a spiker of cannon, whereupon the infuriated mob instantly fell upon the accused wretch and made an end of him.

"The tanners now chose a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, under this title, for several weeks governed Palermo with absolute authority. The Prince of Jaci, whom the people seized, he sentenced to death, and the victim was instantly shot. Vainly did the aged Cardinal Gravina, and the Prince of Villafranca, strive to soothe the multitude; the Prince's palace was plundered and burnt. Gradually the insurrection spread over the neighboring districts. The arsenal was broken open, and 30,000 stand of arms distributed; but the peasantry understood the use of the knife better than that of fire-arms. Civil war raged in the streets of Palermo, where the tanners and the populace fought with the civic guard; 300 or 400 men were killed.

"At length General Pepe landed at Milazzo with 4,000 men, and marched upon Palermo. The Prince of Paternò, a martyr to the gout, which confined him to his couch, found means nevertheless to win the confidence of the people, and was authorized to negotiate with Pepe, to whom Palermo surrendered by capitulation upon the 5th of October. This capitulation the Neapolitan parliament refused to ratify, insisting

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\* What natural affinity can there be between liberty and this combination of colours? When the English constitution of three balanced powers was the fashion, we might have seen some analogy; but now that a House of Lords is held to be an obsolete absurdity *~perriquet*, in the language of young France—we can find none.

upon unconditional submission; when Pepe, whose magnanimity upon this occasion is acknowledged even by the Sicilians, resigned his office, and returned to Naples. He was succeeded by General Coletta, who distinguished himself by his severity, and filled the prisons with new victims; but the tanners were beyond his reach. They had assumed such a posture in the stronghold of their own quarter, which had become an asylum for all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst attempt nothing against them. This lasted till May, 1821. Then the Austrians garrisoned Palermo; the tanners persevered in their contumacy, and their fellow-townsmen remained in the highest state of excitement, wondering whether the quiet Germans would let this handful of refractories take their own course, or would formally lay siege to the *Conciattoria*. They did neither. Two hours after midnight the Austrian commander sent several brigades of Tyrolese and Bohemian riflemen to surround the *Conciattoria*. Other troops, guided by the *gens-d'armes*, penetrated through the narrow streets and passages to the guildhall, and took possession of it without difficulty. Here and there a single shot was fired from the houses; but the tanners had now no rallying point, and were utterly unprepared for such unlooked-for vigorous measures in the middle of the night; consequently, within a couple of hours, the Austrians were masters of every house in the *Conciattoria*. Abundance of arms and ammunition were found, and, in the guildhall, even cannon, but without carriages. The worthy corporation of tanners was now assembled once more, but for the last time in the guildhall; when it was notified to them that they must forthwith evacuate the *Conciattoria*, and establish themselves outside the town, but no where more than three in one place. Immediate obedience to this decree was enforced, and the reform of this hitherto unknown region of the town followed. Numbers of crazy old houses were pulled down; the streets were widened as much as might be, and military posts marked out. The majority of the houses remain to this day untenanted, and many are inhabited by *gens-d'armes* and their families.

"Since this able and successful achievement, which has prodigiously raised the Austrians in general estimation, the town has been at peace, but the luckless tanners are become the established objects of universal ridicule; and any man who appears in the streets with head depressed and downcast eyes is at once set down for a tanner."

Before quitting Palermo we must take a glance at the gardens of the Princess of B., partly on account of the mode of their irrigation. This Princess, by the by, has married a Hanoverian officer, who was with the English army in Sicily, and she has obtained his elevation to princely rank; another Hanoverian, a joint friend of the new-made Prince and of our Wanderer, occupies the Princess's Palermo villa. The Wanderer of course wandered thither, and, after describing his reception, thus proceeds:—

"My friend led me into the cooler garden, which he had himself planted. It was a pleasure to see how all has shot up and thrives.

Slender twigs have in three years become respectable trees, that, with proper care, bear excellent fruit. You need but stick the smallest scion in the ground, leaves and blossoms burst forth, and presently it shades the astonished planter with its spreading branches. Vines wreath themselves in equal abundance on the north and south sides of the buildings, and the only difficulty is to repress their wild luxuriance. Acacia hedges, scarcely two years old, show stems as thick as my arm, and orange twigs of the same have formed an embowered walk, planted here for the sake of the thick shade, not of the fruit.

"But not the least striking thing in the garden is the small quantity of water by which all this is produced and supported. Palermo, like Rome, derives its supply of water from a system of pipes, that mostly branch off into the separate houses—an arrangement ascribed to the Arabs;—but for the gardens and plantations there are, in the southern hills, pond-like reservoirs, filled from the neighbouring springs, from which the water is from time to time drawn. The utmost strictness of regularity is observed in the allotment of the stream amongst the several estates: our friend D. is allowed the use of the water for the princely gardens only from six o'clock till nine every Saturday morning. At six o'clock a sluice at the upper end of the grounds is opened, and the fertilizing element flows, in many a serpentine winding, over the whole domain for three hours; during which the thirsty soil must imbibe enough to last it for a week. Precisely at nine o'clock a lower sluice is opened, and the water pours down on to the next neighbour's land. As a thousand little advantages are taken upon these occasions, it is evident that the estates nearest to the hills must be better supplied than those situated lower down; the Princess's gardens are of the latter class, and yet does every plant and vegetable luxuriate there, in an exuberance not to be described."

Our Wanderer leaves Palermo in company with two friends, a Count Cesarotti and a Dr. Longinus, attended by a French servant and a guide; all, the guide excepted, armed *jusqu'aux dents*, in preparation for being forthwith robbed and murdered, as the established concomitant of a Sicilian tour. No such disaster however befalls them; not even an alarm of the kind occurs; and they are further informed that the robbery and murder trade has been abandoned;—why is not explained to us, if it was to the travellers. The abandonment, however, is not so complete—or if it was then had not long been so—as actually to insure the life and purse of all and every stray tourist; for we have a sad story of a worthy botanist, Professor Schweigger, from Königsberg, being knocked on the head by his guide. But then this professor was, it seems, an imprudent, grumbling, abusive person, who, heedless of southern antipathy to fatigue, dragged his weary, sleepy guide up and down every mountain he could find, even at noon-tide: and it is held to be doubtful whether the tired and overheated assassin was instigated by sheer ill-humour, fear of being prose-

cuted for some petty pilfering, or a lounging desire for the store of gold coins which he took from the dead man, and which betrayed him.—But, whatever were his motive, he was hanged, and Professor Schweigger is, or then was, the last traveller who had been murdered.

Of all the places visited, and not merely skimmed through, by our travellers, we think Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum) one of the most interesting, as also one of the least generally known. To Girgenti then we will hasten, first however pausing a moment at the last stage, Sciacca, of which we are told :

"The kindly-looking little sea-port town lay before us upon a green hill in the loveliest sunshine. Such a profusion of the *cactus* we had never before seen. It not only forms the enclosure of the gardens and fields, but runs far along the town walls, where it so completely conceals them, that from a distance Sciacca seems to be merely hedged round with *cactus*. As there is no inn in the whole town, we sought the hospitality of a monastery."

The party were often obliged to do so, and were generally well received, and as well entertained as the means of the community allowed.

"Cesarotti had letters of recommendation to all the priors in Sicily ; but in spite of these, our reception here was so ungracious that we resolved to embark at once in a *speronara* (a species of Sicilian small craft), and sail that very evening for Girgenti, where the sailors promised that we should be by morning. . . . At first all went well. The sailors rowed lustily out of the harbour, singing merry songs as they pulled. The town upon its hill shone in the bright glow of evening, and was gradually lost amidst the rich green of the encircling mountains. . . . By sunset we had reached the open sea ; the land breeze filled our sails, and the keel cut through the long swell with an agreeable undulation. We settled ourselves for sleep, but the restless activity of our tormentor-fiends (*anglice*, vermin) made repose impossible, and we spent a wakeful night in the most inconvenient situation possible.

It had not yet dawned when we were beside the *molo* or wharf of Girgenti ; but our sailors had said nothing of the quarantine regulations enforced all round the island. We were obliged to wait several hours, till the proper officer could be fetched from the town, which lay half a league off. The sun grew hotter, and so did our impatience. At length the eagerly desired guardian of the public health appeared, riding on an ass ; our Captain took two steps towards him, unfolded his papers, and read aloud that we came from Sciacca, an unsuspected place. Thereupon we were permitted to *prender pratica*, the technical phrase for landing under quarantine regulations.

"The quarantine functionary, upon hearing that *forestieri di gran merito* (meaning distinguished foreigners) were on board the *speronara*, had brought several donkeys with him, upon whose backs we climbed the



steep ascent to Girgenti, which lies 1,100 feet above the sea. . . . The sun burnt hotter and hotter, and on the summit of the hill arose a tempestuous wind, that drove all the dust of the unclean town upon us. The only inn in the place was full, and we were sent to a remote private house. Here too we could not gain admittance, and all we could at last obtain was a couple of miserable unfurnished rooms opposite to the inn. A table and two or three chairs were a laborious acquisition, and a heap of straw was spread upon the floor, the substitute for beds. In short our entrance into Girgenti was in no wise agreeable, and clearly proved that little provision had been there made for the accommodation of *forestieri di gran merito*. . . . The milk for our coffee was fresh milked from the goats that traverse the town at day-break in large droves. The goat-herd blows a small horn of a peculiar and fine tone, which impresses itself upon the soul, and interrupts the morning's sleep agreeably from its association with the idea of breakfast.

"For some days we could not visit the antique temples, for after so much fine weather we were now to experience the disfavour of the heavens. A tempestuous rain was almost incessant. The sea, which is seen from many parts of the town, showed no trace of its beautiful azure. Overhung with heavy clouds, it had assumed a thick grey colour, and looked really frightful.

..... "We found some compensation in the acquaintance of a highly respected ecclesiastic, by name, Ciantro Panitteri, who is considered as the Mæcenas of Girgenti. He employs his considerable fortune chiefly upon works of art; a merit which every day becomes more uncommon in Sicily. He has had his fields near the town dug up, and his labours have been repaid by the discovery of several fine statues, which adorn his country-house: but the most valuable fruit of his researches is a splendid collection of vases, mostly of pre-eminent beauty."

"We pass by the author's raptures; now somewhat commonplace, about the beauties of antique statues and vases; but we must here observe that in the often rifled Sicily, Agrigentum seems to be the only ancient store-house of the treasures of sculpture where any thing really valuable is still to be found, coins and medals excepted. To return to the Girgenti Mæcenas, whose collection is second only to the Prince of Bisicari's at Catania, meaning of course second in Sicily.

"The walls of the room that contain these vases are suitably decorated with paintings after Grecian models, and the ceiling is covered with good *frescoes*. The artist who executed them, Politi, was formerly the intimate friend of the vivacious Ciantro, and guided his love of the arts: he has not long since very judiciously arranged the position, at the appropriate height, of a frieze dug up in Ciantro's garden. But the artist and his clerical patron have now quarrelled violently. Politi would not tell us upon what occasion; but lamented that, in consequence, his *teatro civico* (civic theatre), which can succeed only under the protection of the liberal Ciantro, was closed, which prevented his giving a

representation, in which he and his two daughters would have performed, in honour of the *signori Inglesi*, (English gentlemen).

"We were at first annoyed at being every where taken for *signori Inglesi*, but soon found that this is now merely a common name, equivalent to travelling foreigners, so employed from the English being the most numerous travellers, and especially the first explorers of Sicily. Since the recent Austrian occupation, a distinction begins to be made between *Inglesi* and *Tedeschi* (the proper Italian for Germans), much to our advantage. The Austrians are feared on account of their military strictness, without being altogether hated; they are even preferred to the Neapolitan bloodsuckers. A new distinction now has to be made between *Tedeschi* and *Germani* (Austrians and Germans), whom the people here take for distinct nations; and as we are called ourselves *Germani*, whilst we were seen to converse with Austrian officers, we were often asked if the two languages were not distinct?

"As to the *teatro civico*, as Girgenti, which contains but 12,000 souls, cannot possibly support a public theatre, the active Politi, chiefly from his own means, has fitted up a private theatre, where he from time to time entertains the play-loving Girgentines with dramatic performances; and as comedies only come upon his stage he calls his theatre the civic, or burgher, play-house. . . . Politi boasts of having been much applauded in his favourite parts in the *Padre de Famiglia* and the *Uomo del Mondo* (Father of a Family and Man of the World), two plays of Goldoni's.

"But Politi's acting is a mere subsidiary talent. He is especially an architect, a painter, an engraver, and, a matter of course upon this classic ground, an antiquary. He has been occupied these two years in drawing an old sarcophagus that stands in the cathedral, and explaining the *bas reliefs* from Euripides. This cathedral stands at the very highest point of the town; we climbed thither in a fearful storm, but our trouble was well repaid; the *bas reliefs* are wonderfully beautiful. . . . .

"From the front of the cathedral you command the ancient and new town. . . . The new town, not a tenth of the former in size, appears to be built upon the site of the ancient citadel. . . . . So soon as the rain ceased, we descended to the temples, and it was a pleasure to see the powerful and immediate action of the sun. In less than half an hour the hill side facing the sun was perfectly dry, whereupon the little grey lizards crept out of their hiding-places, and chirped over the lofty stones."

The ruined temples in question seem to have been dedicated to—

"Juno Lucina, Concord, Hercules, Jupiter Olympius, Castor and Pollux, Vulcan. . . . South of this line towards the sea, are the Temple of Æsculapius and the monument of Thero; to the north a chapel of Phalaris, (it may be presumed a fancy name), and the villa of Ciantro

Panitteri, no antique certainly, but a landmark visible from afar, and our usual resting place."

Of these temples how much is standing, how much fallen, (the Temple of Concord alone seems to be in tolerable preservation), we confess we care not greatly, at least in a book, and least of all in a review. Where the notice must be so brief and vague, it is the general effect, in the landscape and upon the imagination, from the abundance and richness of ruins, (which here at Girgenti are surely great for a nook of Sicily) that interests us: and our Wanderer, evidently, an amateur artist, at least, seems in the following passage partly to agree with us,

Each of the preserved temples offers singly abundance of picturesque aspects and views; but I was fortunate enough to combine them all in one agreeable picture, upon which occasion I had a hearty laugh at our good Politi. He had lately completed, for a travelling Russian, whose name no Sicilian organs could pronounce, a drawing in which appeared the two chief temples, the tomb of Thero, the sea, the town of Girgenti, and Ciantro Panitteri's villa; and he made such a mystery of the point from which this view was obtained that I was on fire to discover it. And this I effected, by bearing in mind his remark that one of the temples appeared only in part in the landscape. . . . . I went zealously to work, and the very next day laid my sketch before Politi. His amazement was both comic and tragic. He knew not whether to laugh or be angry; and seemed to suspect me of dealing in the black art, since I had copied his drawing without having seen it.

"Upon my way home from the temple, towards evening, along a path winding through the richest verdure, I saw a party-coloured throng of figures coming towards me. It was a rustic wedding party, moving homewards with music and singing. They had probably been to the town for the ceremony, and were now conducting the bride, with clamorous rejoicing and merriment, to the house of the bridegroom. First came a violin and a clarinet, then a number of women, dancing and singing; amongst whom frolicked a petulant *bajazzo* (buffoon or merry Andrew) walking oftener on his head than on his feet. Behind the women came the young couple, hand in hand, and really loaded with ornaments; then a crowd of relations and wedding guests. Amongst the men there were some fine tall figures; the women pleased me less; they were embrowned with toil, and little resembled the Hellenic Hebes that had floated before my eyes whilst drawing the temples; yet there was no denying the thoroughly national character of the whole procession, to which a part of the ruinous wall and the gothic arch of the city gate formed a fitting back-ground. . . . . The dissonant music and the jocund shouts gradually died away in the distance.

" At six o'clock in the morning we were on horseback to visit the mud-volcano called the *Moccaluba*. . . . . The way thither trends northwest from Girgenti, leading amongst the mountains, but passing uninterruptedly over an elevated plain, covered with corn, affording an extensive but uniform view. The most insignificant hamlets lie at a great distance, and generally upon the ridges of steep mountains; some of the fields are tilled by labourers who dwell many miles off. Scarcely did we meet a couple of human beings during our long ride; and I must say that this fruitful solitude was to me more and more wearisome the longer we journeyed through it. . . . . The want of trees, so prevalent in Sicily, is closely connected with the want of springs and brooks, whilst the farinaceous grasses (*cerealia*) will thrive with but little moisture.

" At length we were amongst the desert mountains, but continued at their foot, upon an extensive, uneven plain. When our guide pointed out the distant *Moccaluba*, we looked in vain for any sort of eminence. We had been warned at Girgenti not to expect any sharp and prominent cone, like that of Vesuvius for instance; but there was not even a respectable hill, to announce the vicinity of this singular phenomenon. We now dismounted, and walked up the gentle slope of a field; at the summit a wondrous spectacle awaited us. All over the ground opened numbers of scarcely perceptible apertures, from which, at regular intervals and with a hissing sound, burst little explosions of gas. At the same time a white and very delicate marly slime welled out, and flowed in the laziest stream possible from the higher region downwards. The further it flowed from each little air-hole, the greyer it became; and we soon ascertained that the whole field upon which we stood was covered with it. Vulgar as the image may be, I can compare the welling out to nothing but an ill-corked bottle of ale, whence the air, as it escapes, carries along with it frothy dregs, which cling about the opening. But, though this scene be in no wise awful, hardly even striking, we did not regret our ride; the phenomenon has not its fellow in Europe, and only in America is any thing resembling it to be found. As the holes are so small, we tried the experiment of stopping one of them: the explosions ceased at once; but, in a lower spot, some five or six feet off, another tiny crater suddenly opened and spurted out its white mass with much greater violence. The experiment was again and again repeated, and the result shows that these small air-tunnels communicate with each other a very little way below the surface.

" Although we had not accepted Ciantro's hospitable invitation to be his guests, he invariably showed us the utmost friendliness, and the day after our arrival sent us eight bottles of the best Muscadine wine, which we almost took as a hit at German intemperance. Afterwards, he never let us want for fruit, cakes, &c.; so that, at length we expressed to Politi, with whom we were grown quite confidential, our uneasy feeling that his respected patron was doing too much for us. This provoked from him a vehement burst of asseverations that we

should irremediably vex and offend Ciantro if we refused such trifles. This is a *trait* of Sicilian generosity, such as we have before occasionally met with, but hardly should find at home. Whatever there may be to censure in the Sicilian character, its fair sides should not be cast into shadow, according to the practice of many ill-disposed travellers. If the instability of the Sicilians be complained of, as unfitting them for intimate friendship, they might object to our German roughness, as uninviting to such a connexion. On the other hand, they are hospitable, serviceable, and extraordinarily good-natured. We have found nothing of that intolerable selfishness, so common in Italy and especially at Naples. The higher classes are distinguished for refined politeness, and we have hitherto got on so well with the common people, with porters, sailors, and muleteers, that our dreaded Sicilian journey has metamorphosed itself into a very agreeable, if not always very convenient, excursion."

We have lingered so long at Girgenti, with its ruins, its Mæcenas, and its one multiform artist, that, like our Wanderer, who is always too much pressed for time to do and see all that should be done and seen, we must hurry through the rest of Sicily. We shall therefore despatch Syracuse, which is more interesting from historical recollections than from its present state, very shortly, although two or three points relative to the latter must not be passed by. In the first place, we grieve to say, that Arethusa has lost the translucent purity of her virgin waters, which have become turbid and muddy; and that, being further defiled by her condemnation to serve the base office of cleansing all the foul linen in Syracuse, she is any thing but a fair bride when she falls into the arms of Alpheus, who still fondly awaits her upon the margin of the sea-shore. In the second place, Syracuse lies, it should seem, under especial obligations to England's Nelson.

"As the town decayed, the port was less visited; and, by degrees, a notion was adopted that Charles V. had blocked up the entrance to the harbour by Cape Plemmyrion, as a measure of defence against the Barbary corsairs; and, as it often happens that a casual assertion thoughtlessly repeated grows into certainty, the Sicilians positively believed, towards the end of the last century, that the fine port of Syracuse was inaccessible to large vessels." This opinion was brilliantly refuted in the year 1798 by Nelson. Traversing the Mediterranean in all directions in his restless pursuit of the French fleet, he appeared off Syracuse, and, relying upon the friendship existing between Naples and England, he, to the astonishment of the whole town, sailed right into the harbour. The whole fleet of fifty sail, comprising eighteen ships of the line and many frigates, found excellent anchorage, supplied itself with fresh water, and then renewed the chase, which soon afterwards terminated in the naval battle of Aboukir."

Thirdly, a worthy Syracusan is laudably endeavouring to su-

persede the use of loathsome rags in paper-making, and to restore the *papyrus* to its ancient office. His labours are thus described :

"It was reserved for the indefatigable Lándolina to discover anew the ancient process of paper-making from the *papyrus*, which, if not very useful, is highly interesting to science. He softened the lower part of the stalk in water, loosened the external green skin, and cut out the soft white pith in the thinnest slices possible. These were laid upon each other crosswise, pressed, carefully dried, sized, and, after many failures, at length produced a perfectly useable, dazzlingly white writing-paper."

Lastly, we will record an instance of modern Syracusan piety, and then turn our faces toward the mighty Môngibello (Etna).

Strolling through the town, I passed the open gate of a court-yard, and, casually looking in, saw so extraordinary-looking a wooden frame, that I could not forbear stepping nearer, and questioning a sort of superintendent or foreman, who came up to me. It was a monstrous carriage, at least twenty feet high, and coarsely fashioned, although with the most whimsical convolutions. It seemed to be intended to match the often described carriage of St. Rosalia at Palermo, and so, in truth, it was. The Syracusans, whose commerce has lately revived," (since Lord Nelson showed their port to be accessible, we presume,) "begin to feel their consequence, to recollect their former power and grandeur,—and they are building a state-carriage for St. Lucia, a native Syracusan saint. The clergy provide the cash for this tasteless plaything by means of the most voluntary contributions of their flocks; from 2000 to 3000 *colonati* (a Sicilian coin of which we know not the value), have already been subscribed; as much more will be wanted, and this likewise, it is hoped, will soon be supplied. The superintendent eagerly told me that they might, perhaps, have funds sufficient to make the carriage still loftier by some feet, supposing the wheels should be able to carry such a load. The boards and lattice are gaudily covered from top to bottom with gold paper and silver tinsel, and stuck all over with quantities of lights. The court-yard gate appeared to me far too narrow for the width of the carriage. My *Cicerone* quietly answered, that it certainly was; that the disproportion had not been observed when the carriage was first begun, and after all it mattered little, since the master of the house, who had freely given the use of his court-yard for building the carriage, would not mind pulling down a few feet of wall in honour of St. Lucia. On taking leave, I did not neglect to deposit my contribution towards the completion of this wondrous piece of workmanship in a large box provided for the purpose. But I have since listened with less of painful sympathy to Sicilian complaints of oppression and extortion.

As they approach Etna, our travellers seem to re-enter the sphere of British influence, since they find, in proof of advanced civilization, that extraordinary accommodation, a ferry-boat, in which to cross a river.

"The mighty Etna now appeared to draw nearer and nearer, forming an incomparable back-ground to the flat and thinly inhabited valleys

through which we were travelling. Now we entered upon the plain of Catania, which encircles the foot of the mountain, and declines by an imperceptible slope to the sea. The *Fiume* (river) Jaretta, the most considerable of the small Sicilian streams, slowly winds its serpentine course across the plain; during the hottest season this stream retains an abundant supply of water, being formed by the union of three smaller streams that rise far off, in the lofty central mountains of the island. For our conveyance across Fiume Jaretta we actually found a ferry-boat, the first we had seen in Sicily. Desirable as such conveniences might seem in many places during the winter floods, people are left to get over the streams as they best can. Bridges are great rarities; where an old one, built by the Romans or Normans, chances to be still standing, it is used, but no one dreams of repairing it; and, when one of the old arches, undermined by the floods, falls in, travellers ride resignedly through the water. In this manner is everything advancing to decay and destruction, and one should be really distressed for the future prospects of Sicily but for the single consolatory reflection that this ruinous negligence has now gone on for centuries; and that, amidst it, one generation after another has spun out its life upon this fortunate island. The last persons who built upon the island were the Jesuits; and, if they chiefly erected churches and cloisters, they did not quite forget schools, magazines, dwelling-houses and the like. Neither the style of their architecture nor the drift of their actions might be praiseworthy, but still they did something, and supported many labourers. The suppression of the order has been followed by a perfect vacuum."

It is evident that bridges formed no part of the Jesuits' building speculations; but, indeed, how should we look for bridges in a country without roads? and our Wanderer had previously informed us that there were but two in the island, one of which, a short one from Monreale to Palermo, had been made by a public spirited bishop of Monreale, for the especial convenience of his own diocese.

Catania, where we must needs halt with our party before attacking the volcano, is the second town in Sicily, and, we rather suspect, the most agreeable residence. Here the travellers made two valuable acquaintances. One was the skilful architect, Signor Zara-Buda, in whose possession they found objects as rare in Sicily as roads, ferry-boats, or bridges, to wit, two barometers: yet the discovery did not prove as beneficial as might have been hoped.

"Throughout our Sicilian tour, and especially upon Mount Etna, a barometer would have been a most desirable companion, and we had vainly tried to procure one at Naples, as vainly at Palermo; and throughout the rest of the island the individuals who had ever heard of such an instrument might easily be reckoned up. We were therefore not a little delighted when we saw two barometers hanging up in Signor Zara-Buda's ante-room. . . . But, vain hopes! one barometer was broken,

the other out of order, and in the whole town there was not a soul who could repair them. Zara-Buda tried the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance, but no usable barometer could he find for us."

Their second Catanian acquaintance was the Abbate Gemellaro, a natural philosopher, who entertained them with his own newly devised theory of volcanos; who, besides theorizing, employs himself more usefully in observing and noting down the eruptive phenomena of Mount Etna; and who has moreover built, or at least helped to build, a refuge for the destitute high up on the mountain; an invaluable resting place, it should seem, to judicious volcano tourists.

From Catania begins the proper pilgrimage to the shrine of subterranean fire.

"Several countrymen, whom we had met with at Rome, and since in Sicily, joined our party. Not content with merely climbing the mountain, we wished to behold the sun rise from the summit, for which purpose we were obliged to dedicate nearly the whole night to the ascent. As soon, therefore, as the noontide heat subsided, we left Catania, all well mounted, and supplied with refreshments, not omitting the excellent Syracusan muscadine. Upon quitting the town, the road begins gradually to ascend, passing now between high walls, now between magnificent vineyards, through large well-built villages, and under the shade of wide-branching chesnut trees. . . . As the shadows lengthened, that peculiar magical light, which distinguishes the Sicilian from the Italian landscape, and of which the most successful pictures scarcely give an idea, diffused itself over the scene. Combined with the utmost transparency of the atmosphere, the most distinct demarcation of all objects is a deep azure tint that heightens and sets off all colours; and then, what a wonderful play of these colours, in ever-varying and progressive change,—from the burning yellow of mid-day, through the crimson hues of the later hours of afternoon, and the violet splendours of the lower sinking sun, to the bluish gray shadows of the short twilight! I had, indeed, observed these variations before, but never under circumstances so favourable. In fact, the foot of Etna possesses all the beauties of scenery that one misses throughout the greater part of the island. The rich corn fields, elsewhere producing only sameness, are here broken by vineyards and olive groves; the dark oranges stand not in large plantations as at Palermo, but scattered about the houses; and, above all, the variety of foliage is such as perhaps can be seen in no other part of Europe. Finally, the district at the foot of Etna acquires a peculiar charm from the gradual rise that ranges all the various aspects, amphitheatrically, one above another, whilst the summit of the mountain or the eternal ocean are always visible.

"Before sunset we reached Nicolosi, the highest and last village, standing on the boundary line between the cultivated foot of the mountain and its forest girdle. The luxurious vegetation disappears; one has to wade, from house to house, through a depth of black lava-ashes; but



the shelter from the north, afforded by the mountain itself, allows of corn cultivation, and even vines and oranges are still to be seen."

Here Gemellaro had prescribed a few hours sleep, till the full moon should rise; but our travellers, too much excited for repose, spent the interval in visiting another Gemellaro, the Abbate's brother, who resides at Nicolosi, and apparently devotes his whole life, with all his faculties, to the volcano.

"From him we learned that a party of English was above, who had set out earlier, and were spending the night at the *Casa degli Inglesi*, or House of the English. This is a place of shelter provided for travellers, immediately below the sulphur-cone. The officers of the English army of occupation bore, indeed, the greater part of the expense, but the chief merit belongs to the indefatigable Gemellaro, who superintended the construction, and still pays constant attention to its preservation. Accordingly, the house is called *Casa di Gemellaro* by all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and by all travellers who are not English. He himself, however, always spoke of it as the *Casa degli Inglesi*."

"The impatiently awaited full moon now lifted up her large shield of the purest gold from behind the dark and distant Calabrian mountains; after offering us the remarkable spectacle of a perfect moon-twilight, which can never be beheld in such beauty from less elevated regions. . . . . So long as we rode in the broad moonlight, all surrounding objects could be plainly distinguished; but when we entered the forest belt, immediately above Nicolosi, we were in a dim twilight, that brought the near and the distant confusedly together; and in which there was nothing to be done but, with slackened rein, to trust wholly to the mule. An attempt to guide or urge the hard-mouthed beast incurs the risk of running against a tree or falling into a hole. One of our party did, through such awkwardness, roll, with his mule, down a steep precipitous descent, which, in the uncertain light, he had taken for the broad moon-lit road. The fall was a marvellously lucky one, for neither man nor beast was in the least hurt, and, after a moment's delay, we again moved forward.

"The forest belt consists principally of grand oaks, that may bear a comparison with the German; but as they grow closer together, Etna cannot boast such magnificent single trees, as Dessau, for instance. They are intermingled with beech, chestnuts, cork trees, and some other kinds. . . . . As we rode deeper into the forest gloom, while a broad, grey field of lava (from the eruption of 1669) spread wide to our left, my very soul was impressed by the profound loneliness of our caravan. . . . . We rode, not in line, one after another, but dispersed amongst the trees, without however losing sight of each other. . . . . The moon shone bright; but against the clear sky we saw the tops of the oaks beaten about by a violent north wind, of which we were soon to experience the full force, as we reached the extremity of the forest belt, and entered upon the barren region. This is again divided into the lava region and the snowy summit, on the very crest of which is the crater. The forest belt is sharply separated from the lava region,

and most likely forms an exact circle round the mountain, but the regions of lava and of snow run into each other, so that no boundary line can be drawn. . . . . As we issued from the sheltering forest, the cold became sensibly painful, whilst even at Nicolosi the heat had been oppressive. . . . .

"At length we saw that object of our desires, the *Casa di Gemellaro*, before us. The mountain had now become so steep that our mules could only labour up ten or twenty steps at a time, then pausing to take breath. Many of our company alighted to warm themselves by climbing on foot, and they soon left the riders far behind. . . . . The road winds repeatedly to the right and to the left, till it reaches a great step of the mountain, upon which, 7000 feet above the sea, in a dreary waste, amidst interminable lava fields, stands the *Casa di Gemellaro*. By the first glimmering of twilight we reached the sheltering roof. The English had just left it. Like tiny, moving, black points, we saw them at some distance, climbing the summit. They had proceeded more wisely than we had; by passing the night here above, they were enabled with fresh energy to attack the sulphur-cone, which is far steeper than the lower part of the mountain, and rises from this spot the full height of Vesuvius, namely, 3000 feet. We were obliged to be satisfied with a little hastily prepared coffee, which wonderfully refreshed the weary animal spirits, and then began, on foot, the last portion of our toilsome journey. The mules remained behind, on account partly of the steepness of the cone, partly of the badness of the path, obstructed as it is by blocks of lava. The light was increasing, and we could now distinguish sea from land. The sea lay like a broad stripe of shadow, of one uniform tint. Over the land spread several shadows, side by side, darkest and sharpest at the mountain's foot. The air was pure and clear: neither over the sea nor in the island valleys was the slightest mist to be seen, and the stars shone with such unwonted brightness that it seemed as though we had arrived much nearer to them. For the first half hour we were alternately amongst snow and fields of lava: then came a long tract of solid snow and ice. Nowhere had we ever seen masses of lava flung about in such wild disorder, whilst masses of ice started forth abruptly amongst them. . . . .

"It was now so light that we could easily discover the yellow particles of sulphur that more and more thickly strewed the ground. The greater rarefaction of the air was proved by our increasing weariness, which produced more frequent halts. . . . . On approaching the very summit, one plainly feels one's self to be upon volcanic ground. From innumerable rifts, larger and smaller, in the sulphur crust, arises a thick yellow vapour, loaded with sal-ammonia, saltpetre, &c., which much increases the previous difficulty of breathing. The continuous north wind did not suffer these vapours to conglomerate, but drove them rapidly southwards, and dispersed them. In order to avoid them, we had so turned that the last part of the cone was climbed on the eastern side. With great fatigue, I at length reached the brink of the crater, and could now look down into the cauldron, which shelves gradually to a depth of some hundred feet or so; the

circumference being, according to Gemellaro's computation, above two miles. There would thus have been no difficulty in walking down into it; but the sulphureous vapour rising from thousands of small openings was an insurmountable obstacle; and yet the guides assured us that the smoke was so inconsiderable that it would not be seen from Catania. In the middle of the bottom of the crater opened many deep black holes, from which issued the thickest smoke. When a gust of wind swept into the cauldron, its bottom would for a short moment be cleared, and then displayed a large field of sulphur, strewed over with stones and fragments of lava. The main colour is a decided yellow, which, through innumerable shades, softens into the palest white, or darkens to a red brown. From the side walls single lava rocks here and there jut out, upon which this play of colours is most apparent. They are covered on the upper side with a coating of sulphur of the liveliest yellow; the shady side passes through a magnificent orange into strong red and a rusty brown. We went northwards along the edge of the crater, and soon met the English party, who had advanced much farther, but been driven back by the vapour. By this time it was bright dawn, and we all turned back together to our former station, and, passing it, went yet more eastward, and a little way down the cone, where each nestled himself, either behind stones, or in little hollows, sheltered from the wind and the sulphur vapour, there to rest his exhausted lungs and leisurely indulge his eyes. Below us lay the whole island, shrouded in profound darkness, but on the summit it was already broad day-light, and over the Calabrian mountains, that lay stretched beneath our feet to the east, glowed a fiery brightness."

The description, or more correctly, the enumeration of the various, very many places, near and distant, seen from the summit of Etna, is scarcely worth extracting; we will therefore descend with our travellers to the Philosopher's Tower.

"Of this only part of the foundation wall is now to be seen. Judging from these remains, which are very strong, very extensive, and, it is said, evidently of Roman workmanship, it must have been a large, many-roomed edifice.

"This tower has been assigned as a residence or an observatory to several ancient philosophers; but Gemellaro is clear that it was built as a halting place for the emperor Adrian, who, during his pedestrian tour through the Roman empire, at the age of seventeen, would not neglect to visit Mount Etna."

We must add an extract or two concerning Messina, which, as a busy commercial port, differs strikingly from other Sicilian towns, and, amidst its activity of life and bustle, still presents impressive reminiscences of the dreadful earthquake of 1783. Our Wanderer thus describes this reviving ruined town:—

"The very approach announces a great city. High stone walls, instead of cactus hedges, inclose the gardens of the wealthy merchants, and through the iron trellis-work of the gates we could cast, as we

rode by, a wistful look at the long shady avenues within them. Here and there an elegant country-house, its airy balconies protected by Venetian blinds, stands by the road side; but what most delighted me was the quantity of flowers decorating every window under which the dusty road passes. In the town itself we do not, indeed, find the architectural pomp of Catania, but every thing announces business and life. Hardly could we wind our way between a line of laden mules and rows of large barrels. Giovanni (the guide) conducted us safely however to the *Leone d'Oro* (Golden Lion), close to the port, where we found good accommodation—after the fashion of Sicily. The constant coming and going of ships has here induced some degree of arrangement for the reception of strangers; and as there are many consuls here, who protect and attend to the wants of their respective countrymen, one feels more at home than in other parts of Sicily.

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“The town ranges in a semicircle round the harbour, which is so good and convenient that merchantmen have no need to cast anchor, but are at once moored to posts on shore, where they load and unload in perfect quiet and with great despatch. . . . . Messina is the first commercial town of the kingdom, and flags from all the quarters of the globe are seen in her port: the whole north of Europe is supplied with oranges from this place. . . . . The traffic with Greece is considerable, and the number of trading Greeks is so great at Messina that they have a coffee-house of their own, which the English consul recommended to us for the excellence of its ices.

“Before the earthquake of 1783 the principal ornament of the Messina harbour was the *Palazzata*, as it was called, a line of palaces forming a semicircle next the sea, and inhabited by the grandees of the town. In the night between the 5th and 6th of February of that calamitous year, all these magnificent abodes were destroyed in a few seconds, and the greater part of their inmates buried under the ruins. Most of these unfortunate persons perished; but in immense disasters extraordinary escapes are never wanting, and many such occurred upon this occasion. The earthquake was repeated with equal violence in the evening of the 7th, when several persons who were still alive in vaulted cellars, or under the protection of sloping beams and rafters, were thrown out again, and thus saved. . . . .

“When the earthquake and its frightful effects were somewhat forgotten, the reconstruction of the *palazzata* upon one uniform plan was begun; but the windows of the ground-floor were scarcely completed when government very properly interfered, and prohibited the erection of lofty stone edifices upon so dangerous a site. And now nothing is to be seen around the harbour but one line of windows in the front wall of a line of unfinished palaces. Here and there huts and stalls, for the convenience of the sailors, have been stuck against these walls, and filth and rubbish have accumulated in all the unoccupied places, so that this once superb *palazzata* presents the image of a recently destroyed, not of a rebuilt, town. What is most offensive to the eye, however, is the abrupt breaking off of so many architectural

ornaments, as the pilasters, &c. which were designed to reach to the upper story; especially where a vulgar tiled roof projects over these unfinished ornaments, or two small windows, with their wooden lattices, are squeezed into the half-walled up large window."

To review a tour through any part of Italy without alluding to modern art, would be unnatural: a few words, therefore, upon this subject before we quit Sicily—a few will suffice. Although the island connoisseurs themselves call some of their compatriot painters Sicilian Raffaellos, our wandering amateur artist holds their school of painting too cheap, almost, for criticism. The only art he mentions, as now cultivated in the island with tolerable success, is that of delicate carving in ivory, coral, amber, &c.; and even that seems to have declined. At Trapani, where there is a great coral fishery, we are informed that

"Part of the coral is wrought into simple pearl necklaces, (this is a manufacture utterly beyond our comprehension, unless, indeed, *pearl* here stands as a more honourable name for bead,) destined for the East Indies; and it is remarkable that these delicate wares still travel the road followed in the middle ages, namely, by Alexandria; thence overland by Bagdad, and so forward. The industrious Trapanese early began to carve their coral. A large school of carving formed itself; and, no longer content with their coral, they proceeded to work in ivory, alabaster, amber, mother of pearl, &c. In the churches some admirable pieces of extraordinary delicacy are still preserved. . . . . In later works the technical skill is more developed, but the design is bad, and art is smothered under artifice. What pure taste can take pleasure in a manger, (containing the infant Saviour,) upon which the tiny figures are formed of ivory, the landscape of amber, the projecting flowers of mother of pearl and shell? These shells, which are named *brogne*, and found upon the north coast of Sicily, are besides beautifully carved into cameos, buttons, and the like."

Of Sicilian poetry our traveller thinks more highly, and gives us several specimens, including songs, with their music. But the Sicilian dialect, in which the island bards love to write, renders their poetic beauties nearly inaccessible to all who have not made an especial study of this *patois*. As a sample of its unintelligibility to mere Italian scholars, we copy a few lines of Meli's Fisher Idyl, and, as we pretend not to be perfect masters of it, shall gladly avail ourselves of a subjoined Italian version, rather than hazard one of our own from the original.

"*Pidda*, (the abbreviation of Apollonia.)

Mentri lu Gnuri è a mari cu la varca,  
E la mia Gnora mà l'ammari 'ncrocca,  
Jamu a ghiucari ntra la rina e l'arca?

Lidda, (Elisabetta) Jen vegnu ddocu chivi? E chi sa locca?  
Ddocu mentr'eu sidia, mi' ntisi diri:  
Beata chidda rina, chi ti tocca."

"Pidida. Whilst the Signor is at sea with the bark,  
And my Signora mother the net twines,  
Go we to play between the sandy beach and the coffer?

Lidda. I go there more? And who am I then?  
There whilst I sat, I heard said to me—  
Blessed that sand, that thee touches."

We must now attend the Wanderer to Malta, and are glad to find that our fellow-subjects at once made a favourable impression upon his mind, for which, as far as we may judge from his first words upon landing, no kindly predisposition had prepared the way: since he slightly says:—

"We shall, of course, only stay till we can obtain a passage to Alexandria.

"Città-Valetta makes a pleasing impression upon the stranger who arrives by sea. The lower part of the town adjoining the harbour, which in most seaports is nearly impassable from the filth of the fish-market, the tar-barrels, &c., is here cleanly paved with flag stones, and so one ascends, by a flight of broad stone steps, to the upper town, where the streets and alleys, often very steep, are all neatly paved.

"This external cleanliness forms the most striking contrast with the dirty Sicilian towns, amongst which Catania alone can compare with Città-Valetta. The natives, likewise, are a much finer race of men in Malta than in Sicily. The sailors, porters, and labourers, are generally tall and well made; they dress in bright colours, as green, light blue, and red; and set off their fine figures by a showy sash twisted round the hips. The women are fairer than the Sicilians, and wear the peculiar Maltese garb. A light black silk mantle is thrown over the head and held fast to the waist by the left arm, whilst the ends, hanging down over the forehead, conceal either the right or the left eye; for it would be a terrible breach of decorum did a maiden look with both eyes at any person she may chance to pass in the street. In this, as in other things, Malta forms the point of transition between Europe and the East, where the women are completely veiled. But the Maltese fashion is attended with a great disadvantage; the constant closing of one eye produces a squint, which cruelly disfigures the most beautiful faces."

At the British hotel, where he takes up his quarters, our Wanderer finds English comforts, which, as usual, he seems duly to prize; and an amusing *table d'hôte*.

"At the *table d'hôte*, round which assemble a mixed society of merchants, ship-clerks, officers—civil and military, &c.—one learns all the news of the day, and often gains, from anecdotes related by the guests,

a deeper insight into Maltese life. Here, the very reverse of the Babylonian confusion of tongues occurs; if *there* no one understood the other, *here* everybody understands everybody. All languages that border upon the Mediterranean are here brought together. The most opposite Oriental and Occidental elements have here blended into a peculiar language, easy enough to be understood.

"English is the language of government, and of the majority of the military, public functionaries, and merchants, who constitute the first class of society; Italian ranks next, and, at Città Valetta, may be considered as the language of general intercourse. Maltese, which is nearly related to the Punic language, is spoken only by native Maltese, and would scarcely repay the trouble of learning it, (unless with philological views): since every islander, down to the sailor and porter, blunders out a word or two of English and Italian, often oddly enough distorted."

At Malta our Wanderer professes to have first discovered the exquisite propriety of one of the epithets given by Homer to the sea; which epithet, we must fairly confess, has often perplexed our untravelled selves, acquainted only with our own Northern Ocean, and its tints of deep blue or transparent emerald green. The epithet we mean is *δινωψ*, purple, or red-wine colour.

"A peculiar charm is found in the tints of the sea, varying with the time of the day; it is impossible to tire of looking upon them, and we here find the complete justification of father Homer, when he speaks of the 'purple waves.' Not that we are to think of the purple as meaning violet—so taken what would become of the purple roses?—no; the epithet is literally correct; it depends, like all the immortal poet's images, upon unprejudiced perception, and needs no far-fetched & sophistical interpretation to be alike intelligible and natural. The sea actually does assume, in place of its ordinary deep azure, a purple hue, that is to say, a dull red hue, beheld not immediately at one's feet, but further off towards the horizon. This unusual colour appears in full magnificence towards evening, provided you have the open sea before you, for it is never perceived in bays and harbours."

The Wanderer's admiration of English nautical skill, and of the arrangement of an English man-of-war, is satisfactory, but not worth translating, any more than his civilian description of the appearance of Città-Valetta's impregnable works. We should equally incline to pass over his vehement complaints of the heat, "which it needs no ghost to tell us" must be oppressive upon a rock in latitude 36°, did they not give rise to a description of the manner of life at Malta, with which we shall conclude.

"The houses are built of limestone. . . . The streets are paved with the same; so that, wherever the eye turns, it falls upon a dazzling white surface. It is best to learn of the natives, who, at every sunny spot, carefully wink or half close their eyes, to save them from injury.

"In the hotel the only resource for alleviating the heat is opening

doors and windows, to let the air circulate; and then one is in constant danger of seeing open books and scattered papers thrown into disorder by sudden gusts of the sea-breeze, and some of the latter even carried out of the door or the window. Besides, in the afternoon the whole atmosphere is so heated, that opening the windows produces little coolness. All these inconveniences are avoided in the library, where I have now almost domiciliated myself. . . .

"About 4 or 5 o'clock we rise, and take our walk along the ramparts, or the wide and clean main street. In the port the sound of the hammer and the hum of the undulating throng are now hushed; but upon the open sea the first glimmering of twilight shows a line of fishing boats, that, having gone out in the night, are now returning with the fruits of their labour. We tried bathing at this early hour, when the water is coolest; but the refreshment lasted not long, and we have returned to our accustomed evening bathe."

Yet this must have been still less refreshing, if, as he tells us, the sea is, in the evening, by the thermometer, full three or four degrees hotter than the air.

"At eight o'clock to the library, there to remain till dinner-time at the *table d'hôte*. Here, as in Sicily, it is customary, and therefore no solecism in good manners, for gentlemen to throw off their heavy cloth coats, and every one fans himself with an enormous fan. Most persons indeed wear only white linen jackets, in which it is even allowable to make visits, provided they be not visits of introduction, or of especial ceremony. The immoderate heat authorizes these measures.

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"The next hours of oppressive heat are dedicated to the *siesta*, a custom to which, only here, have we begun to conform regularly, in compensation for early rising and late going to bed. . . .

"One inconvenience peculiar to Città-Valetta, is the incessant ringing of church bells, to which I cannot inure myself. In the south, if once the innate indolence be overcome, every thing is done with increased vehemence and impetuosity, ringing amongst the rest; and here, at Malta, the sole object seems to be to make a stunning noise. The great bells are accompanied by many smaller ones, which the alert boy-choristers pull with indescribable zeal. Almost all day long, for mass, matins, vespers, complines, &c., resounds this assuredly not harmonious ringing, which we enjoy in full perfection at the British hotel, being close to a church. On Sundays and holidays the crashing clatter is still worse, and upon a favourite saint's day it can hardly be endured. Every polished Maltese complains of this nuisance; the English complain, foreigners complain; the very priests would fain moderate the din; but the government will not interfere, inasmuch as it is a fundamental principle of English colonial policy not to disturb or repress such external practices as, proceeding directly from, are chiefly interesting to, the people; and, in general, not to govern too much. A good rule, but I could wish for one exception, if it were only to prove it.



"Towards sun-set every one hurries out of doors to breathe freely. Such a *passeggiata* or *promenade* is here indispensable, and to remain at home at this time were to violate the first rule for the preservation of health. The houses are now so heated through and through by the sun, that no cool nook can be found in them; on the port, out of the town, in sight of the dark sea, one breathes under less oppression. The Maltese *passeggiata* differs strikingly from an Italian and a Sicilian, in the entire absence of carriages, which are useless upon this uneven ground. Great and small, all walk indiscriminately along the smooth pavement, beside the harbour, and out through the gates. South of the town lies the only Valetta garden, where several contiguous rows of trees are to be seen; a rarity throughout the island. Amongst the fortifications indeed, and under the shade of the high walls, a custom-house officer or a bridge-inspector has here and there insinuated a little garden, at which the government, in the expectation of a long peace, connives. There, looking down from the precipitous ramparts, one sees the neatly ordered beds of culinary vegetables; the eye reposes refreshingly upon their soft verdure, upon the varied tints of the numerous flowers. Here and there are seen orange hedges and different fruit trees; and, beside an inner gate, a banana tree spreads wide its gigantic leaves, six or eight feet in length; a strangely marvellous apparition, that distinctly brings the vicinity of the tropics before the astonished eyes of the son of the north."

We now lay down the pen, and look forward with pleasure to our traveller's wanderings in the Levant, which we shall lose no time in presenting to the reading public of England.

ART. V.—*Thaddäus Kosciuszko, nach seinem öffentlichem und häuslichen leben geschildert, von Karl Falkenstein, Königlich Sachsischem Bibliothekar, &c. &c.* (Thaddeus Kosciuszko, delineated in his public and domestic Life, by Charles Falkenstein, Royal Saxon Librarian, &c. &c.) 8vo. Leipzig. 1834.

THERE is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendour and rudeness, of the very spirit of Orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardour of patriotic valour, alloyed by versatility,—both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange, exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all, blending together, give the nation a peculiar hold upon the imagination. Then, although the history of Poland is but little known to the general reader, what is known breathes a tone of romance, yet further enhancing the effect of those qualities with which it so well harmonizes.

Nor has this tone of romance in actual life even now faded, however sadly or harshly coloured in later years by those reverses, that desolation, and ruin, which, in some measure, originated in the very qualities we have enumerated. No! Never, even in these our utilitarian days, has Polish romance been deadened into the cold common-place of modern philosophic civilization.

The interest which this gallant and vivacious, but somewhat fickle nation, is certain to awaken in every breast, has within the last few years been wonderfully augmented and enlivened by the fearful struggle, more nobly and generously than judiciously audacious, in which they have been engaged against the northern Colossus, with whose overwhelming might they had already been proved utterly unable to cope, even when they themselves were still a nation, and when that Colossus was not yet further strengthened by provinces torn from Sweden, Persia, and Turkey, as well as by a large portion of their own territories. The Poles were no doubt unwise, we have already said so, in rising against Russia; but even the extravagant temerity of enthusiastic patriotism and love of liberty kindles a sympathetic glow in the heart, whilst the calculating despondency of selfish prudence is approved with feelings more akin to dislike than to indifference. And if, as we doubt there is but too much reason to apprehend, that rash insurrection, which has deprived Poland of even the poor shadow of nationality restored to her by the congress of Vienna, was instigated by the liberal party, as they proudly style themselves, in France and England, if this same party—from a cautious fear of provoking either the active enmity of Russia, or the equally formidable active hostility of the tax-payers at home,—afterwards left the Poles whom they had instigated to insurrection, to perish unaided,—if we say England has thus even in the remotest degree co-operated in the final annihilation of Poland, although a bitter and remorseful shame must rob our sympathy of the pleasing self-satisfaction usually blending with and sweetening that emotion—those very painful feelings must needs deepen our sympathy in every thing relative to a country, once, under her great Sobieski, the deliverer of Austria, perhaps of Europe, from Turkish bondage.

Touched with sympathies such as these, combined with a desire to institute a comparison between the struggle and the disasters of 1794, and those of 1831, we took up Falkenstein's *Life of Kosciuszko*, which, though originally published some few years ago, has, from feelings in a great measure analagous to our own, been lately reprinted with additions and corrections. Our main object in opening the volume was disappointed. Of the political condition of Poland prior to the new constitution, or even to the

year 1794, of the circumstances which immediately produced the insurrection, and led to the final partition of the remnant of the kingdom then left, the author tells us no more than is actually indispensable to the intelligibility of Kosciuszko's share in the transactions of those unhappy times; and for this reserve he assigns a reason more satisfactory we trust to himself than it is likely to be to his readers. He says in his preface:—

“The narrow limits of biography do not allow of a regular development of the origin, progress, and final catastrophe of that insurrection, in which oppressed Poland was compelled to seek her last hope of deliverance. It will not therefore excite surprise that no more is said of the revolution than what, as being the result of Kosciuszko's influence, is absolutely necessary to place his mode of thinking and acting in the proper light.”

But must not the professionally distrustful critic suspect that this development may be purposely reserved, with other matters, for the new work which the author soon afterwards tells us that he meditates?

“The rise and growth of the Polish kingdom, together with the delineation of the characters of their greatest kings, are reserved for a new historical work.”

The life of a man who owes his celebrity to his having been the leader and instigator of his countrymen in a desperate and splendid although unsuccessful attempt to maintain or recover the independence of their common country, seems to be so inextricably involved with the history of that country, at least during the period of his own activity, that, upon reading the first of these passages we were about to throw aside the volume with a sneer at its absurd plan, but the charm which resides in the mere name of every martyr to liberty, tempted us forward; and although, as we read on, the author did not greatly rise in our estimation, we still read on, and now are glad that we did so. Nor, we think, will our readers be otherwise than pleased when we shall have imparted to them a sketch, although but little political, of the life of this eminent public man. In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such really quite refreshing in these matter-of-fact days of steam-engines, rail-roads, and compendious compilations of cheap literature.

Of this romance, the Polish insurrection against Russian ascendancy forms scarcely a volume; a few chapters merely, or an act or two of the great drama: and, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its features is, that Kosciuszko should have become so

decidedly a public character, so thoroughly the idol of his country, the *one man* without whom resistance was impossible, whilst so very short a period of his life was dedicated to the active service of his country, at least in any prominently public character. The insurrection of which he was the leader was put down in less than a year, and prior to that, he had little opportunity to signalize himself at home except in one battle.

Our sketch of his adventurous life must be prefaced by a few words concerning the qualifications of his present biographer. It appears that Falkenstein, as a youth, was intimately acquainted with Kosciuszko during the last years of his life, from the circumstance of his (Falkenstein's) being the chosen associate of one of the young Zeltners, in whose family the exiled veteran in his declining years resided, and by whom he was most tenderly revered and cherished. From Kosciuszko's own lips, Falkenstein thus heard many details, many incidents of his earlier and eventful career; others he learned from the Zeltners; and yet more he gathered from those Poles, whether exiles or Russian subjects, to whom his connexion with the venerated patriot introduced him. He thus seems peculiarly well calculated to give those slight or familiar anecdotes to which biography owes its chief fascination, and the regular historical web into which these are to be interwoven he professes to have derived from a variety of publications upon Kosciuszko and Poland in almost every living language. Did his talent for arrangement and composition equal his diligence in collecting materials and his honest zeal for his hero, we could have desired no better biographer. We shall endeavour in our sketch to spare our readers any inconvenience from the disproportion between the former and the latter qualities.

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was a Lithuanian, and born in the year 1746, according to Falkenstein. We wish he had given his authority for this date, inasmuch as other writers place Kosciuszko's birth in 1756, and some circumstances in his life rather tend to render this last the more probable epoch. He was the only son of Casimir Kosciuszko, a nobleman, but of the class denominated the lesser nobility, of which the most that can possibly be predicated is, that it may perhaps answer to the English small squirearchy, though we are not very sure whether it approach not nearer to our yeomanry, since we are told that—

“Only by the clear judgment and unwearied diligence with which he constantly applied himself to agricultural improvement, could he augment his income sufficiently to support himself with his wife, Thaddeus, and two younger daughters, in comfort and respectability.\* \* \* Through the instrumentality of this noble friend, (Prince Adam Czartoryski, under whom Casimir Kosciuszko had served in his youth,) the father, whose indigence

prevented his either paying instructors for his children at home, or sending them to school, obtained admission for Thaddeus into the Cadet Institution which King Stanislaus Poniatowski had recently established at Warsaw."

By those means of instruction, for which he was thus indebted to the honourable patronage of friendship, and to the wise liberality of the well-meaning, although unhappily reeble-minded king, the youthful Thaddeus laboured, with a diligence well nigh unexampled, to profit. We are assured, upon the authority of one of his brother cadets, that—

"Such was Kosciuszko's ardour for the acquisition of knowledge that, in order to make sure of rising at three o'clock every morning, he commissioned the stove-heater to wake him by pulling a string, of which one end was tied about his arm, while the other passed out under the door of his room. If, when sitting up late at his writing-table, sleep overpowered him before he had completed his day's task, he kept himself awake by either putting his feet into cold water or repeatedly bathing his forehead and neck.

"His favourite studies were now, as they had been in early childhood in his father's house, mathematics and history; and the susceptibility of his imagination for every thing elevated probably led him to anticipate the fair fruits that these studies would produce during his future career..... Such was the esteem he inspired, that he was one of the twelve youths selected by the professors as entitled, by their superiority in character and in science, to contend for the prize of a travelling allowance—the King of Poland having deposited a sum of money, from which annually the travelling expenses of the four most distinguished youths of the Warsaw cadet corps were to be defrayed, that they might improve themselves in mathematics and other sciences under the tuition of foreign instructors. These twelve underwent a severe examination, when Kosciuszko's industry and pre-eminent talents insured his being one of the chosen. For some years he prosecuted his studies in the military academy at Versailles, under the especial protection of his original patron, the highly meritorious Prince Adam Czartoryski, who did so much for the intellectual cultivation of Poland."

Upon his return to Poland, Kosciuszko entered the army, and, as a proof of the king's approbation of his abilities and application, almost immediately obtained a company. But this, the natural career of a poor nobleman possessing military talents, was speedily interrupted, at least in his native land, by the influence of that most universal of passions, against the arbitrary power of which not even the wisest can shield themselves. Kosciuszko fell in love with a maiden, raised, by birth and fortune, far above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania and vice-general of the crown. Towards the end of the year 1777, circumstances, which he then esteemed most fortunate,

quartered Kosciuszko's regiment in Lithuania, and the enamoured officer himself in the marshal's castle. He made good use of the opportunities thus afforded him to gain the affections of the Lady Louisa Sosnowska. But, once secure of her heart, Kosciuszko adopted a frank and honourable course.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss: the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the Lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after a three hour's swoon, Kosciuszko regained his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

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"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and in France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

The friend with whom the broken-hearted and wounded lover sought refuge was Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, the most celebrated of Poland's living authors, we might perhaps say, of her authors dead or living, and one of her most ardent and constant patriots.\*

\* Niemcewicz, since the failure of the last Polish insurrection, in which he took an active part, has lived a voluntary exile in England.

And that this man should be Kosciuszko's most intimate friend is a remarkable point in both their lives. Niemcewicz carefully concealed his unhappy comrade from any search that might be made after him; whilst Kosciuszko, with an impetuosity of feeling, which we confess appears to us more consonant with the age of two and twenty than of two and thirty,\* immediately wrote to the king, requesting his royal leave to resign his commission. The king granted the request, and the dejected lover repaired with all possible dispatch to America, where, as we scarcely need remind our readers, the revolutionary war was then raging. Kosciuszko reached the New World utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless; he however asked an audience of Washington, to whom he boldly presented himself.

" 'What do you seek here?' inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.—'I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence,' was the equally brief and fearless reply.—'What can you do?' was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, 'Try me.' This was done: occasions soon offered in which his talents, science, and valour were evinced, and above all his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

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"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest and made its attacks in the best order.

" 'Who led the first company?' asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was, 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of the one, or the surprise of the other, when the general, entering the tent, [would it not rather be a room or hut?] in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

\* The reader will recollect the different dates assigned to Kosciuszko's birth.

The friendship thus and then begun continued through life. We cannot pretend to follow our hero throughout the American war; it may therefore suffice to say, that he took part in many of its most important battles and sieges, that he became a great favourite with the penetrating and judicious Washington, and was as much distinguished by his humanity, and by the extraordinary influence which he, a foreigner, exercised over the American volunteers, as by his military skill and daring valour. With an anecdote or two, illustrating the former qualities, we shall close our account of his American campaigns. The soldiers of an English regiment were, upon one occasion, surprised and nearly cut off in their sleep.

"Only about 40 privates and a few non-commissioned officers were made prisoners, and they owed their lives to the humanity of Kosciuszko, who, in opposition to his general's commands, ordered the lives of all who asked quarter to be spared, on pain of death.

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"How much he was beloved and feared by those under him was made manifest during the bloody siege of Ninety-six. A detachment of militia had been detained in the army long after their term of service had expired, because the detachment ordered to relieve them did not arrive to take their place. The complaints and murmurs at this detention grew louder and louder. Kosciuszko, well aware both of the justice of these complaints, and of the inconvenience which a longer absence from their homes might occasion these militia-men, with kindly earnestness addressed them as follows:—

"My good friends, you have been promised your dismissal, and to me this promise is sacred: if you are not willing to stay, go home in peace. You are dismissed! As for myself, I cannot desert the post intrusted to me, and shall remain here with our few regular troops."

"These words were more powerful than argument or entreaty; all unanimously exclaimed, 'We will stay! We will not desert our leader!' And afterwards no one of these militia-men could have been induced to leave the army, except by giving him a certificate that illness, or some other cause actually compelled his departure."

Upon the signature of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Kosciuszko returned to Poland with the American rank of general of brigade. He was kindly received by Stanislaus, and re-entered the Polish army, retaining his American rank; he was before long raised to that of major-general in the service of his native king and country. For some years after his return, he appears to have lived in great retirement, from which he was in some measure called forth when Stanislaus endeavoured, by introducing really great improvements and reforms into the Polish constitution, so to increase the energies of his kingdom as



might enable him to shake off the ascendancy of Russia. Stanislaus drew up a new constitution, certainly very far from a perfect scheme of civil polity, and too like the equally unsuccessful and equally short-lived French constitution of the year 1790, but still very much better than the anarchy which had previously reigned in Poland; especially inasmuch as it obviated the tremendous evils almost always incident to the election of a king, by making the crown thenceforward hereditary. This Stanislaus could do with the better grace from having no children.

"On the 3rd of May, 1791, in spite of the opposition of all the partisans of Russia, the king swore to observe the new constitution; the whole assembly, (a sort of national assembly convoked for the purpose,) followed him into the church, where the evening twilight, dimly illuminating the primeval arches, heightened the solemn effect of the oath-taking scene. Two days afterwards, the new constitution was accepted by the whole assembly. And Kosciuszko, to whom the independence of his native land was the first of blessings, loudly declared in favour of this new charter, and received with deep felt joy from the hands of the king, who was now wholly bent to avert Russian influence, his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general."

Enthusiasm like Kosciuszko's was unluckily far from universal in Poland. The new laws deprived the haughty nobles of many of those proud and elsewhere unparalleled prerogatives, in which they had so long gloried, through which they had already well nigh destroyed their country; and their reluctance to part with them, though for a while brooded over in secret, at length produced the confederation of Targowica. This was a professedly patriotic confederation, instituted for the sole purpose of saving the old republic, as the kingdom of Poland was designated.

"The confederates bound themselves to annihilate the constitution of 3rd of May, as the grave of liberty. Potocki declared himself marshal-general; Branicki and Rzewuski appointed themselves counselors to the confederation."

And so blinded were these Polish magnates by political prejudice, and surely we must add by selfishness, that in their frantic detestation of the royal innovations,—

"They published an address to the nation on the 22nd of February, 1792, in which, amongst other things, they said, 'No hope remains for the republic, save an appeal to the magnanimity of the incomparable Catherine. Should the Poles not listen to the counsels of this exalted Princess, they will themselves precipitate the ruin of their country. Upon this consideration, and in the name of that country so infinitely dear to us all, we implore the inhabitants of Warsaw, and of the provinces, not to take any hasty steps that may undermine the general safety.' . . . . ."

"The Empress Catherine simultaneously announced her entire dis-

approbation of the new constitution, and her intention of sending a body of troops into Poland, to support the confederation of Targowica."

Poland was now divided into two hostile parties, the constitutional royalists and the confederates of Targowica, in arms against each other: the first headed by a timid, vacillating, and nearly powerless king; the other supported by the able, ambitious, and unscrupulous Catherine, wielding the power of Russia. The issue of such a contest could hardly be doubtful; but whilst it lasted it afforded Kosciuszko some opportunities of displaying, in the cause of his native land, the skill and valour he had already proved as the champion of foreign liberty. Many slight encounters occurred, with fluctuating success. These are not worth dwelling upon; but the battle of Dubienka, (pronounced Dubienkon) was more important, and upon it Kosciuszko's Polish military fame seems, at the period in question, to have rested. The orders of the government were to defend the passage of the Bug against the Russians.

"This river, which joins the Vistula, near Warsaw, is broad, but so shallow as in summer to be fordable in many places. Prince Joseph Poniatowski was to guard the banks from Dubienka to Brzesc, in Lithuania; Zabiello, from Brzesc to the Vistula.

"Kosciuszko was posted at Dubienka. . . . . The main attack of the Russians, led by their general-in-chief, Kochowski, at the head of 18,000 picked troops, with 40 cannon, was made upon Kosciuszko. The Polish commander had but 4,000 men and eight pieces of cannon, to defend a post, strengthened only by such works as he had been able to throw up in the four and twenty hours that he had been there stationed. Yet, with these feeble means, did he repulse every attempt of the Russians, and maintain his ground for five whole days. Then, finding his position menaced from Galicia, he retreated in good order, the Russians having lost 4,000 men, the Poles barely 900. The best military judges pronounced with one accord that the affair of Dubienka might stand a comparison with Greek and Roman deeds, and that Poland, if she had no Thermopylæ, yet boasted a Leonidas upon her open fields."

But the efforts of the Polish Leonidas were less beneficial in their result than those of his prototype, perhaps in proportion as the sacrifice at which they were made was less. The Bug was now passed; and Stanislaus, already terrified by the menaces of her, under whose superior mental energies he had doubtless painfully quailed, even when revelling in her guilty tenderness, was completely subdued when he beheld her troops ready to pour upon his capital. Exactly a week after the attack upon Dubienka, on the 23rd of July, 1792,—

"Stanislaus summoned his ministers, and the marshals of the confederation of the realm, showed them the last letter of the Empress,

spoke of the league of the three neighbouring states, of the impossibility of resistance, of the necessity of obtaining the protection of Russia, and concluded by saying, 'I have determined to sign the Targowica Confederation.' . . . . Kosciuszko could not remain a witness of the consequent degradation of his country. He rejected the most brilliant offers of advancement in the Russian service, preferring poverty and exile to any sacrifice of principle. He resigned his Polish commission; and with the words, 'Grant, oh my God, that I may once more draw my sword for my native land!' entered the carriage that conveyed him to Dresden. Thence he proceeded to Leipzig. His example was followed by sixteen young men of the first families in Poland."

At Leipzig Kosciuszko received a diploma making him a French citizen, a compliment paid him by the French National Assembly, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of liberty, as well in America as in Poland. This compliment did not however then lure him to Paris. He was at that time too much engrossed by the calamities and prospects of Poland to visit foreign countries. His heart and soul were engaged in organizing the insurrection which broke out in less than two years afterwards; and he remained in great retirement and privacy at Leipzig, whence he could easily superintend and regulate the proceedings of the conspirators, until an alarm of premature discovery induced him to remove to a greater distance. He then repaired to Italy with a show of secrecy and incognito. The newspapers however loudly and repeatedly announced his journey, and his arrival in the transalpine peninsula; and the announcement that the dreaded Kosciuszko was amusing himself upon a distant tour was so well calculated to serve the schemes of the confederated patriots, by lulling the Russian authorities into perfect security, that we cannot suppose it more than a seeming contravention of the traveller's wishes and designs.

The King, "infirm of purpose," was now a mere puppet in the hands of the Targowica Confederation, the heads of which were themselves equally puppets in the hands of Catherine, whose troops, pouring in, occupied and tyrannized over great part of Poland. On the 14th of October, 1793, the second partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria was completed.

"The popular ferment was now at its height, but the prudent Kosciuszko remained quiet, like a volcano consumed by its internal fires. . . . A proposal, in the nature of a command, made by the Russian envoy, General Baron Igelsström, to reduce the Polish army to 16,000 men, incorporating the rest of the troops with Russian regiments, provoked the explosion."

"Madalinski, commander of a brigade of national cavalry, learned that his brigade was one of those to be reduced. His resolution was immediate, to kindle at once the torch of insurrection. He made some

Prussian officers prisoners, seized the Prussian military chest, outwitted Igelström by a stratagem, and, marching southward, reached the woiwodship, or palatinate of Sandomir. Here Madalinski proposed to the nobles a confederation to rescue Poland. But they dreaded the foreign armies . . . . . The patriots wanted a leader, upon whose experience and abilities they could rely, to whose hands they could entrust their country's cause. . . . .

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"Under these circumstances General Igelström called Russian troops from all sides to Warsaw: but his military force could not check the growth of the popular fermentation, which abundantly revealed itself by incendiarism, red caps, (copied from France) and other symptoms. In Cracow affairs looked more serious.

"Kosciuszko, who had watched the progress of events, now thought that the hour of need was come. Hastily he retraced his steps, hurried to Cracow, and, in the night of the 24th of March, 1794, entered the old capital of Poland, at the head of a few friends.—

"The people thronged to meet him. Torches were lighted and the night turned into day. Even ladies hurried into the streets to gaze upon the great Captain, who, in his dusty travelling dress, repaired to the town-house, whence he issued orders to close the gates of the city, and to bring in all the arms that could be found.—Meanwhile the multitude shouted incessantly, 'Kosciuszko for ever! Poland for ever! Long live the deliverer of the country!' The assembled nobles solemnly declared him commander-in-chief of all the Polish forces; and an act entitled the Insurrection-act of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the Woiwodship of Cracow, which placed unlimited dictatorial authority in his hands, was signed."

This extraordinary document, which received many thousand signatures, not only committed unlimited authority, military and civil, to Kosciuszko,—it further authorized him to name the members of the National Council which (after the manner of the French committee of public safety) was to supply his place in political and administrative concerns, when his time and attention should be exclusively dedicated to conducting the war against the three Great Powers who had appropriated to themselves so large a part of Poland. But be it observed that this appointment of a kind of provisional government indicated no purpose of superseding the King. The object was to provide a substitute for his authority so long as he should remain, in fact if not in name, a prisoner to the Russians, and the case very much resembled that of Spain, during the peninsular war, when Ferdinand the Seventh was a French prisoner. To return to Cracow.

"Scarcely had the morning dawned when the *Naczelnik* (a Polish title meaning Supreme Chief,) Kosciuszko was escorted to the market-place by the whole body of citizens. Here he harangued the people, pointing out the importance of the present moment to the future

weal or woe of Poland, and demanding a cordial reception for his warriors, and vigorous co-operation. Shouts of exultation, and unanimous cries of 'Kosciuszko for ever! Liberty and Poland!' told the dictator that his exhortations would be obeyed."

After naming the members of the National Council and proclaiming anew the Constitution, abrogated by Russian command, Kosciuszko repeated his call for vigorous co-operation, and made it more general, by a proclamation of which we extract a few passages; the whole being somewhat lengthy:—he, perhaps, had learned the thing, as we have the word, beyond the Atlantic.

"Fellow-citizens! Called upon from all sides to save our country, I appear, in obedience to your will, at the head of the lovers of liberty. But I alone cannot shake off the yoke of slavery, and break our chains. Every one must do his part; and then I can and will effect our deliverance. . . . . In our common cause, one spirit must *ensoul* us, one zeal fire our hearts. Each for all and all for each! Consecrate to your country a part of your property, now not so much yours as the destined booty of despotic mercenaries! Fill our ranks with armed men! . . . . . Sacrifices made to liberty and our country will be worthily rewarded by a nation's gratitude! . . . . . The first step towards liberty is the resolution to be free; as the first towards victory is the knowledge of our own strength.

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"My dear fellow-countrymen! I expect every thing from your zeal. . . . . 'He who is not with us is against us!' He who is not ready to sacrifice his life for his country means to oppose her, or to remain neutral; and both are sins against Liberty, against Patriotism!"

A proclamation, more original, as also much shorter, was addressed by the *Naczelnik* to his countrywomen.

"'Ornaments of the human race! . . . . . You too, noble ladies, have felt the sad lot of our country, pining under the iron yoke of her enemies. Learn that we men will free you from this yoke! But allow me to make a request of you. Your tender sensibilities will awaken; you will feel that an oppressed nation can only recover her rights and liberties by the greatest sacrifices on the part of every man and of every woman.

"Your husbands, sons, brothers, gird them for the fight—our blood must lay the foundation of your liberty. Women! Be it your's to care for us when that blood streams. Prepare lint and bandages [alas! for the necessary bathos!] for the army. The work of such fair hands will allay the pangs of the sufferer, of the wounded!"

"These manifestoes acted like an electric shock upon the whole nation. The clang of arms resounded. The handicraftsman left his work, and presented himself with his axe; the peasant came with his scythe, the day-labourer with his spade, the townsman with his sword and pike; The nobleman opened his castle, distributing guns and hunting weapons to the unarmed men who asked for them. Kosciuszko

had required a soldier for every five hearths, but additional volunteers flocked from all sides to the banner of their *motherland* [this is the Polish tenderer, and, we think, more appropriate form of the German *fatherland*] to stake life and property for freedom. Side by side stood the noble and the bondsman, the greybeard and the boy; nor was it uncommon to find in the ranks women, wrapped in large coats, and with pikes on their shoulders, confronting death, braving toil and hardship; oftentimes their sex remaining unsuspected till they were wounded or slain. . . .

"From women whose patriotism was more feminine were received in abundance shirts, garments of all kinds, bandages, lint, plaisters, balsams, tea, all that could be wanted to dress wounds or to alleviate the toils of war. The noblest ladies of Warsaw secretly sold their jewels, and sent Kosciuszko the produce."

On the 4th of April, Kosciuszko, with 4,000 soldiers, and a body of these half-armed, untrained volunteers, without cannon, encountered a corps of 6,000 or 12,000 Russian troops.

"Several Russian battalions boldly attacked his left wing; the Poles resisted valiantly, and the Russians retreated. A new attack upon the centre;—similar resistance, and a similar result. Now a second column advances upon Kosciuszko's left wing and a third upon his right. The patriots, animated alike by the valour of their *Naczelnik* and by the prosperous commencement of the affair, rush dauntlessly forward. Twice only can the Russians fire their artillery; the Poles are amidst their ranks; three guns are in the hands of the peasants. On all sides rages an obstinate, a bloody battle. . . . . Neither party gives or asks quarter. The Russians fight desperately, lest they should be conquered by men whom they despise: but the impetuosity of the Poles is irresistible. The peasantry, shouting 'Kosciuszko and Liberty!' wield their scythes and pitchforks with inconceivable fury, and enable the few regular troops to gain a complete victory. . . . . Two of the scythe-armed peasants so distinguished themselves in this sanguinary conflict, that Kosciuszko, in his *bulletin*, placed their names before those of all the other heroes of the day. . . . . They were Pawle Glowacki, and Thomasz Switacki."

Meanwhile, the insurrection had spread so generally that Igelström had been obliged to send out detachments from Warsaw in all directions.

"He thus reduced the Russian garrison of Warsaw to 6,000 men. . . . . Encouraged by this diminution of numbers, and reinforced by an influx of peasants, artisans, and even of soldiers, the leaders of the malecontents deemed this a favourable opportunity for effecting their object. The popular rage daily increased, and acquired a more serious aspect. Polish plays, even such as under other circumstances would have been altogether insignificant, now produced first sullen murmurs, then satirical allusions, and finally loud threats. . . . . Igelström sent an express to the Prussian General Wolki, to hasten his approach, and required of the king the immediate disarming of the Polish troops, the surrender to him of the arsenal and powder magazines, and the execution of twenty of the most suspected persons.

"The king, shocked at these demands, sends a person to remonstrate with Igelström, who persists in his requisitions. The crown high-chancellor, Prince Sulkowski, seeks the Russian in his palace to soften him, if possible. In vain! Igelström is inexorable; he issues commands, he utters taunts; the deeply touched chancellor faints away, and is carried home insensible. The iron commander now requires the outlawry of all the insurgents: and on the 2d of April the feeble Stanislaus blindly signs the condemnation of Kosciuszko, of his adherents, and of the declaration of Independence.

"The announcement of this act inflames the public exasperation to the uttermost. . . . On the Thursday of Passion Week, April 17th, soon after midnight, the men of Warsaw occupy the streets leading to the gates, the arsenal and the powder magazine; and with the first grey dawn a crowd of Poles, nobles, citizens, and clergy, appear before the castle, demanding to speak with the king. . . . The crowd augments every minute. Arms are distributed. . . . The royal guards, horse and foot, the Dzialynski regiment under Colonel Hau-mann, the artillery, in short all the Polish troops leave their barracks; and at five o'clock in the morning Count Mirsch's cavalry makes the first attack upon a Russian post, cutting down the men and spiking the cannon. . . . With shouts of 'Liberty! Kosciuszko!' the Poles assail the Russians, drive them back, and bring one gun in front of the arsenal. But that was already in possession of the gallant General Cichowski, who had beaten the Russians, and taken their commander. The alarm-bell sounds. Citizens rush out of their dwellings, with guns, pistols, sabres: boys, women, all are ready for the struggle. They who dare not confront the enemy in the street, fire pistols from the windows, and greybeards and children fling stones from the roofs of houses. . . .

Igelström's troops, familiar with battle, unacquainted with defeat, fight with the courage of desperation. 'The Poles are equally resolved to conquer or die. . . . Every where the Russians are overpowered, and no retreat offers. At length they fortify themselves in Igelström's mansion, a chapel, and three adjoining houses, barricading the doors. . . . They are besieged there. . . . Igelström, with his subordinate generals and 900 men, all that remain of his troops, and many of them wounded, effects his escape through his garden, through court-yards and alleys, and over a ruinous part of the city wall. But all his riches, his official papers, his artillery, and the baggage of his army, are the prize of the victors."

This most legitimate insurrection, in which the insurgents rose ~~only~~ to expel foreigners and restore the constitution spontaneously granted by their lawful king, was now triumphant, and it seemed as though there were nothing to regret but the native bloodshed with which the stormily-vindictive passions of the unbridled Warsaw populace occasionally defiled their success. Kosciuszko hastened to Warsaw, repressed such outbreaks, and ruled Poland with absolute power, administered with wisdom and moderation. His regular forces daily increased, and, for a few months, although

the fortune of his arms was not unvaried, he had reason to flatter himself with the prospect of ultimate success. During this period of prosperity, Kosciuszko's fearless and generous disregard of consequences, when the path of duty was clear, was evinced on occasion of a burst of sanguinary popular violence, provoked by the tidings of the defeat of one of their armies.

"The hatred for suspected traitors now burst forth. With wild shouts of 'Kosciuszko for ever! The free nation for ever!' the populace stormed through the streets, set up gibbets, and tore out of the prisons all persons confined under suspicion of treachery. In vain did the most revered patriots (Kosciuszko was not in the city,) rush amidst the crowd to stay the arm uplifted for murder: in vain did the executioner refuse to perform his office at their lawless bidding. Passion conquers all impediments: hundreds of hands were put forth to supply his place, and the women twisted cords of their ribbons. On the 28th of June, eight men of the first Polish families, all, probably, more or less guilty, fell victims to mob vengeance. They were Prince Anton Czetwertenski, Ignaz Massalski, Prince-Bishop of Wilna, the Privy-Councillor, Boscamp-Lassopolski, the financier, Grabowski, Majewski, Raguski, Pientka, and the lawyer, Wulfers, who was suspected of having suppressed papers of Igelström's, that might have inculpated important personages, perhaps the king. A ninth only, Count Moszcinski, could be rescued even by the favourite demagogue, Zakrzewski.

"On hearing of the tumult, Kosciuszko sent a body of troops from his camp to Warsaw, with orders to imprison the ringleaders, and march off a number of the most active rioters to his army, where they might expend their fury upon the enemy. He at the same time admonished the towns-people to prevent such excesses, lest the hirelings of tyranny or extravagant revolutionists should confound the sacred cause of freedom with licence and murder. The author of the rising, Casimir Konopka, who afterwards distinguished himself in Napoleon Buona-parte's Polish legion, he banished.

"Kosciuszko said to those about him, that the loss of two battles would not have grieved him like the barbarities perpetrated at Warsaw in his absence; nor could such defeats have been so detrimental to their great cause as the bloodshed on the 28th of June."

These are the sentiments that we love to find in a champion of liberty: and it is grievous to think that the excellent Kosciuszko failed, whilst the execrable Robespierre and his brother terrorists succeeded, in repulsing foreign aggression. But let not these opposite results be ascribed to the opposite courses respectively pursued. The virtuous Washington succeeded, if his Polish disciple failed; and the failure of the latter was the almost inevitable consequence of numerical inferiority, aided by the national character already described. Warsaw submitted quietly to the rebukes and chastisement of the *Naczelnik*, and, doubtless, honoured him the more for them, when the momentary frenzy had subsided.



But in the field the aspect of affairs changed, and the hopes of Poland vanished, on Suwaroff's nomination to the command of the Russian army. Kosciuszko posted himself in an intrenched camp, protecting Warsaw.

"The *Naczelnik* took possession of the works amidst the rejoicings of the people, and his presence inspired all with hope and resolution. Senators, artisans, clergy, and soldiers, all hastened to labour, under Kosciuszko, at the intrenchment. Whole corporations, whole families went to work. Such was the enthusiasm that numbers of women, of all ranks, repaired to the fortifications to assist in their completion. They were led by a lady mounted and armed, and escorted by life and drum."

Here Kosciuszko long maintained his ground, repulsing many attacks. But at length the insurgents in other quarters were overthrown, and it became necessary to march against Suwaroff.

"Kosciuszko, at the head of 20,000 men, crossed the Vistula, towards the end of September; and then, before prosecuting his hazardous march, thus addressed his troops:—'Brave comrades and dear brothers in arms! Are you still determined, like me, to conquer or die? If there be one who feels discouraged, let him stand forth, lay down his arms, and go home in peace.' No answer; no movement in the ranks. 'Once more,' exclaims Kosciuszko, 'I pledge my word as commander; to any one who hesitates, a release from our service! Scarcely were the words spoken, when unanimous cries arose—'With thee, *Naczelnik*! We'll fight to the death with thee!' 'Then, march!' rejoined the deeply-affected General."

Unfortunately, all Kosciuszko's plans for defeating the Russian armies separately were foiled by the interception and capture of the messenger who bore his orders for co-operation and various important manœuvres. The Russians, in possession of his intentions, resolved to surprise him in his camp at dawn of the 10th of October.

"'Warsaw and revenge!' was the cry of the Russians: 'Victory or death!' the answer of the Poles. The Russian boldly assaults the works; a deadly fire receives him. His first step upon the bulwark is his last. Thus repulsed, Fersen again leads his infuriated soldiers to the assault. . . . . He has only led them to death.

"He orders a third attack. . . . . At the point of the bayonet the Russians carry the first redoubt. 'Forward, lads!' cried the brave Denisov to his Cossacks! 'If we fail, may none escape to report our shame!' A second, third, fourth redoubt is carried: no Pole surrenders; no Russian gives quarter. . . . .

"Undistinguished by his dress, recognizable only by his almost incredible daring, Kosciuszko was in the thickest of every danger. Three times had he repulsed Fersen, when Suwaroff appeared with a fresh army, and the two great generals stand face to face; but with most unequal forces. The Russian has double Kosciuszko's numbers, and his

well-armed troops are tried soldiers. The Pole is armed with little more than love for his *mother-land*, and whatever had first come to hand, whether musket or scythe. No wonder if the weaker army gives way. The Polish infantry could not resist the Russian; and vain were Kosciuszko's efforts with the cavalry. Three horses had been shot under him, when a wound in the shoulder prostrated him on the ground. Then did the Poles begin to tremble. Kosciuszko recovered himself, and, with the aid of his friend, Niemcewicz, who fought as his adjutant by his side, mounted a fresh horse and hurried after his flying cavalry, to rally them and restore the fight. But, in leaping a ditch, his horse fell. Cossacks and carabineers are upon him: one wounds him in the head, another in the neck. Completely exhausted, with the exclamation '*Finis Polonice*' (the end of Poland), he swoons."

Our author gives several other narratives of this fatal battle of Macziewice, from various writers, differing only in immaterial details; but this one is enough for us.

Kosciuszko's falling exclamation was re-echoed throughout Poland. The tidings of his capture and reported death produced indescribable dismay at Warsaw. Eye-witnesses affirm that—

"Invalids were seized with burning fevers, and some pregnant females with madness, whilst many infants were prematurely born. Men and women were seen running about the streets, wringing their hands, dashing their heads against walls, and shrieking, in despair, 'Kosciuszko is dead! Our *mother-land* is lost!'"

They were in the right. Within a month of the battle of Macziewice, Suwaroff was master of Warsaw, and Poland was conquered. The following year, Stanislaus was commanded by his once fond and now imperious mistress to abdicate. The small remnant of his kingdom was then allotted amongst the three original partitioning powers, and the very name of Poland disappeared from the roll of European states. But our business is with Kosciuszko.

The hero was kindly treated by his military captors; but he was insensible from loss of blood, and the Russian surgeons would not dress his wounds until the following day, lest a renewed hemorrhage should prove fatal. This, to us, who are unprofessional, seems odd leechcraft; and not the less so when we find that he was afterwards surgically neglected at Petersburg. Right or wrong, however, we are further told that, when, 23 years afterwards, Kosciuszko died, the Swiss surgeons, who opened his body, ascribed his death to continued debility, produced by the loss of blood at Macziewice. But he is not yet dead, and we must give an anecdote of his captivity.

"Kosciuszko was seated at a table, resting his head upon his hand, silent, and thoughtful, whilst an obstinate engagement was in doubtful progress at no great distance. At length an officer came in with tidings,

that the Russians had, after a desperate struggle, broken through the enemies' ranks with the bayonet. 'God! God!' exclaimed Kosciuszko, starting up and striking his forehead, 'Why had not I such soldiers to fight in such a cause as mine!'

Kosciuszko was taken to Petersburg, and there confined in the fort Petro-Pawlosk, but not, according to a popular error, sent to Siberia: nor does it seem that a heavier evil than perpetual imprisonment was contemplated for the invalid warrior even by the angry Catherine. But in December, 1796, she died, and we are glad to relate a pleasing trait of her unpopular and assuredly partially insane successor:—

"Paul, accompanied only by his two eldest sons, the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine, repaired, in person, to the castle in which state prisoners were confined, released the Polish Phoenix, and, in the following words, did homage to his virtues:—'I restore you your sword, general, asking you to pledge your word never more to use it against the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko is said to have declined the sword, saying, "I need none, having now no *mother-land*;" but pledged his word as the price of his liberty.

"The Czar then inquired whither the released prisoner would go. To which Kosciuszko firmly replied, 'To America, where I shall find brothers in arms and glorious recollections.'"

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"The Czar bestowed on Kosciuszko 1500 peasants;\* and, knowing that he and his friend, Niemcewicz, proposed to share one and the same fate, he likewise gave the noble poet his liberty, with a present of 1000 peasants. The further imperial offer to Kosciuszko of 6000 rubles a year, with the rank and title of a field-marshal in the Russian service, were, of course, rejected by him."

Kosciuszko, accompanied by Niemcewicz, now visited England, where he was received with the kindly respect befitting a country proud of her own liberty. Thence the two friends sailed for America, where Kosciuszko's arrival and short stay were marked by honours analogous to those since paid to his American commander, Lafayette. The Congress likewise conferred upon him a substantial mark of gratitude, that could not but be welcome to the impoverished exile; they discharged the apparently long arrears of his pay, with interest, and by additional gifts made the whole a sum of money, (Falkenstein calls it a capital,) which enabled him,

"To repay the Russian emperor the money received of him, and, with the warmest expressions of respectful gratitude, to implore that monarch's permission to decline the other gifts of his bounty, (in-

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\* This is, we believe, the Russian mode of denoting the size of an estate.

cluding the 1500 serfs,) and depend for his future support upon that which he had fairly earned in America."

We do not propose to detail the profuse demonstrations of reverence and respect showered by brother Jonathan upon Kosciuszko, which seem to have soon become painfully oppressive to our modest hero. One or two anecdotes of this visit to the scene where his earliest laurels were gathered are however worth extracting. The first shows that his celebrity had spread into the yet uncleared native forests of the New World, and excited the admiration of the red men.

"The chief of the Creeks, bearing the appellation of Little Turtle, was then at Philadelphia, and chanced to be in company with a party of statesmen and officers, whose conversation turned upon the division of Poland and the artifices of the Empress Catherine. The Little Turtle suddenly rose from his seat, walked rapidly about the room, with angry gesticulations, and swinging his tomahawk; and then, in accents of bitter contempt, exclaimed, 'The woman had best bethink her of what the man who is my friend can do.' General Harrison afterwards explained to the Creek chief, that the last king of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, was a very handsome man, by which personal qualification chiefly he had gained the Empress's favour, and through that had obtained the Polish crown. He answered disdainfully, 'Had my friend, Kotscho,' (this was the nearest approach to Kosciuszko that his unpractised organs could accomplish,) 'been ever so handsome a man, he would not for that have undone his country.'"

Those whose organs can better pronounce the Polish name, even to this day, mark their respect for their former champion by christening their children by that name, in common with ~~that~~ of Washington and Lafayette. .

"Before leaving America, Kosciuszko deposited in the hands of his beloved friend Jefferson a sum of money, to be afterwards employed, if Jefferson should think it good, in founding a school for negro children, and such others as their slavery excluded from the usual means of education. . . . . It appears, that afterwards Jefferson did so employ the sum intrusted to him, which, under his management, had then increased to 15,000 dollars, and that the school prospered, proving most useful. Kosciuszko is said to have also assigned a considerable sum for educating and portioning slave girls, but above all for purchasing their freedom."

Kosciuszko's military career being closed by his promise to the Emperor Paul, his admiring German biographer appears to deem it requisite to exhibit his courage, and his constancy of body as well as of mind, under different circumstances. . He accordingly informs us that, upon his return to Europe,

"The ocean wished to try Kosciuszko's spirit. A fearful storm arose in the Atlantic; the sea raged more and more fiercely; the

vessel was repeatedly in imminent peril of being dashed in pieces, or swallowed up by the waves. The danger increased; death seemed inevitable. The crew had already abandoned themselves to despair, and to the wild oaths and imprecations of the sailors had succeeded silent prayer. Then did Kosciuszko, the hero who had braved death in so many battles, come upon deck; he walked calmly (qy. steadily?) from place to place, gave advice, and often assistance. This splendid example of courage and contempt of death revived the crew; they exerted their last energies; the storm gradually abated, and all were saved."

M. Falkenstein really should have told us to what nation belonged the vessel, (we feel pretty confident it could be neither English nor American,) of which the crew, and of course the captain, required in the hour of peril, to be thus encouraged and directed by one, whom, in spite of his well merited title of a patriot hero, they would assuredly think little better than a land-lubber, unless indeed his wonderful power of keeping his feet in such a storm saved him from the ignominious designation. But we have already intimated that the biographer was scarcely equal to his subject: no more therefore of this marvellous adventure.

In 1798 Kosciuszko took up his abode in France, and was, after the fashion of French demonstrative enthusiasm, much made of. His friendship with Lafayette was renewed, and every distinguished person sought his acquaintance. Of all this an instance may suffice.

Kosciuszko's arrival at Paris was celebrated by a banquet, at which persons attended. The first toast given was 'The independent Poland,' and in giving it, the District-President Bonneville exclaimed 'Liberty is rescued—Kosciuszko is in Europe!' Tears of emotion and confusion burst from the eyes of the modest general. He attempted to answer, to disclaim such exaggerated praises, and to give as his toast, The liberty of France. But the whole company interrupted him, to drink with joyous acclamations to 'The tears of Kosciuszko.'

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"In proportion as Kosciuszko shrank from great diplomatic assemblies did he love the society of distinguished statesmen and men of letters, and he particularly enjoyed the conversation of agreeable women. ....

"It was in such a circle that he met the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, Peter Joseph Zeltner, a man of equally plain republican honesty, depth of judgment, and abundant knowledge, who was then in political relation with the greatest European diplomatists. .... His wife was adorned with every quality of mind and heart. Kosciuszko presently became the intimate friend of the family, and soon afterwards their inmate. .... When political relations were altered, and Zeltner, resigning his post in consequence, condemned himself and his family to

great privations, the connexion between the friends remained unchanged. Kosciuszko shared every privation, every sorrow of his friends. His occupations were as characteristic as were his every word and action. One half of the day he dedicated to private study (generally in history and mathematics); the other half to the education of his friend's children, to whom he supplied the place of their always over-occupied father. ....

"Beyond the circle of the Zeltner family he kept up most intercourse with the talented Madame General Fiszer, (by birth a Countess Kulieska,) the widow of his former adjutant. With her he loved to converse in their mother-tongue of their *mother-land*. After a while he regularly drank tea with her. Those who wished to make Kosciuszko's acquaintance procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer. One evening this lady met her countryman, as he entered her apartments, with the information that he would now have an opportunity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish it was to make his acquaintance. 'With all my heart,' said Kosciuszko; 'provided it be not a learned lady, for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy.' — 'A learned lady it certainly is,' was the reply, 'and the most celebrated in the French literary world—Madame de Stael Holstein.' At these words Kosciuszko snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of eagerness for the anticipated pleasures of the evening, the Polish Countess frankly told her what had passed. .... Madame de Stael invited herself for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciuszko, with the observation, 'Perhaps the oddity likes to be taken by surprise.' She soon afterwards withdrew. Next evening Kosciuszko came as usual, found several countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When the established forms of presentation were over, she went up to Kosciuszko with her innate, vivacious eagerness, loaded him with flattering speeches, and concluded with the words, 'General, tell me your history. Pray relate to us the principal events of the Polish revolution.' With perfect composure and self-possession, he laconically replied, 'Madam, I made, but cannot relate it.' "

The First Consul received Kosciuszko, upon his presentation, with compliments, and endeavoured to engage him in the service of France. The exile steadily rejected his offers, and to the proposal of a seat in the senate answered, "What would you have me do there?" Falkenstein assures us, nevertheless, that with Kosciuszko had already originated the formation of the Polish legion in the French service. He however quotes as his authority for this statement a French author, M. A. Jullien, in his *Notice Biographique sur Th. Kosciuszko*; whence we may conclude that it does not rest upon a verbal communication of the exiled patriot, or of any Polish survivor of that legion. And it is in great

measure refuted by the course of Falkenstein's own narrative, since, a page or two afterwards, he inserts a proclamation of the Polish general, Dombrowski, addressed to his countrymen, announcing the formation of Polish legions as part of the army of Italy, and inviting them to swell the numbers of those legions, which proclamation is dated "Head Quarters at Milan, 1st *Pluviose*, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible." This, being translated, means the 20th of January, 1797: at which period Kosciuszko was in America, or on his way thither. But, whether he were or were not the proposer of the formation of the Polish legions, he was an object of enthusiastic love and reverence to those legions, however formed; of this our biographer gives us a pleasing anecdote.

"The Roman Consulate, in token of Roman gratitude to the victorious Polish legions under the Generals Kniazewicz and Rymkiewicz, resolved to present them with two trophies of old Polish renown. These were the Mahometan banner, taken by King John Sobieski, at his glorious deliverance of Vienna from the menacing arms of the Turks, in the year 1683, and the same heroic monarch's sword, with which, upon that occasion, he put the Ottomans to flight. Both had ever since, in fulfilment of a vow, been hanging up in the chapel of our Lady of Loretto. They were now to be restored to the Poles. Dombrowski joyfully received authority to take them, and ordered Captain Kosakiewicz to march through Loretto for that purpose. The captain found the banner of Mahomet at Loretto, brought it to Rome, and deposited it, with all military honours, in the house of his commander. This trophy was thenceforward kept at the Połsh headquarters, until the end of the war, or the wars rather of the French Revolution and of Napoleon. In 1818 it became the ornament of the National Museum, founded at Warsaw by The Society of the Friends of Science. But, in the fatal year 1831, it fell, together with the library and other treasures of the society, a prey to Russians.

"Sobieski's sword was not at Loretto, nor had it retained the diamonds that had once adorned it. The jewels had been turned into money to supply the Pope's urgent necessities in the recent times of difficulty and distress; and the despoiled sword was in the custody of the Consul Angelucci. It was now presented to Dombrowski, who deemed that the *worthiest* of Poles was its only fitting owner. He consulted the officers of the legions; who exclaimed with one accord, 'None should wear, none possess, Sobieski's sword, but Poland's champion Kosciuszko!'

"The bravest of the leaders, it was resolved, should be the bearer of the gift. . . . . The choice fell, and worthily, upon General Kniazewicz, who ranked second to Dombrowski alone.

"With tears of joyful emotion, Kosciuszko embraced his old fellow-

soldier and friend, whom he had not seen since the battle of Maczewice, and received from his hands the sword of Sobieski, as the last pledge of the nation's gratitude."

The next material incident in Kosciuszko's life occurred in 1806, when France, attacking Prussia, became involved in war with Russia. Upon this occasion Napoleon desired to make use of the exiled patriot's popularity in Poland.

"Kosciuszko promised his aid upon condition that the emperor should preliminarily bind himself by a public instrument to re-establish Poland as an independent state."

For Napoleon's rejecting terms, alike useful and honourable to himself, it is difficult to find any reason, unless we suppose him actuated by his natural abhorrence of popular energies and national movements. But reject them he did, and in consequence all the assistance he received from Kosciuszko consisted in his exhortations to such of his banished countrymen as were not, like himself, pledged to inactivity, "to consider that the future prospects of their common country, as well as their own, depended upon France, and that they would therefore do well to join her, without however suffering themselves to be dazzled by Buonaparte's personal qualities."

Still, however, the emperor did not despair of gaining the more effective support of Kosciuszko's name and presence at headquarters; and Fouché was employed to lure the patriot to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of his promise to his liberator, Paul,—a breach of faith, of which it seems he would have incurred the personal guilt, for the sake of his wronged *mother-land*, had he been sufficiently assured of the beneficial effects to her. How far this might or might not have been justifiable, is a question of political morality, which we are very glad that we are spared the task of here discussing, by the imperial arrogance of Napoleon in refusing the required engagement.

"Fouché employed every art of persuasion, and menaced the most terrible consequences in case of obstinate refusal. . . . . Kosciuszko, in the last of these conversations, replied: 'I will have no concern with your enterprises in Poland, unless a national government, a liberal constitution, and her ancient limits, be preliminarily insured to my country.' 'And suppose you were conducted thither by an armed force?' asked the Duke of Otranto.—'In that case,' rejoined Kosciuszko, 'I will proclaim to the whole Polish nation, that I am no free agent, that I take no share in any thing.'—'Well then, we shall do without you,' were the concluding words of the angered Fouché."

And they "did without him," although not exactly in the way in which Kosciuszko had understood the words; for they did without him really, but not nominally. A proclamation in his



name, calling upon all Poland to arm in support of Napoleon, and declaring that he himself, the *Naczelnik*, was setting out to head the national army, was published by the command of the French emperor; and it was not until Paris was in the hands of the allies, that Kosciuszko was enabled publicly to disavow this fraudulent abuse of his name.

From the period of this refusal to obey Napoleon, Kosciuszko lived undisturbed in the retirement already described, in a country-house called Berville, until the eventful spring of the year 1814. Then, if he did not resume his sword in defence of the country that sheltered him, he, without so doing, effectually protected his French neighbours against the hostile troops that were desolating the district.

"The aged hero could not endure the sight of such horrors. . . . . He mounted his horse, and rode off alone towards the village of Cugny, where the thickest smoke proclaimed the greatest danger. There he found Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, firing the miserable cottages of the peasantry, thinking amidst the confusion to plunder the more undisturbedly.

"He galloped into the midst of them, and, turning to the Polish battalion, known by their uniforms, shouted 'Hold, soldiers! When I led brave Polish troops, no one thought of plundering: and severely should I have punished any inferior officer who, regardless of my commands, had dared to suffer such disorder. But the leaders are yet more blameable,' he added, addressing the officers, 'who by their example or their neglect tempt the privates into such conduct.'

"'And who are you, to talk to us?' resounded on all sides.—'I am Kosciuszko!'—At this name officers and men flung away their arms, and, according to the custom of their country, fell down before their *Naczelnik*. Those nearest to him touched his knee with their right hands, whilst with the left they uncovered their heads, which they strewed with dust in token of repentance. . . . . The kindled fires were promptly extinguished; what could be saved was saved. He assisted actively in the operation, and remained till all the stolen property that could be collected was replaced."

This power of a name is so fine, that it has been made the subject of a drama by a Prussian poet, Karl von Holtei. This piece, *Der Alte Feldherr* (the Old General), was very successful. The occurrence was much talked of at the time, and attracted the attention of the Emperor Alexander, who invited Kosciuszko to visit him at Paris.

"The frank republican, who was no longer to be blinded by words, lured by promises, or deluded by hopes, hesitated to accept the invitation, when an imperial carriage and aide-de-camp, sent to fetch him, appeared. . . . . The Czar received him, not as a mere general officer, still less as a former enemy and prisoner. He welcomed him, as a

friend, with an embrace upon the palace steps. . . . . After a while, the Czar turned the conversation upon the condition and prospects of Poland. Kosciuszko pointed out, upon an open map, the old frontier line between Poland and Russia, and urged the necessity of its being so fortified as to protect the former from invasion.

"After this conversation, the Grand-duke Constantine declared in the Parisian *salons* that the decrepid old man was in his dotage. But the emperor authorized Kosciuszko to explain and detail his views by letter."

The letter is long, but deserves to be generally known, as well for its simple disinterestedness, as because the Polish patriot herein recommends the very plan which the late Lord Londonderry successfully urged at Vienna, when, from the ambition of Russia and the selfish coldness of the other allies, he despaired of effecting more for Poland. The letter is in French, and it is not improbable that this language, so general upon the continent, might be the medium of communication between the Pole and the Russian. But Falkenstein gives in French other letters and speeches, which we feel morally certain must have been written and spoken in Polish, thus proving them to rest upon French authority, not upon Kosciuszko's or that of the Zeltner family.

"Sire !

"If from my obscurity I venture to address a petition to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me.—I ask three favours of you.—The first is to grant a general amnesty, without any restriction, to all Poles, allowing the peasants who are scattered abroad to be free upon returning to their homes. The second is that your majesty would proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution, something like the English,—would establish schools, at the expense of government, for the education of the peasants,—would abolish the villenage of the peasants in the course of ten years, and allow them to hold their possessions as freehold property.

"Should these my prayers be granted, I shall hasten, ill as I am, to throw myself at your majesty's feet, there to express my gratitude, and to be the first to do you homage as my sovereign. And, should it be thought that my poor abilities could be of any use, I would instantly set out for Poland to serve my country and my sovereign, honestly and zealously.

"My third prayer, Sire, though of a private nature, is deeply interesting to my heart and feelings. For fourteen years I have resided with M. Zeltner, a Swiss, formerly envoy from Switzerland to France. I am under great obligations to him; but we are both poor, and he has a large family. I ask an honourable post for him, either in the new government of France, or in that of Poland. He is well informed, and I will answer for his integrity.

"&c. &c. &c.

"Berville, 9th April, 1814."

KOSCIUSZKO."

The emperor's answer is autographic.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction, general, that I answer your letter. Your dearest wishes shall be fulfilled. With the aid of the Almighty, I hope to effect the regeneration of your brave and respectable nation. I have solemnly pledged myself to this, and the prosperity of Poland has long engaged my thoughts. Political circumstances alone have hitherto shackled my intentions.—Those obstacles exist no longer.—Two years of a terrible but glorious struggle have removed them. A little while, and prudent conduct, and the Poles shall recover their country, their name; and I shall have the gratification of convincing them that it is he whom they have thought their enemy, who, forgetting the past, will realize their wishes. How satisfactory it would be to me, general, to see you my assistant in these salutary labours.—Your name, your character, your talents, will be my best support.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem,

"ALEXANDER."

"Paris, 3d May, 1814."

We know not whether the Polish patriot mistrusted the autocrat's sincerity, whether a revolutionary prejudice, by no means *unique*, made the constitutional charter of the restored Bourbons appear to him more inimical to liberty than the military despotism of Napoleon, or what other, perhaps immaterial, motive influenced him, but, even during the sitting of the Vienna Congress, he left France and the Zeltners, to make a tour through Italy.

"He had scarcely crossed the Alps, when a deputation from the Polish Senate overtook him, to entreat, in the name of the whole nation, that he would, in the fateful year 1815, as heretofore, be the champion of Poland, and appear in their behalf at Vienna. . . . . The noble old man, although ill with a fever brought on, partly by fatigue and partly by a severe cold caught in passing Mount St. Gothard, immediately set out for Vienna. . . . . He arrived too late; the Congress was dissolved; and only by a fortunate accident did he obtain an interview with the Russian Czar at Braunau.

"The monarch received him with the same cordiality as at Paris. In a long conference Kosciuszko explained the object of his journey; but, if he returned to Italy honoured with every mark of personal esteem, he carried with him little hope of the independence of Poland. . . . . Alexander had said, amongst other things, 'The destinies of Poland must be those of the Slavonian people.'"

Poland received a constitution, however, which, as Falkenstein, thinks, might have made her very happy, had it been faithfully observed. But Kosciuszko either differed in opinion from his biographer, or, as a Lithuanian, he held himself released from his engagements with the emperor, inasmuch as the latter kept Lithuania as a Russian province, instead of re-uniting it to Poland: a

re-union which was, perhaps, necessary to make the nominal restoration of Poland anything but mockery. Kosciuszko did not return either to Poland or to Lithuania, and this was the last public act of his life. We have now only to add some few details of his latter years.

After resuming and completing his Italian tour, Kosciuszko paused in Switzerland, and went to Solothurn to visit the family of his friend, Zeltner, when he was so charmed with the Zeltner, there resident, a brother of Peter Joseph, that he domiciliated himself with him for the short remainder of his existence.

The following extracts will show the simplicity and benevolent tenor of the life he led at Solothurn :—

“For his meals, he partook of the ordinary frugal fare of the rather indigent family. He usually wore a threadbare blue great coat, with a rose or a pink in his button-hole. But this ornament was indispensable even in winter, and the Solothurn ladies took pleasure in supplying him with the requisite flowers.

“He slept upon a hard mattress, with very little covering upon him, and rose, in summer at five, in winter, at six o'clock. He felt no privation, except when he found himself without the means of relieving the distressed. He breakfasted with the Zeltner family, then withdrew to his own room, where he occupied himself with his correspondence, his studies, and the preparation of lessons for his little pupil. [This was Emilie Zeltner, the eldest daughter, then about 12 years old, for whom he had conceived a parental affection, and whose education seems to have been one of his chief pleasures.] About ten o'clock he rode out, quite alone, avoiding the high roads and seeking the most unfrequented paths, where he might do good unobserved. . . . . When he found a poor-looking cottage, he would tie his little black horse to a tree, or a hedge, go in, talk kindly to the inhabitants in his broken German, question them as to their circumstances, proportion his gift to the result of his inquiries, and then, hurrying away to escape their thanks and their earnest desire to know their benefactor's name, mount his horse and disappear.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If he heard of the illness of a poor person, he was wont to say to the Zeltners, ‘Do not wait dinner for me to-day;’ and, ordering his horse to be saddled, he would ride off, with a bottle of wine in each pocket and each holster, to the sick house; there, with his liberal donation, he bestowed the consolations of a father, the admonitions of a pastor, encouraging the invalid with hopes of the divine mercy and of eternity; and, at his departure, he would advise the sufferer not to drink too much of the wine, lest it should injure instead of strengthening him.”

This secret beneficence was revealed in various ways. One of his betrayers was his horse, which, Xavier Zeltner having one day borrowed, positively refused to pass a beggar without stopping

for his rider to speak to and relieve the mendicant. One more trait of Kosciuszko's generosity and considerate kindness—

"A young orphan girl, wishing to take the veil, and having no means of raising the sum required by the Solothurn convent, as a nun's portion, applied to Kosciuszko. . . . . In a grave and fatherly tone, he said, 'I do not like to see a young maiden bury herself in a convent: go, therefore, and take a year to reflect maturely upon your project. If, at the end of that time, you persevere in your wish, your portion shall be ready.' At the end of the year the maiden appeared, constant in her purpose, when Kosciuszko paid her portion, and attended at her pronouncing her vows."

Kosciuszko was visited by many Poles, in whose society, or in Zeltner's, he made excursions about Switzerland. Amongst other spots, celebrated in Switzerland, Zeltner led him to Morgarten, one of the Alpine Thermopylæ.

"Kosciuszko grasped Zeltner's hand, and mournfully exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had had, at Macziewice, a Hunenberg to warn me, and that Poninski had been a Reding!'"

A fall from his horse on one of these excursions has been assigned as the immediate cause of his death. This his biographer, whose word upon this point is decisive, denies, averring that he perfectly recovered from its effects, and again enjoyed his usual health, which, however, at best, was but infirm, and had been so ever since the fatal battle of Macziewice. In the spring of 1817, Kosciuszko freed the peasants upon his patrimonial estate from bondage; and although this article is extending to a greater length than we had contemplated, the public document is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"He appeared before Xavier Amiet, now chancellor, then accredited notary of the state-council of Solothurn, and directed him to prepare the following deed:—

"Being convinced that villenage is contrary to natural law and to the welfare of states, I hereby abrogate villenage upon my Lordship of Siecnowicze, in the Woiwodship of Brzesc, situate in Lithuania, from this time forwards to all eternity, for myself and all its future possessors. I declare the peasants of the village, dependent upon this lordship, to be free citizens and full proprietors of the lands they occupy. I exonerate them from all imposts, duties, and personal services, which they have hitherto owed to the lords of the castle; and only implore them, for their own sakes and the good of their country, to establish schools for the education of their children.

"After this solemn act, I further declare that I, out of especial good will, give the said castle of Siecnowicze, with the lands thereunto belonging, now and for ever, in full property, to my niece, the Lady Catherine Estkowa, and her children."

"When the notary Amiet first called upon him respecting this instrument, a favourite canary bird was flying about the room. Amiet ventured to ask why he did not set this little bird likewise at liberty? He answered, 'The little creature is too delicate to be set at liberty; it would perish.'"

Kosciuszko's end was now at hand, but its approach was cheered by the sight of the object of his early and constant attachment, the Princess Lubomirska.

The princess, who was travelling to Geneva and Italy, stopped at Solothurn to spend some weeks with Kosciuszko, cheering the already declining old man by her agreeable pleasantry, and her rare gift of social wit. Kosciuszko had a presentiment that he should not see her again; and, when she bade him farewell, with a promise to return the following spring, tears swelled into his eyes, and the agitated hero asked for a token of her remembrance. The princess accordingly sent him, from Lausanne, a ring, with the motto, 'Friendship to Virtue.' But when the ring reached Solothurn, Kosciuszko was no more!

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"On the 1st of October, 1817, he was seized with a nervous fever, then prevalent at Solothurn, which, in spite of his struggles, confined him to his bed. Foreseeing the event, he made his will, bequeathed ample legacies to his friends, the Zeltners, especially to Emilie, and others to the town hospital, the orphan house, and the poor of Solothurn. . . . . He left 1000 *francs* for the expenses of his funeral, upon condition, that his body should be carried to the grave by six poor men. . . . . He ordered all his Polish papers to be burnt.

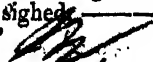
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"After signing this will, he laid down the pen, raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, 'Now I am easy!' He spoke often and long of his approaching end. His mind grew calmer and calmer, and voice and look bespoke the peace of his soul. . . . . His parting from his beloved friends, the blessing he bestowed upon Zeltner, his wife, and children, had all the august solemnity of a religious ceremony. According to the custom of the heroic times, he asked for his sword, that which had been shattered in his hand at Macziewice. To this broken sword he committed the guard of his ashes. The sabre of King John Sobieski, which he had received, in the year 1799, from his brothers in arms, he directed to be sent to Poland, and there preserved for other times and other deeds.\*

"He retained the full possession of his faculties to his last breath; but his pulse grew fainter. On the morning of the 15th, he awoke from a heavy sleep, and his eye fell upon the whole Zeltner family, assembled round his bed. He seemed stronger, cheerfully stretched out his hand, and bade them good morning, with his wonted cordiality. But

\* It was preserved by Princess Czartoryska, in her noble collection of arms and other Polish antiquities, at her castle of Pulawy, until the year 1830: since then, who can tell its fate?

whilst he spoke, his voice nearly failed, and he himself asked for his physician.....

"Towards ten o'clock, he raised himself, as though wishing to say something that required all his energies. He gave Zeltner his right hand, Madame Zeltner his left, smiled to his little friend, Emilie, who stood at the bed's foot, and, thus taking leave of three beloved beings at once, he sank slowly down, sighed,  and his pure soul was in the presence of his Maker."

The body was embalmed, and, as he had directed, borne to the grave by poor old men, relieving each other. The funeral was attended by all Solothurn, for he was mourned by the whole canton, especially by the class so indebted to his liberality. His death was lamented, and his praises were celebrated by poets and orators in all languages. In Poland, the grief and mourning were universal; and at Warsaw, the funeral oration was pronounced by the national poet, the friend of his youth, Niemcewicz.

But Poland grudged the remains of her noblest son to a foreign land, and Alexander readily sanctioned the national desire to bring them home. The body was asked of Switzerland by a formal Polish embassy, which having obtained, escorted it to Poland. At Cracow it was received by the senate, and, with all military and civil honours, interred in the cathedral. But the Polish senate and the Polish nation wished to raise to their heroic champion a more peculiar and more durable monument than other men can boast, at least in modern times—

"A monument that might be an object of general enthusiasm, of heart-felt veneration to all Poles. The senate decreed the raising of a mound (in fact, a barrow,) upon the eminence called *Bronislawka* (meaning, the guardian of fame), which commands the Vistula. At this mound, young and old, senators and citizens, nobles and peasants, even the magnates of the realm, and the most delicate ladies, laboured with their own hands. A countryman, who came from Volhynia to assist, accidentally received a severe wound; and, in the fear that he might bleed to death, several persons were carrying him off in quest of surgical assistance, when he resolutely exclaimed, 'Oh, let me bleed here! it is the only tribute I can pay to the great *Naczelnik*.'

"From the 16th of October, 1820, to the 16th of October, 1823, the labour continued. The *Mogila Kosciuszki* (Kosciuszko's Mount), measures 276 feet in diameter at the base, and 300 feet in height. It is the largest ever formed by human hands.

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"The sepulchral mounds of Queen Vanda, and of St. Cracus, respectively on the left and right banks of the Vistula, meet the traveller's view at some distance from Cracow, reminding him of the origin of the actual inhabitants of the country. Kosciuszko's monument completes the triangle, and connects the present with the past. . . . . A convenient road, paved, and planted with trees, for pedestrians, leads

thither ; for, since the beginning of the work, this has been the favourite *promenade* of the Cracovians. . . . . From the ample contributions of the whole country, an adjoining piece of ground was purchased, upon which, close to the old chapel of St. Bronislawa, houses were built for four peasants, who had served under Kosciuszko. It is their duty, and that of their families for ever, to plant the mound as pleasure-grounds, and to take the greatest care of the *pomnik* (monument).

"The management of the purchase, of the construction, and of the whole affair, was intrusted by the Cracow senate to a committee of twenty persons, with General Franciszek Paszkowski as president . . . The expense was defrayed by contributions, not only of the most considerable families of Poland, but likewise of peasants, artisans, and private soldiers. Count Arthur Potocki alone gave 10,000 *gulden*,\* with which (we presume the expense of the monument being paid) three orphan kinswomen of Kosciuszko's, whose existence had been but recently discovered, were portioned."

A view of this most extraordinary and most honourable monument, and a portrait of Kosciuszko, are the graphic ornaments of the volume, which we now close and lay down the pen.

ART. VI.—*Marco Visconti: Storia del Trecento, cavata dalle Cronache di quel Secolo, e raccontata da Tommaso Grossi.* (Marco Visconti: a Story of the Fourteenth Century, extracted from the Chronicles of that Age, and related by Tommaso Grossi.)

THE extraordinary success which this work has had in Italy, where it has recently appeared, and the great interest that it has excited there, would entitle it to our notice, did it even come less strongly recommended than it is by its intrinsic merits. The first edition (published, we believe, in Milan, about the end of last year) having been sold off in the course of a few weeks, a second edition of 10,000 copies has already been printed at Turin; whilst in Florence, Leghorn, and most of the other principal cities of Italy, large editions are either published or in preparation. No doubt this success is partly owing to the favourable circumstances under which the work has appeared. The historical novel, hitherto known in Italy only by translations of the works of Sir Walter Scott and of other foreigners, has lately been naturalized there by the production of "*I Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni; and as that work stands as yet almost alone in this department of Italian literature, the field is still open to any new

\* In English money, about 1,000*l*.



aspirant. The name, too, of Visconti—a name once celebrated throughout Italy—has no doubt had its effect in attracting attention. Besides, Grossi is already favourably known in Italy. In adverting to these auxiliary circumstances, we by no means wish to detract from the intrinsic excellence of the book before us, but only to account for the phenomenon that any work whatever should have been able to rouse, to such a degree, the dormant energies of the Italian press, bowed down as it is under the weight of a rigid and jealous censorship.

The author has chosen, for the date of his story, a very interesting period, rich in the materials of romance.

After the death of the emperor, Henry VII., in 1314, a long contest for the imperial crown having ensued between Louis of Bavaria and Frederic of Austria, Italy was left for eight years without a sovereign, and abandoned to intrigues and fierce struggles between the rival parties of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. At the head of the former party was Robert, King of Naples, who, possessing also several cities in Piedmont and the whole of Provence, being allied with the Guelphs throughout the rest of Italy, and keeping the papal chair in complete dependence, endeavoured to take advantage of the interregnum to annihilate the Ghibelline party in Italy. But the Ghibellines had chiefs, whose great talents, supported as they were by the ardent zeal of their partisans, enabled them to make a long resistance, and even frequently to triumph over their rivals. Among these was Matteo Visconti, of Milan, (the father of Marco,) who, on account of his advanced age and the superiority of his forces and talents, was considered the head of the Ghibelline party. Against him Robert first directed his attack, but, having been unsuccessful, he caused the Pope John XXII. (who had recently been elected at Lyons, and who was entirely devoted to him,) to issue a bull, declaring that all those who had received the title of Imperial Vicar from Henry VII. lost their right to this title after his death. Matteo Visconti, against whom this bull was in particular levelled, unwilling to declare himself openly against the Church, but still more unwilling to resign his power, relinquished the title of Imperial Vicar, but prevailed on the people whom he governed to confirm his authority, and with their approbation he took the title of "Captain and Defender of the Milanese Liberty." This, however, was far from satisfying the Pope, who immediately excommunicated Visconti, and laid Milan under an interdict.

The struggles between the rival parties continued for some years, during which Matteo Visconti died, and his eldest son, Galeaz, assumed the sovereignty of Milan; while Marco, who was the second son, distinguished himself by many daring ex-

ploits. In the end, however, the Ghibellines were losing ground, when Louis of Bavaria, who had at length obtained undisputed possession of the imperial crown, sent assistance to Galeaz Visconti. The Pope, (John XXII.,) enraged at this, excommunicated Louis, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him. Louis, in his turn, having soon after descended into Italy and caused himself to be crowned at Rome, instituted a process against the Pope, whom he cited before his tribunal, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him as guilty of heresy and *lese-majesté*. He appointed as his successor Pierre de Corvino, who took the name of Nicolas V. Thus there were, at once, two Popes, John XXII., who resided at Avignon, and was acknowledged in Italy by the Guelph party, and Nicolas V., whom the Ghibellines maintained to be the true Pope.

Such was the state of affairs in Italy at the opening of our tale, and it may be supposed that the struggles of the two hostile parties, the private jealousies and quarrels among the leaders of even the same party, and the disputes and contests between the supporters of the pretensions of the rival Popes, give rise to abundance of incident. We will not attempt, therefore, an outline of the story, which the limits of this notice would not admit of, but confine ourselves to a few extracts, as specimens of the work, taking care to select such passages as will not lessen the interest to the reader of the book itself.

The people of Limonta, a small district on the Lake of Como, pertaining to the monastery of St. Ambrose of Milan, continue to adhere to Pope John XXII. The abbot, who is one of the Visconti family, is of course a supporter of the antipope; and Pelagrua, whom he sends to Limonta as factor for the monastery, pretends to have discovered from some old deeds that the Limontese were not vassals, but serfs, of the monastery. As they, of course, are not disposed to allow this, the question, in the absence of sufficient evidence on either side, is settled by trial by combat, of which the following passage gives an account:—

“The two champions went to place themselves in face of each other, one at each extremity of the field. They were each dressed in a pair of drawers of chamois skin, tight at the waist, which, fitting close to their limbs, descended to their feet, and entered into red boots which met them above the ankle. The rest of the body was uncovered. They had each on the left arm a wooden shield, squared at the two ends, slightly convex, and covered with parchment, and in the right a thick and knotty club of oak.”

Not being noble, these were the only arms allowed to them.

“Ramengo, the champion of the monastery, appeared to be about

thirty-five years old, short, stout; broad in the chest and shoulders; he had a thick, bull-like neck, short, brawny arms, and red, thick, bushy hair.

"Lupo, better proportioned in limbs, higher by the head, more handsome, and more light and active than his opponent, was yet far from promising the strength of that herculean form.

"The crowd had become silent. Those at the back, around the square, were mounted on chairs, tables, and benches; the balconies and roofs all around were crowded with spectators. Every eye was fixed on the champions, every heart was beating, and the looks of the greater part showed the interest they took in favour of Lupo—an interest gained for him both by the justice of his cause, and by the sympathy which at first sight his manly and handsome form and his beautiful and animated countenance excited.

"The young Limontine, whose back was turned towards the church, raised his eyes to the palace of the archbishop; and seeing the Count, Ottorino, and Bice, he saluted them with a slight nod, and then, casting down his eyes, he directed for a moment his looks to his father, Ambrose, who stood behind him, and that glance meant to say, '*Leave it to me—fear nothing!*'

"The trumpet gave the last signal, and the champions moved towards each other with measured and cautious step, covering their heads with the uplifted shields, and making masterly flourishes with their clubs. Arrived at the middle of the field, and now within reach of a blow, Ramengo stretched out his legs, advancing one before the other, and leaning slightly over his right thigh, planted himself firmly on the ground to await the attack of his opponent. Lupo commenced by trying him with various feints, moving round and round him; but the other, old in the art, purposed to allow the first ardour of his adversary to exhaust itself, and did nothing but turn round, describing a circle, of which his right foot traced the circumference, and his left was, as it were, the axis, which yielded to every motion communicated to it by the other. Thus this valiant champion defended himself from the blows of his antagonist, either with his club or his shield, with an agility, an address, and a settled and tranquil air, as if quite at his ease regarding the event. But all at once, when Lupo, in fetching a blow, left his flank uncovered, he, seizing the moment, struck him such a back blow in the middle as must have fractured his ribs, if the young man had not been nimble as a cat, and sprung backward. The club, therefore, merely razed his skin, swinging clear round with a whizzing noise, which resounded to the heart of poor Ambrose, who turned pale as death.

"The crowd, who took part with the Limontine, drew an unfavourable augury from this, and began to fear for their favourite; but he, rendered furious by the danger he had incurred, and, burning with shame, returned to the assault with redoubled vigour; so that Ramengo, hotly pursued, was obliged to yield ground, and in defending himself he could no longer maintain the same measured and cool command of himself. So thick was the tempest of blows poured in upon him, that

they defied not only the hand but the eye to follow them, so furious and violent was the onset of the young champion. His adversary, however, was watchful enough, in the continued retreat which he was forced to make, to take advantage of a false movement of his antagonist to strike him another blow, which struck his shield in the middle and split it from end to end. Lupo, seeing the broken shield hanging uselessly on his arm, threw it on the ground, and grasping, in desperation his club with both hands, he raised it high above his head, and with his whole force aimed a tremendous blow directly at the head of his adversary. He instantly covered the part threatened with his shield; but the thick and solid mass descended with such irresistible force, that the shield itself was struck back against his head, and he was completely stunned. He heard a whizzing in his ears, his sight grew dim, and, having reeled and staggered for a moment, he fell at full length on the ground like a corpse.

"Lupo's father, during the combat, had never ceased to follow his son in every motion with his eyes, his arms, his whole body, and his mind. At one time, drawing back his head to his shoulders, he contracted himself, he shrank, he crouched, as if to escape a blow which he saw directed against the young man. At another, pointing his toes to the ground, grasping with all his force the rail against which he was leaning, he raised himself up, as if to give more force to the blow which his son was in the act of levelling at Ramengo."

The following passage introduces the principal personage to the reader :—

"Having now come to the point where this Marco, of whom we have already so often spoken, makes his appearance on the scene, it is necessary for us that we present our readers with, to use the usual expression, a sketch of his life and character.

"The second son of Matteo, the Great, Marco Visconti, had followed his father with fidelity and love both in prosperity and adversity, and had always been his favourite son. Of a generous disposition, of ready wit, and active of body, always the first in all the manly sports and exercises practised by the young men of his time, he forced his rival to pardon his incontestible superiority by the modesty of his manners—a virtue which was the more pleasing in him from the splendour of his birth, his beauty of countenance, and elegance of figure. But woe to him that crossed his path, who ventured to oppose his impassioned, impetuous nature, untamed in anger or in love! His father alone, whilst he lived, could temper his passions by the authority of his paternal word.

"A brave and fortunate leader of armies, he acquired, in course of time, a name celebrated among the first captains of that age. His most celebrated enterprize was that siege of Genoa, commenced and maintained by him, with a skill and perseverance that were reckoned marvellous, against the whole force of the Church, of the principal Guelph cities in Italy, and of Robert, King of Sicily. It was on this occasion that that prince, having sent a message to him intimating that

if he did not soon retreat from the Genoese territory he might expect to meet him under the walls of Milan, Marco returned for answer, that without going so long a journey Robert might find him when he pleased under the walls of Genoa, and, in short, challenged him to single combat; at which, the historians say, the king was highly indignant, but thought it better to take no farther notice of it."

In a subsequent part we have a farther picture of Marco, who had just unexpectedly obtained possession of the city of Lucca, which had lately belonged to his friend, Castruccio Castracani, now ruined and dead:—

"The hour was late, and, having dismissed the councillors and nobility of his new court, Visconti walked alone in a vast saloon of the palace, which but a few months before had been inhabited by his friend, the celebrated Castruccio, now and then turning his eyes towards a Gothic window which looked down on the square, from which window were seen towers and columns, then resplendent with an infinite number of lights; whilst below, in the square, an immense bonfire spread a red and unsteady light on the agitated crowd around it, who were feasting merrily and singing lays in praise of their new lord. In the distance, on the tops of the surrounding hills, were seen innumerable fires, and from every quarter was heard the sound of bells ringing the merry peal of rejoicing.

"Marco stopped a moment to contemplate this spectacle, like a bridegroom who contemplates the adorned and smiling beauty of his young bride on the marriage-day; till, turning his eyes from the window, the portrait of Castruccio, which was hanging on the wall over the chimney, met his view; and this sight at once withered every joy, and destroyed all the enchantment. He sat down, and, keeping his eyes constantly fixed on the likeness of his dear friend, dead only a few months before, he said to himself:—

"'At Rome, when, full of life and glory, he was the right eye of the emperor—when all the Guelph cities, King Robert, and the Pope, trembled at his name—when I felt proud of being his friend, and hoped by his means to obtain the government of Milan—if a prophet had come and told him, 'Castruccio, in a few months all will be over, and you will be beneath the ground'—what an amazement! Fresh in years and in vigour—in the flower of his strength—yet life is so uncertain, so frail!—and he knew that he was mortal. But if the prophet had continued thus, 'Do you see this man who stands at your side—this man whom you seek to make great in his own country—this Marco, who has aided you, as far as was in his power, to rise to the height at which you have arrived, and who honours and loves you more than a brother—do you see him? Then know, that in a short time he will be lord of your city—that your house will be his house—that your widow and children will go wandering about, seeking an asylum which will be denied to them, and that he will obtain their heritage!'—Oh, what would that proud spirit have answered? what would have been the feelings of his heart? And I—what should I have said?"

"He again approached the window, and stood some time looking down into the square, and casting his eyes around it. He then exclaimed, 'What a beautiful city is Lucca!—But it is not Milan!' he soon added, with a sigh—'To be prince where you have been a subject—to command where you have obeyed—to be great amidst friends to whom your greatness is dear, imparts a share of it to them, and—yes—also in the midst of your enemies, and to see them consumed before you, and to triumph over their abasement;—this is worth living for. Here are smiling hills, covered with vines and olives—here are gallant knights, fair dames, riches, and honour; but all is mute to the heart of Marco!'"

We had marked another passage, in which the grief of a poor old boatman and his wife for the loss of their only son, who had been recently drowned in the lake, is very simply and naturally described; but as we have been informed that this story is likely to be presented to the reader in an English dress, we abstain from farther extract.

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ART. VII.—*Beiträge zur Aesthetik der Baukunst, oder die Grundgesetze der Plastischen Form, nachgewiesen an den Haupttheilen der Griechischen Architectur.* Von J. H. Wolff, Professor zu Cassel. (Contributions to the Æsthetic of Architecture; or the Fundamental Principles of the Plastic Form displayed in the principal parts of Grecian Architecture.) 1834.

HAD the work, of which we are now about to treat, made its appearance some months earlier than it did, we should certainly have referred to it in that article of our twenty-seventh number, where, while noticing some of the modern architects of Germany and their productions, we adduced one or two instances of the change that has taken—or, we may say, is now taking—place in the tone of architectural criticism. In returning to the subject itself, little or no apology will, we conceive, be requisite, because the flattering mention which that paper obtained in various quarters, leads us to suppose that it was not entirely devoid of interest even for general readers; and, unless we greatly mistake what to us appear to be indications of a growing interest, more attention certainly is now given by the public to such topics than was formerly paid to them. One thing that has hitherto prevented architecture from being taken up otherwise than as a professional pursuit, has been the erroneous idea that, as a mere study, it is

nearly barren both of instruction and amusement, and, moreover, beset with difficulties of the most formidable nature; than which nothing can be more remote from the truth.\* This unfortunate prejudice has been more or less fostered even by architects, who have frequently made pompous mysteries of things that are in themselves perfectly simple; and the injurious consequence has been that this display of seeming arcana has deterred most persons from attempting to make any acquaintance with the study. Hence, ignorance on the part of the public has produced indifference likewise,—an indifference in no small degree, and in various ways, prejudicial to the interests of the profession itself.

Undoubtedly the study necessary to qualify a man for an able practical architect demands severe application; not so that which will enable the amateur to enjoy in its full relish all the delight which the *art* of architecture is capable of yielding. In the former case, much labour, much dry and repulsive routine, and no little drudgery must be submitted to; and in proportion as the student is a mere plodder, so will they prove disgusting. In the other, all is or may be rendered pleasurable, from the acquisition of the very first elements, till such proficiency shall be made that further progress is instinctively pursued, in the full confidence of obtaining increased enjoyment. In this path we have merely to cull the flowers that present themselves on every side; the toil of rearing them falls to the lot of others. The amateur, as such merely, has nothing whatever to do with the various processes of construction: the *art*, not the mechanical *science*, of architecture is his province; and to argue that no one can properly appreciate or fully relish the former without at the same time being conversant with the latter, is like maintaining that no one but an anatomist can thoroughly perceive the beauty of the human face or form; whereas, according to our feelings at least, the reverse is more likely to happen. As the anatomist is apt to consider the structure and framework of the body rather than the external graces of form, and of mind expressing itself through

\* Until the appearance of Loudon's Architectural Magazine there was not a single periodical professedly and exclusively devoted to the pursuit, though it is one so exceedingly multiplex, and dividing itself into such various and widely spreading ramifications, linking it with archæology, domestic economy, landscape gardening; with history, criticism, topography; with the opposite extremes of engineering on the one hand, and luxurious decoration on the other. Such a journal, which is open to all communications and remarks, becomes in the course of time a repository for a great deal of discussion, and for much information that might otherwise never come before the public in any shape. Besides a great mass of miscellaneous information, several very able papers have already appeared in it; those especially by Mr. Trotman, which contain not only original but sound and instructive criticism.

that form, so is the professional architect likely to have his attention engaged by other qualities in a building than those which have reference to art, and which, although they may be curious or laudable in themselves, have no æsthetic value because productive of no æsthetic effect.

Here it may not be improper to guard against a fallacy which we might otherwise seem to countenance: it is not to be imagined, from the analogical case we have pointed out, that the beauties of a fine building are like those of a fine face, self-evident—as apparent to the ignorant as to the connoisseur. Up to a certain degree, unskilled eyes can judge of architectural beauty as well as that of other things. Yet in architecture there is so much which is conventional, that it is also to be considered as having a language of its own; and unless we make ourselves acquainted with this language and its various dialects or styles, our enjoyment must be exceedingly limited and imperfect. Either self-sufficient, blundering ignorance, or a state of uncomfortable doubt, must be the condition of those who pretend to give an opinion, while ignorant of the simplest rudiments, of the mere “accidence” of such language. To be sure no one has any occasion to offer an opinion of the kind, more than upon any other subject to which he may be an absolute stranger; yet how frequently do we hear persons, almost in the very same breath that they admit their complete ignorance of architecture, express their unqualified approbation or disapprobation of some particular edifice! and unqualified of course it must be, because it is impossible for them to judge otherwise than according to mere fancy, or to assign any reason whatever either the one way or the other.

After all, it is not very surprising that architecture should be considered a sealed study—one exclusively set apart for those who are formally initiated into its high mysteries—when hardly a single attempt has been made to produce a popular and attractive elementary book on the subject. Of treatises of one kind or another there is abundance even to perplexity; yet in vain do we tax our memory for the name of one that can be confidently recommended for our purpose. The majority of them are little better than compilations, extracted without either judgment or taste; others are overlaid with a great deal that is more likely to bewilder and embarrass a beginner than to facilitate his progress; and the very best are, as may be supposed, rather calculated for the professional than for the amateur student. What appears to us a leading objection to nearly all is that they begin at the wrong end—namely, with the history of the art, while the learner



yet knows nothing of the art itself. First, let the student make himself acquainted with the principal styles, the leading characteristics, and the component details of each, and then he will be able to attend to what are matters of historical information and inquiry with greater interest, when provided with such a fund or capital for the purpose. It is important, moreover, that every step should be made clear and intelligible, and that, for the dry technical rules now given, reasoning and critical remark should be substituted. A person who voluntarily enters upon such a study is not to be treated exactly like a child who is just beginning his grammar; but may very well be supposed capable of understanding the *rationale* of what he is learning, and of analysing, reflecting, and comparing. Although such a mode might be *lengthier*, it would be far less tedious than those now adopted, because there would be something to attract and interest from the very outset.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that Professor Wolff's book is exactly the one suited for such a purpose, because it is intended not so much as an elementary work for mere beginners, as a treatise for those who are already familiarized with the subject. Nevertheless it affords a sound basis for something more to the level of a tyro's capacity, something that might proceed upon the same principles and pursue the same course, without entering into the more abstruse and subtle metaphysical niceties here brought into view, although not in every instance perfectly evolved. The leading object of the treatise is to trace and to explain the principles of æsthetic beauty, as they discover themselves in the purest monuments of ancient Grecian art, particularly in the Doric and Ionic orders. Successfully to establish such principles is of the highest importance, because they will be found to guide where mere rules stop short and authorities fail; consequently, to protect against servility, on the one hand, and caprice on the other—the Scylla and Charybdis of the art, ever since the moderns first professed to take their models from ancient Rome and Greece. The author himself points out, in his preface, this unfortunate compromise between pedantic bigotry and licentious extravagance; and proceeds to observe, very justly, that it is impossible to *imitate* the ancients, unless we previously make ourselves acquainted with those *laws* which they followed, whether instinctively, and in consequence of a more delicate apprehension of the essentials of architectural beauty, or owing to their having matured their taste by profound study and reflection. With equal correctness he remarks that, notwithstanding the assiduity that has been displayed in measuring and delineating again and again the remains of ancient edifices, very little

has hitherto been done towards deducing satisfactory laws from such documents; laws applicable under all circumstances, and which, instead of excluding, rather promote originality in feeling and taste. Proceeding upon a fallacious empirical system, we have been in the habit of satisfying ourselves, with repeating, on every occasion, certain routine and proverbial phrases of the art; whereas we ought rather to strive to catch the ideas, and to adopt, if possible, the same modes of thought, so as to be able to express ourselves with ease and idiomatically, without repeating, parrot-like, just what we have been trained to; and without falling into the mere gibberish of the art, whenever we attempt to deviate at all from a precise model. We clearly perceive how widely the very best Grecian examples vary from each other, how each is stamped with a certain individuality of character, at the same time that it conforms to one general type; which was because that type itself was established on artist-like principles, and capable of numerous modifications without being destroyed. It is futile to argue that all that the art admits of in this way has already been exhausted by the ancients themselves, and that we have consequently no alternative, save either to abandon their system altogether, or rigorously to adhere to the models which have come down to us from their stores; such certainly was not the case when little was known of either the Doric or the Ionic, except in the spurious and debased Roman examples of those orders. Then, at least, there was ample room for improvement, as the originals since discovered amply testify; yet these base and unworthy copies were as blindly and indiscriminately admired as the genuine specimens now are. We do not say that it is by any means easy to deviate from prescribed forms without departing from the spirit of Grecian architecture; and we are also ready to allow that it appears impossible to surpass some of them. As to the first point, that is one which every artist must determine for himself; to say that he cannot determine it, that it is impossible for him to step ever so little from the beaten track without instantly finding himself in sheer darkness, without clue or compass, or beacon, by which to direct himself—what is it but to proclaim that he is altogether unworthy of the name of artist, and that, whatever title he may assume, he is, in fact, no other than a mechanic? Many, whom nature never designed to adventure upon such a course, would undoubtedly sink; what then? that is one of the risks inseparable from attempting originality in art. There have been not a few shipwrecks in poetry, in painting, in sculpture; at the same time more power and mind have been brought out than could possibly have been the case under a fetter-

ing system of restrictive caution, and colder policy. What has just been said is almost a sufficient answer touching the other point; for by interdicting all attempts to deviate from what is admitted to be excellence, in despair of being able to produce aught of similar quality, we may indeed prevent many heresies in the art; yet that will not prevent the worst of all debasement, the extinction of the spirit which should animate it. Unless occasionally renovated by fresh accessions, the feeling of art gradually wears out and sinks into the imbecility of sheer mechanism. It has been asserted, and also by one, whom many will regard as almost the highest authority,—by Sir Christopher Wren,—that architecture admits of no fashions, although his own productions prove how little his practice accorded with his doctrine, they being in a fashion altogether different from anything Grecian, and some of them most grotesquely so. It is of little avail, therefore, to tie ourselves down to a superstitious reverence for certain minutiae, if we at the same time allow ourselves the greatest licenses in other respects.

This is so far from being the way to maintain architecture in its purity, that over-scrupulousness in regard to certain particulars almost necessarily leads to extravagances in all the rest, as the only means of avoiding sickening repetitions, and of manifesting aught that can be termed design. Hence it has happened that architects, while they have almost invariably discountenanced innovation, so far as it consisted in a departure from their own technical system, have admitted an exceedingly great number of licenses, quite at variance with the genius of the style which they professed to follow and to reverence, although they may not clash with positive authority, merely because ancient architecture affords no instances admitting any direct comparison. It is to little purpose, however, that we affect to follow the ancients ever so closely, as regards the positive examples they have left us, if we oppose them in all the rest, and thereby produce things more truly barbarous, owing to the discordant tastes which they exhibit, than would be the case if they made no pretension whatever to Grecian character. Far better would it be to emancipate ourselves at once from classical precedents than to adopt a wavering indefinite course, one that injudiciously challenges immediate comparison, by pointing to professed models, and so forcing into notice the discrepancies engrafted upon them; greatly, therefore, do we prefer many specimens of the *ante-reformed* architecture of Italy, if we may so term it—when, although columns and circular arches appear, even the latest Roman style was entirely lost sight of, and one altogether different substituted for it—to the productions of the Palladian school, which seem, for the most part, blundering copies, undertaken in

utter ignorance of the works from which they pretend to be derived.

Of late, some have not only felt that the trammels which architects impose upon themselves operate injuriously upon their art, even to debasing it from the rank of one, but have spoken out their opinions explicitly enough. Mr. Purser, in his pamphlet on the National Gallery, very justly remarks that, instead of copying from Grecian examples, we ought to found a style upon Grecian principles, because "although the architecture of ancient Greece was undoubtedly the simplest and purest of all antiquity, and may be considered as perfect—so far as it went—yet, in reference to its application to modern wants and circumstances, and the subsequent advances of science, it does not go far enough." Copying—and that too very imperfectly and partially—their productions is, he continues to say, "not in conformity with, but in *opposition to*, the example of the Greeks themselves." \* They studied the Egyptian temples, not in order to produce copies of them, "but with a view to investigate the general principles on which the Egyptians wrought—to translate, not to transcribe,—to engraft so much of their masters' art on the altered circumstances of their own as their truth and judgment might dictate." If, then, the differences between the religious edifices of Greece and those of Egypt demanded such change in order to produce perfect consistency of style, how much more necessary is it that we moderns should adopt a similar course, our buildings being so totally unlike in purpose those of the ancients that it is rarely possible to do more than transfer some detached parts from the latter? We do not even blend together what we appropriate from that source and what we are compelled to add of our own, but merely place them in juxtaposition and in harsh contrast with each other. If we are determined upon retaining the Greek orders, without any change or modification, at least we ought to take care that every other feature shall be in perfect accordance with them—all uniform as to style, the same character of detail supported

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\* Another writer has the following remark of the same tendency: "Buildings are as capable of as many varieties of perfection as of destination; each may be perfect in its kind, if perfectly suited to its end. But therefore it follows, as a necessary consequence, that it is impossible to transfer its merit to an 'example' erected for another purpose, amongst another people, and in another climate: the more its imitation is correct, the more is its application falsified by its original character." As far as climate alone is concerned, we ourselves do not think that it presents any obstacle to the adoption, or we would say, the adaptation, of Grecian architecture in this country. The flimsy and fantastical mode of building employed by the Chinese would undoubtedly be unfit for our climate, yet that of Greece is assuredly unobjectionable, inasmuch as it is of durable construction, and moreover affords considerable shelter from the weather.

throughout—the same finish kept up, and extended to every part; which is so far from being the case, that this exceedingly obvious principle is violated even as regards the orders themselves, and that, moreover, by architects who profess to be ultra-classical. Although it would almost be deemed a profanity to deviate from the original in a single moulding or any of its proportions, it is considered a matter of perfect indifference whether a plain frieze be substituted for the carved one in the original example, and whether the pediment be similarly treated, notwithstanding the very great difference of effect thus occasioned. Several recent and sufficiently striking examples of this kind might be pointed out, in which the entablature and pediment appear most cold, naked and unfinished, in comparison with the columns themselves, and the capitals of the latter are thereby rendered so many spots, there being nothing answering to them in richness, or any way in keeping with them. When the decoration of the frieze is thus omitted, the more requisite is it that greater embellishment should be bestowed on the cornice than was done originally, and that it should be a more important feature, so as in some degree to restore unity of character and effect in the columns and in the parts which they support. The monument of Lysicrates, which seems at first to countenance an opposite mode of treatment to what we deem correct, the capitals of the columns being elaborately worked and the mouldings of the cornice quite plain, strongly supports our doctrine, since the whole of the roof is richly sculptured, and the architectural unity of the design thereby fully preserved. We may further remark that the *antefixa*, or ornamental tiles, immediately above the cornice of most Grecian buildings, although not considered as belonging to that member of the entablature, as far as effect is concerned, add to its height, and impart to it an additional finish. Matters of this kind seem too palpable to be overlooked, and yet how rarely do we find them attended to! Still more rare is to meet with a building in which the subordinate parts are in perfect accordance with the order itself, and every thing so duly proportioned, that while the character of that order is fully maintained, it does not overpower what it accompanies, causing the other features to appear trivial and insipid.

We shall, perhaps, be accused not only of forgetting Wolff, but of so far forgetting his object as in some degree to be running from it, his purpose being to analyse the beauties of Grecian architecture, and to account for them; while, from the tenor of some of our remarks, we may seem to undervalue the style itself as one hardly sufficient for present purposes. What is his immediate aim, however, must, more or less, tend to conduct the architect to originality, by disclosing wherein lies the proper power and

resources of his art, and how by adopting the same course we may attain similar excellence without servilely treading in exactly the same footsteps. Without properly directed study there can be little real originality in any art; least of all in architecture, where fancy ought ever to go hand in hand with severe judgment, and submit to its counsels; and in whose productions we should discover some satisfactory, at least some assignable, reasons for all we behold. Unless we are acquainted with the primary laws and essential conditions of the art itself, we cannot very well judge how far we can go without infringing them, or whether the course which we are pursuing will not convey us beyond their limits. Little, therefore, need we be surprised at so many instances of complete failure among modern architects, whenever they have attempted to deviate at all from the beaten track and to introduce any innovations; because, instead of searching for novelty within the proper boundaries of the art, and where, although latent, it may nevertheless be discovered and brought to light, they have generally launched out into extravagance. They have ventured to make material changes in particular parts, without any reference to what they have left unaltered; they have made just change enough to destroy the unity and character of their model, yet not sufficient to obtain such consistency of expression as would compensate for that which is thus broken in upon—greatly impaired, if not altogether expunged.

How studiously observant the Greeks were of this consistency of expression in architecture, in all its minutest shades, is satisfactorily shown by Wolff, whose scrutinizing study nothing seems to have escaped. Indeed, he is likely to be considered somewhat too subtle and refined in some of his observations and the reasonings upon them; too abstrusely metaphysical for the generality of students, few of whom may be able to follow up his theory, and apply his doctrines in whatever case may occur. As preliminary to his examination of Grecian architecture itself, the author sets out by investigating the fundamental qualities of the art, which he deduces from the laws of gravitation, equipoise, counterpoise, and those of symmetry and proportion, arising from them. These qualities, he observes, present themselves in the animal structure, although there more or less modified by an inner working and directing force; consequently they require to be more decidedly manifested in the productions of architecture, where the principle of gravitation alone operates. This latter is maintained by the prevalence of horizontal and perpendicular lines; and when even any interruption of, or deviation from, these occurs, in order to avoid monotony, their continuation is indicated to the eye in some way or other. Thus, in columns, whether with

or without bases, strict verticality is kept up by such projection being given to capital, either in its abacus, as in the Doric\* and the Corinthian, or in its greatest width, as measured across the volutes of the Ionic, as renders that extremity of the column equal to the lower one, so that the same perpendicular line, would touch both. With the same view, in windows that are narrower at top than at bottom, a break, or *knee*, as it is termed by workmen, is made towards the top of the architraves surrounding it, projecting till within the line of the base. The same kind of verticality, Wolff contends, may be traced in Gothic architecture, where pinnacles are employed for the purpose of contrasting with and counteracting the inclined lines and curves of gables, pediments, and arches. In like manner acroteria were introduced at the angles of Grecian pediments, in order to preserve both verticality and horizontality of lines, and suggested parallelism with the entablature,—perhaps also with the sloping cornices; at the same time, that some play and variety of outline were thus obtained. Conformably with this principle, the more acute gable and arch of Gothic architecture are harmonized by corresponding height in the pinnacles accompanying them, and such we find to have been the general practice.

Our author's next step is to show that, though the rule admits of some latitude and exceptions, the best general proportions may all be traced to the application of squares, whether for the entire building, its leading divisions, or its apertures. He does not mean to assert, that the front of a building should present to the eye a single square mass: it may be composed of a double or triple square—or, in fact, of almost any series and disposition of that figure. Neither does this system exclude variety of outline, it being sufficient that the whole be comprised within one or more such squares; for Wolff shows, in illustration of this part of his theory, what would generally be referred to the pyramidal principle of composition, namely, a building so arranged, yet answering his purpose, because its greatest height corresponds with its greatest width. For our own part, we are not quite sure that there is not almost as much of the fanciful as of the solid in this doctrine, since it probably would not be difficult to produce many excellent examples that would appear to overthrow it. Still it may not be unserviceable as a sort of general guidance, although it can never\* be closely adhered to, unless as far as regards certain parts of a façade, because uncontrollable circumstances will generally interfere with it, where a building is not

\* It is true that the width of the abacus in this order generally exceeds the diameter of the column, yet in so very trifling a degree as merely to occasion optical equality between them.

completely insulated from all others. Perhaps it would be better, instead of striving to accommodate circumstances to any rule of the kind, to consider how the most can be made of them, and what mode of treatment is the most likely to produce the happiest composition.

We are far better satisfied with the author's ideas on the subject of intercolumniation, which has hitherto been regulated by the diameter of the column, without regard to its height; whereas he shows that it should be governed by the latter rather than the former. Whatever be the height of the column, that will give the distance from the axis to that of some other in the same range, whether it be the third or the fourth—according as it is intended to have them closer or wider apart; and this, of course, determines the spaces between these and the intermediate column or columns, and all the succeeding ones. By this means, an harmonious succession of squares formed by each column and the third or fourth from it is obtained; neither, as he further observes, is it necessary that such squares should invariably be restricted to the measurement from the axis, and admit of no other change than that arising from the number of intermediate columns, because the fourth column may either be included in or excluded from such figure, whose boundary will then be defined by one of its sides. He also shows how, in the Doric, the measure may be regulated, not by the height of the column alone, but by that to the top of the triglyph in the frieze, as that gives an extent of vertical line.

We are not among those who attach much importance to the precise origin of different styles of architecture: unless founded upon direct historical testimony, questions of that kind are apt to lead into chimerical and bewildering hypotheses—mere ingenious speculations, that afford scope for fanciful conjecture, but are almost utterly barren of any advantage to the art itself. There has been too much of this vague inquiry in regard to Gothic architecture, relative to the origin of which various contradictory and nearly equally plausible theories have been started, that leave the point at issue as undecided as it was at first. Controversies of this kind may in some degree be useful, because they excite public interest in behalf of the subject; yet, on the other hand, they are apt to engross attention too exclusively, and to withdraw it from more profitable and important considerations. It is, however, a matter of something more than mere historical curiosity, to settle whether we ought to attribute the formation of the Greek style to an original stone or timber construction, because much turns upon that point, inasmuch as we shall accordingly be able to judge how far Greek taste refined upon the earlier elements of form. Many, if not most, still adhere to the



theory of Vitruvius, and trace back the rich marble temple to the primitive wooden hut; yet both analogy and internal evidence oppose such an idea, for construction in timber would undoubtedly have led to a far more fanciful and lighter style. We cannot do better than let our readers see what Wolff himself says upon this subject.

“The entire character of Grecian, as well as of Egyptian and of our own German style, is essentially connected with construction in stone, which alone is capable of accounting for the architectonic principles that it exhibits. These, together with the forms deduced from them, the disposition of the masses as regards bearing and support, the collocation of the different members, their profiles, and other circumstances, become quite unintelligible and inexplicable, as soon as we substitute mere beams of wood and light timber materials,—which although easily supported, do not keep compacted together by their own weight,—for massive blocks and ponderous architraves of stone, which require corresponding massiveness in the parts that sustain them, and by their pressure upon them give great firmness to these latter. Even where, either owing to scarcity of stone, or for some other reason, wood has been employed, it is evident that the forms are derived from construction in stone, and as closely copied as possible from such prototype; for the nature of wood itself affords no motives whatever for the forms adopted. The contrary opinion, maintained by Hirt in his work on the Architecture of the Ancients, where he endeavours to account for every thing on the supposition of its having originated in timber construction, has misled that able writer, and by this one leading error, has considerably lessened the value of his otherwise important inquiries. The proofs that stone construction manifests itself in Grecian architecture, both in its very rudiments and in the minutest parts, are so numerous and so obvious that they cannot be overlooked by any one who considers them impartially and without prejudice. We shall have opportunities of noticing them more particularly as we proceed, and shall therefore now pass to some general remarks on the columns.

“We are certainly warranted in supposing that the form of these supports was originally square, especially in cavern structures and the interior of buildings, and the angles began in time to be splayed off, until it gradually became polygonal and afterwards cylindrical; which successive mutations might easily be corroborated historically by Egyptian examples. We shall, however, content ourselves with taking up our observations at the period when the Greek column had assumed this latter shape, after which it was left for art to refine it into beauty, so as to contribute to its æsthetic effect in architecture.

“The very nature and purpose of such supports prevented their having any perfect *architectonic* form. They possess no *entireness* of character in themselves; but rather, by their loftier proportions and shape, seem to rear themselves up, not like so many inert masses, but as if endued with internal organic power. It remained, therefore, for art to develop this idea, to remove them from the class of unorganic

shapes, to round off all their angles, and, moulding them by degrees to some similarity of vegetable character, to render them more attractive to the eye.—For effecting this purpose, that refined and reflecting taste, which taught the Greeks to observe the due limits of every art, contented itself with merely indicating the principle of organization, still maintaining the expression of mathematical form."

As further proof that Grecian architecture is not derived from an original construction with wood, the author observes that a like regard to æsthetic beauty of form is apparent in the cylindrical pillars of the Egyptians, whose country affords no timber materials for buildings of any magnitude. Having thus, as he conceives, ascertained the principle of *form*, his next object is that of *proportion*; which he says cannot possibly be derived from the vegetable world, since that hardly affords any law for fixity of proportion. This, therefore, he is inclined to attribute to a free imitation of the general proportions of the human figure; but certainly not that mechanical, fancifully exact, and immediate imitation to which Vitruvius would refer us. Wolff sees in this kind of imitation no more than a *motive*—an indirect aim, just sufficient to catch and preserve similarity as far as regards general impression. Conformably with this aim, he considers that deviations from a fixed standard of proportion are not only allowable but advisable, since such shades of distinction are favourable to that particular individuality of character, which may best accord with other circumstances in the building.

We cannot pretend to follow our author throughout his reasonings, or even to enumerate the leading particulars which he minutely examines; we shall, therefore, before dismissing the book, briefly refer to one or two detached points that, as far as they are concerned, may suffice to indicate how fully the rationale of every circumstance is here explained. In his remarks upon the capital and its abacus, he shows that, independently of its supposed office, the propriety of beauty and æsthetic consistency demand this member as a completion, of integration, of the whole column. Not only is the upper extremity thus made to accord with the lower, and, as before observed, the verticality lost by the diminution of the shaft upwards restored to the eye; but it is indispensable, as preparatory to the architrave resting upon it. Since the architrave stretches only in one direction, a circle inscribed upon it by the capital terminating in that form, would ill agree with the merely horizontal expansion of the soffit. By inscribing the circle within a square, the imperfection is overcome: both forms have then one common centre, while the overhanging angles of square produce the effect of an harmonious contrast between the two. Another inconvenience is moreover

avoided, and another beauty obtained; because the intervention of this square plate allows the soffit to be made somewhat narrower than the diameter of the upper part of the capital, and while the architrave is thereby rendered less heavy in appearance, the abacus displays itself to greater advantage, and produces greater perspective variety. The value of fluting, as contributing to the play of light and shadow on the shaft of the column, as well as to finish of surface, has been pointed out by others; yet we do not recollect that any preceding writer has assigned to it that particular æsthetic quality which Wolff has explained and illustrated by analogical examples. By their all tending to and indicating one common centre in the axis of the column, he says that the channels and their arrises, or fillets, render the circularity of the shaft more apparent, less vague, and less indefinitely expressed to the eye, than is the case when the surface of a cylindrical or conical body is left plain. Perhaps this is rather a super-refinement of reasoning, because, though only half of such an object is visible, the eye instantly recognizes its true form, even when it is, little assisted by direct light and shade. Some modern architects have taken great and very useless pains to determine the proper pitch for pediments, according to their width, without much regard to other proportion; whereas Wolff is of opinion, and herein we perfectly agree with him, that the height of the pediment admits of little variation under any circumstances, since it must be regulated by that of the entablature beneath it. It never ought much to exceed this; consequently, the wider a building or portico is in proportion to the height of the order, the lower must the pitch of the pediment be made, in order to preserve harmony and consistency between the height of the building and that of its roof.

Here we must take our leave of Professor Wolff for the present, hoping that it will not be very long before the appearance of the continuation which he promises will enable us to return to his interesting and able inquiries. Even as mere speculative opinions, his observations are highly deserving attention; but we are willing to anticipate much practical good from their dissemination,—more discriminating and enlightened views of the art on the part of criticism, and emancipation from that servile spirit of routine, which, while it damps all inventive energy in the architect, and in fact degrades him to a mere mechanic, is, as daily evidence too clearly proves, no protection against the extravagancies of perverted taste and caprice. Nor is caprice rendered at all less offensive by its being associated with hopeless dulness.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Des Pauvres, des Mendians et de leurs droits*, par Loubens, Avocat. Paris, 1829. 8vo.
2. *Economie Politique Chrétienne, ou Recherches sur la Nature et les Causes du Paupérisme &c.*, par M. le V<sup>te</sup>. Alban de Villeneuve-Bargemont, ancien Préfet du Nord, &c. Paris, 1834. 3 vols. 8vo.
3. *Etat numérique de la Population indigente de Paris*, 1832. Sheets, 1834.
4. *Procès-Verbal de l'Assemblée générale du Bureau de Bienfaisance du 5<sup>me</sup> Arrondissement*. Paris, 1834.
5. *Rapport de M. le Comte Rambuteau, Préfet de la Seine, au Conseil Municipal*. Paris, 1834.

"Si quantum pauperum est, venire huc, et liberis suis petere pecunias cœperint, singuli nunquam exsatiabuntur; respublica deficiet; \* \* et securi omnes aliena subsidia expectabunt, sibi ignavi, nobis graves." Such was the reply of Tiberius to some importunate applicants for places in the Roman *Black-book*. Although spoken of the high-born, it may likewise be addressed to such as seek to be entered in the *Black-book* of the parish. And unless the new Commissioners find means to stop the mischief as successfully as the old emperor, we may hereafter find reason to exclaim—*deficiet respublica*.

But, though most sorely afflicted, our own country is not the only one suffering under the disease. In Great Britain the paupers compose one-sixth of the inhabitants. In Holland and Belgium they are one-seventh, and in Switzerland one-tenth; whilst in France and the German confederacy they are one-twentieth; in Austria, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, one-twenty-fifth, and in Prussia and Spain only one-thirtieth.

Of the causes of this great discrepancy it is not our present business to speak. Let us content ourselves with laying before our readers some of the information concerning *pauperism in France*—the most important of the continental nations—which is afforded by the productions prefixed to this paper, and resulting, in part, from our own investigation.

The calculations of M. de Villeneuve are based upon inquiries made immediately before the events of 1830. Affairs of more pressing importance have engaged the attention of the Government, since that period, to the exclusion of inquiries of this kind; so that no late information can be obtained. But it may be safely assumed that the number of paupers has not diminished. It is more likely to have increased. M. de Villeneuve seems to have conducted his researches with diligence and care, and his

account may be safely taken as a fair approximation to the truth, which is almost all that can be said of arithmetical statistics.

By a French pauper, we mean any Frenchman subsisting permanently, or for a considerable time, and either in whole or in part, upon public taxation, charitable endowments, or private charity.

In 1830, the population of France was 31,880,674\* and the number of paupers (exclusive of aged persons, foundlings, and others maintained in hospitals) 1,583,340. In the department du Nord, every *sixth* inhabitant is a pauper; in the Pas de Calais every eighth; in the department du Rhone the proportion of paupers is one-thirteenth; in the departments of the Aisne, Seine, and Somme, one-fourteenth; whilst in those of the Meuse, Meurthe, and Moselle, it is one-thirtieth; in those of the Lozère and Lower Rhine one-fortieth; and in that of the Creuse only one-fifty-eighth. For convenience, France may be carved into three sets of departments, taken without reference to geographical bearing; viz.:—

The *worst set*, containing 20 departments and 10,062,769 inhabitants, of whom one-thirteenth are paupers.

The *middling set*, embracing thirty-eight departments and containing 13,043,514 inhabitants, of whom one-twenty-third are paupers.

And the *best set*, comprising twenty-eight departments and 8,774,391 inhabitants, of whom one-thirty-third are paupers.

The proportion of paupers varies greatly between town and country. If all places above fifteen hundred souls be reckoned as towns, it will be found that, of their 7,762,450 inhabitants, 767,245, or about one-tenth, are paupers; whilst 819,195 persons, or about one-thirtieth, are paupers out of the 24,205,718 country people.

The geographical division of France in familiar use, exhibits the following proportions; viz.:

The nineteen departments of the *centre* comprise a proportion of about one to twenty-three—the fourteen *Eastern* departments, one to thirty—the thirty-two *Southern* departments, one to twenty-three—the fifteen *Western*, one to nineteen,—and the six *Northern*, one to nine. The difference is surprising, and shows that a large portion of French pauperism exists, as with ourselves, in *masses*. Of the *worst set* of departments only three are comprehended in the *centre*,—those of the Loiret, Seine, and Lower Seine; whilst none are to be found in the *East*. The general features of both these districts (some of which are obviously connected with the growth of pauperism) are the same. The climate is temperate. Wine, maize, and nearly all the pro-

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\* Census of 1827.

duce of French husbandry are grown throughout. The population is essentially agricultural, and the number of small owners great. Nearly every village possesses public property from which the poorer sort derive benefit. The *droit d'affouage*, or right of taking fuel in the national and village woods, for a small consideration paid to the village and oftentimes free of charge, is almost universal. In a great number of localities the larger portion of the village property is divided by rotation amongst the inhabitants for short terms and at low rents, and the funds from these sources are applied towards diminishing the local expenses. The *droit de parcours* and *droit de vaine pâture*, or common rights of feeding stock on the plough and grass lands of private persons, after the harvest and aftermath till seed and spring time, are equally general, and, although great hindrances to farming improvements, afford important conveniencies to the peasantry.

The *South* likewise comprises three departments of the bad set; viz., those of the Rhône, Bouches du Rhône, and Tarn and Garonne. The climate is warm and the winter short, by which the suffering from cold and the necessity for outlay in fuel and clothing are diminished. Landed property is more divided than in the rest of France. The villages are generally possessed of common rights and property, and, in addition to the produce of the centre and East, this district possesses the chestnut and olive trees and the silk-worm.

The *West* comprehends nine of the bad departments; viz. those of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ille and Vilaine, Lower Loire, Morbihan, Mayenne, Orne, Sarthe, and Two Sèvres. The first five of these compose the territory of Brittany, and exhibit a proportion of one-sixteenth as paupers, which is partly attributable to the great and sudden diminution of the linen manufacture, occasioned by the introduction of cottons, and to the political disorders to which Brittany has been so long exposed. The four other unfavoured departments labour more or less under the same disadvantages; whilst the rest of the Western district, partaking of most of the advantages of the South, exhibits an equal exemption from pauperism.

Of the six *Northern* departments, five are comprised in the worst set. In this district the climate makes fuel and clothing objects of first-rate necessity. The population is more abundant than elsewhere. There are but few villages in the possession of forest or common rights. Landed property is but little divided, agriculture is carried on with considerable capitals, and the farming peasants are day-labourers. The towns are engaged in the cotton manufacture, which has been exposed for a long time to extreme fluctuations.

The proportion of one to thirteen, appearing in the bad set of departments, is a mean proportion. The actual proportion varies in each. In the department of the North it is one to six; in that of the Pas de Calais, one to eight; in those of the Rhône, Aisne, Seine, Somme and Finistère, one to fourteen; Bouches du Rhône, one to fifteen; Côtes du Nord, Ille and Vilaine, Loiret, and Lower Seine, one to sixteen; Mayenne, one to seventeen; and Lower Loire, Morbihan, Oise, Orne, Tarn and Garonne, Sarthe, and Two Sèvres, one to eighteen.

The paupers in the middling set vary from one in nineteen in the department of the Ain, to one in twenty-eight in that of the Puy de Dôme. Half have a mean proportion of one to twenty-one, and half of one to twenty-five.

In the best set the proportion varies between one to twenty-eight in the department of the Côte d'Or, and one to fifty-eight in that of the Creuse. Half average rather more than one in thirty, and half somewhat exceed one in fifty.

In the department du Nord, where pauperism has reached a height surpassed in few districts even in England, we find a population of 962,848, of whom 568,116 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and 394,732 in manufactures, chiefly cotton. The entire number of paupers is 163,453, exclusive of 7667 aged persons and others subsisting in the hospital. The proportion of agricultural paupers is about one in thirteen; the others belong almost entirely to the manufacturers, and in some places form a fearful proportion of the whole number of the inhabitants. Thus, in

Lille, the population is 70,000, and the paupers are 22,281	
Valenciennes . . . . .	19,841 . . . . . 5,047
Cambrai . . . . .	17,031 . . . . . 4,150
Dunkirk . . . . .	24,517 . . . . . 4,880

The quantity of mendicancy in France is below what would be inferred from the spectacle presented in the districts to which the majority of our countrymen confine their excursions. The entire number of beggars is 4198,153, which exhibits a proportion of one to one hundred and sixty-five upon the aggregate population, and one to eight upon the body of paupers. In the *Centre*, every fourteenth pauper is a beggar; in the *East*, every ninth; in the *South*, every seventh; in the *West*, every fifth; and in the *North*, every tenth. In the bad set of departments the proportion of beggars to paupers is about one to eleven; in the middling set, about one to twelve; and in the best set, one to eight. The minimum is in the department of the Seine (Paris), where it is only one to forty-six; and the maximum in those of Finistère, Ille and Vilaine, and the Creuse, (the last being the most exempt from pauperism,) where it is as high as one to two. It would,

therefore, seem that, if the absolute quantity of beggary is a useful fact to be known in statistics, its quantity relative to the mass of pauperism is not much worth knowing, except as showing the value of the measures which are adopted for its prevention or repression.

We had intended to furnish the comparative amounts of pauperism and crime from M. de Villeneuve and the late *Compte Rendu* of the French minister of justice; but as the facts do not appear to correlate, as they are well known to do, it would be a bootless task, without entering upon a minuter investigation than we have space for.

Of the French institutions connected with pauperism, the first in order are the laws against vagrants and beggars, the history of which may be briefly sketched. One of Charlemagne's capitularies forbade the giving of alms to beggars, and, by a sort of anticipatory relief-law, enjoined each locality to support its own paupers—*suos quæque civitas pauperes alito*. In the twelfth century the beggars by profession were an object of alarm in all the leading cities, and during that and the following centuries they formed, according to Dulaure, (*Histoire de Paris*), one-fifth of the population of Paris. Saint Louis ordered them to be banished from that city. In 1350, King John ordained that the able-bodied poor should quit Paris, and not beg, under pain of whipping and the pillory, and, on a third offence, of being branded with a hot iron, and banished. These injunctions were renewed in 1524. Two years afterwards, the parliament of Paris ordered able-bodied beggars to be chained two and two, and employed in cleansing the streets and sewers; and, in 1535, such as were not natives of that city were commanded to withdraw to their birth-places, and work for a livelihood, on pain of being hanged—*sous peine de la hart*. About the same time a royal ordinance was published for the whole kingdom, enjoining the able-bodied poor to work, under pain of banishment, and forbidding women, children, and infirm persons to beg, under pain of whipping. Ten years later, an ordinance was issued by Henry II. ordering male beggars to be sent to the galleys, to which the local magistracy of certain towns added *mutilation*. In 1656 an edict put the ordinance of Henry II. into fresh vigour, and forbade almsgiving to beggars, on pain of being fined four livres parisis; and the public were bound to hand them over to the police. These regulations were made in order to ensure the enforcement of certain rules, by which a general hospital was established in Paris for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, and the employment of the able-bodied poor. The directors had power to imprison, whip, and put in the pillory the inmates; and, as an additional guarantee, an edict of 1661 ordered beggars, who had thrice in-



curred punishment in the hospital, to be sent to the galleys. In 1685 and 1687, three edicts appeared, ordering the ordinance of Henry II. to be put in force throughout the entire kingdom. All houseless beggars and vagabonds, such as passed for old soldiers, or should assemble to above four in number, were to be tried by a species of martial law (*prévôtalement*), and condemned, the men to the galleys, and the women to be whipped, branded and banished, with pain of death in cases of resistance. Domiciled beggars were to be whipped and marked for a second offence, and on a third, were to be sent to the galleys, or if women, to bride-well (*maison de force*). The injudicious severity of these measures prevented their execution; the galleys would not have held all the condemned. In 1709, in consequence of the scarcity, the number of beggars in Paris had increased to 50,000. Some years afterwards, the regent entertained a plan for banishing them to the colonies, but he was opposed by the parliament; and another project for employing them at convict labour on the roads was abandoned from an apprehension of the danger to travellers. Various edicts of Louis XV. ordered beggars to be imprisoned, branded, and, for certain offences, sent to the galleys. At the beginning of his successor's reign, their number had again become so alarming, and the previous regulations were found so inefficacious, or had been so much neglected, that an ordinance was issued, (13th July, 1777,) by the advice of Turgot, which surprises by its severity. Able-bodied male beggars and vagrants, from sixteen to sixty, without means of livelihood, and who should have exercised no regular calling for six months, were to be sent forthwith to the galleys; and women, children and old men, engaged in the same pursuit, shut up in an hospital. At the same time various beggars' houses were to be established for the reception of aged and infirm paupers, and for the employment of the able-bodied; but so little progress was made with these receptacles, that no more than thirty were in existence at the Révolution. The Legislative Assembly took up the subject of mendicancy, but did little more than declare, that the legal regulation of beggars was not an infringement of the new-invented "Rights of Man." The Convention supplied the deficiency. "Ce mot honteux de *mendiant* ne fut jamais écrit dans le dictionnaire du républicain," said the Report of Barrère, and thereupon the assembly decreed, (law of 15th October, 1793,) that in each district work should be found for paupers, with wages one-fourth beneath the average rate; and, to punish such as should prefer begging to this resource, each department was to have a beggars' bridewell (*maison de repression*), where beggars were to be sent to hard labour for one or two years; and on a third

offence, or if not domiciled, on a second, were to be transported to Madagascar. The confusion of the times prevented the establishment both of bridewells and colony, and matters remained on their old footing till 1808, when Napoleon, taking the subject in hand with his usual precipitancy, ordered a beggars' workhouse (*depôt de mendiants*) to be established in each department; and to give further efficacy to this provision, articles were inserted in the new Penal Code for the punishment of vagrants and beggars with from three to six months' imprisonment, (Art. 271, 274,) and the latter were to be sent to the dépôts at the expiration of their sentences. In departments unprovided with dépôts, able-bodied beggars were to be sent to goal for from one to three months, and, if found out of their cantons, from six months to two years, (Art. 275). And both vagrants and beggars punished under these articles were afterwards to be at the disposal of the government, *i. e.* subject, if necessary, to a forced residence in a particular spot, for the purpose of being watched by the police.—(Art. 44.) The dépôts, like most of Napoleon's establishments, were but partially erected, and those which were erected instead of being reserved for beggars, sunk into indiscriminate receptacles for paupers, whom their own ingenuity, or the suggestions and assistance of the petty local authorities, readily qualified for admission. The abuses were so great that the Restoration abolished most of those that had been established, and the tribunaux have since limited the operation of the law to Art. 275. But this is seldom enforced except in the capital and certain large towns, or on particular occasions, requiring an extraordinary riddance of persons become dangerous to the public peace: so repugnant does it seem to the feelings of judges to punish men for doing that which it is difficult to prove they have any means of avoiding. The annual number of beggars convicted does not exceed 500—a very small portion of the 198,000 mentioned by M. de Villeneuve. The law against vagabonds is executed with greater severity. But neither law, in practice, deserves the severe strictures with which both have been visited by several French writers, by whom it is contended that, in addition to their inhumanity, these laws present unjust obstacles to a free circulation of labour. Such laws are to be judged of rather by local or temporary peculiarities than by considerations of so vague a character.

"At the present day," says M. de Villeneuve, "the right of the poor to legal relief (*assistance obligée*) is not recognised in France." A mighty contrast with the principle which, according to some, makes the right to relief the poor man's freehold! With the exception of the faint trace appearing in Charlemagne's capi-

tulary, and of an alleged assignment of a fourth of the church revenues to the poor, the first mention of legal relief occurs in some letters-patent of Francis I., of 6th of Nov. 1544, by which a general board was formed at Paris, composed of thirteen citizens and four counsellors of the parliament, with powers to raise annually upon the princes, seigneurs, ecclesiastics, and other proprietors, an alms tax (*taxe d'aumône*), and jurisdiction to constrain the rate-payers (*cotisés*). This rate was destined for such of the poor as could not get admission into the endowed charitable institutions, and was distributed in kind by the clergy. The liability of the rate-payers, distinctly established by this instrument, was repeatedly recognised during the same century by several subsequent ordinances, particularly in 1566 and 1586; but neither the means of enforcing the administration of relief, nor even the abstract right to it, were allowed to the poor. The ordinance of 1586, due to Chancellor de l'Hôpital, enjoined the inhabitants of other towns to support each its own poor by tax (*contribution*) or otherwise, and according to proper ordering. The Paris board seems to have fallen into disuse during the succeeding century, and to have been replaced by a board in each parish, the ecclesiastical division being adopted instead of the civil, doubtless for the convenience of the parish clergy, who were the chief managers of the indigent. In 1740, the parliament of Paris ordered that the curates, churchwardens, and leading (*notables*) parishioners should meet at the parish board to provide relief, and should make out two lists, one of the poor and another of the householders (*habitans*), and the latter were to be forced to contribute according to their means; and, if need were, recourse might be had to an additional levy of king's taxes. The pauper's right to be inscribed on the list of the poor, if such a right existed, seems to have been ascertained by the laws against beggars, which, as we have seen, empowered the police to confine beggars to their birthplaces; the difficulties resulting from such management being doubtless eluded by the habitual irregularity with which public business was transacted. In the rest of France the practice of forced contribution was gradually abandoned; only a faint show of it was kept up in Paris. In 1783, according to a writer of that day,\* the *bourgeois* or better sort paid annually from thirteen to twenty-six sols, and the wealthiest only fifty. The National Assembly referred the subject of indigence to a committee, whose report, although followed by no measures of importance, is worthy of remark, from its stating, in loose but intelligible language, that the "right" of the poor to relief was a "national debt." The committee like-

\* Mercier, *Tableau de Paris*.

wise reported that relief was a *national* and not a *local* charge, on the ground of inequality of pressure, and proposed that the revenues of all charitable institutions—hospitals and the like—should form a single fund, distributable amongst the departments according to their wants; the deficit to be supplied out of the king's taxes. The money was to be applied towards maintaining hospitals, succouring paupers at their dwellings, and instituting *ateliers de charité*, or establishments of various sorts, where the poor might find work, which, according to the notions of the day, was supposed to be creatable at pleasure. In spite of its disorderly philanthropy, the Assembly was alarmed at this new "national debt," and let the matter drop; but the Convention was less timorous. By a law of 19th of March, 1793, it solemnly recognised this "national debt." Hospital and other charity property was to be sold for the state. "Plus d'aumônes, plus d'hôpitaux!" said the reporter Barrère: "c'est la vanité sacerdotale qui créa l'aumône!" The poor were to be relieved out of the national property and public revenue. By another law, of 26th of June, 1794, a book of "national beneficence" was to be opened, in which each department was to have the right of entering about 1000 names of paupers, (*patriotes indigens*), who were to have yearly pensions of from 160 to 60 francs, whilst relief was to be granted *per capita* for all children above a certain number in each poor family. Honorific annuities of 120 francs were awarded to unmarried mothers, (*filles-mères*), for their services in giving children to the state. It is needless to say that the only part of these projects put into execution was the order for the disposal of hospital property, much of which was sold. The laws of the Convention were repealed by a law of 27th of November, 1796, and the hospital property remaining unsold was restored to those establishments.

The existing institutions for giving public relief are,—1. *Hôpitaux*, or sick hospitals. 2. *Hospices*, or hospitals for the aged, infirm, foundlings, and the like. And, 3. *Bureaux de bienfaisance*, or charity boards for administering the means of subsistence to the poor at their homes. The sick hospitals may be passed by; for, although the relief which they afford is for the most part gratuitous—we shall allude to their revenues presently—yet so large a portion of the patients, particularly according to the habits of France, do not belong to the strictly indigent population, that it would be impossible to ascertain their real bearing upon pauperism. The inmates of the *hospices* are all paupers, with the exception of a small number who pay pensions for their admission. In 1834, (*Rambuteau*, 69,) the number in the Paris endowments, exclusive of foundlings, was 13,737; the mean number at one time about 9500, and the total yearly expenditure, 3,050,159 fr.,

or about 13*l.* each. Of the majority of the *hospices* in the departments, and, we may add, of the sick hospitals, no account exists, or, at best, the items are for the most part buried in the unattainable and inscrutable budgets of the *préfets*. Such of them as have 100,000 francs of income appear in the accounts of the ministers of the interior or of commerce, according to the changes of ministerial arrangement, and would seem to exist in fifty-eight of the principal cities, and to lodge 26,000 inmates. Of the foundling hospitals we have more information; and as they bear on our bastardy laws, we may dwell on them at greater length. The virtual foundation of the vast establishment at Paris took place in 1670. During its early years, the number of infants annually received was restrained within certain limits. In the first year it was 312; in 1680, 890; and in 1700, 1600. But in the following century the progression was more rapid. In 1740, it had advanced to 3150; in 1750, to 3789; in 1760, to 5032; and in 1780, it exceeded 7000. During the latter period, 2000 children annually arrived from the provinces round Paris by the hands of the common carriers; and of these, nine out of ten died during the journey, or shortly after reaching the hospital. It is needless to render an account of the various measures taken for the governance of these institutions. They sometimes succeeded in relieving particular hospitals from unequal pressure, but they entirely failed in diminishing the whole number exposed. Their present organization took place in 1811. Napoleon was possessed with the old fancy for encouraging population, and in that view he ordered a foundling hospital to be established in each *arrondissement*. A *tour*, or turning shelf, was to be adapted to the exterior wall, upon which the depositor was to place the infant; a bell, suspended for the purpose, was to be then rung; upon which the sister of charity, or guard, was to turn the shelf from within, and receive the deposit. By this contrivance, the modesty of the depositor, who was supposed to be generally of the female sex, was meant to be protected. The paternity of the child was excluded from investigation, and likewise the maternity, unless at the instance of the woman alleging herself to be the parent. The regulations for the nurture and apprenticeship of the children resemble those in similar institutions and adopted for parish children, except one (now abolished) for placing the male adults at the disposal of the minister of war, to be *used* as soldiers. At the same time, the new penal code was furnished with highly penal provisions against child-dropping and killing, and voluntary abortion (art. 302, 317, 349). Napoleon's plan has received its appropriate reward. Child-murder still maintains its usual proportion to other homicides; for it is not poverty, but

shame, that prompts to the practice; and neither hospitals nor the abominable machinery of secret midwifery\* can conceal pregnancy. In 1809, the number of foundlings in France was 69,000. Since the measure of 1811 it has advanced to 84,500 in 1815; to 102,100 in 1820; to 119,900 in 1825; to 125,000 in 1830; and during the last four years it has advanced with a still more remarkable acceleration. At Paris, the proportion of foundlings to births was as 1 to 10; it is now little less than 1 to 4. The number of foundlings in that hospital at the end of 1833, was 17,433; the number received in 1834, was 5693: making a total of 23,126. Thanks to the improvements in the treatment of infants, the wholesale infanticide so justly imputable to these institutions† (founded, be it kept in mind, to prevent child-killing by retail) has decreased. In 1780, the mortality during the first year was eight out of ten; at present, it is reduced to a trifle above seven out of ten; the average infant mortality of France, during the same age, being a trifle above four out of ten. We have no means of ascertaining the existing number of these hospitals, but there is hardly a department without a specific establishment or adequate accommodation in *hospices* of another character. The expense has advanced in a parallel proportion to the numbers. It amounts at present to 11,500,000 francs per annum; the Paris institution alone costing, last year, 1,731,239 francs. A useful inquiry might be made into the effect of these establishments on the married—a point on which we are only able to repeat a general, and, as we believe, a well-grounded suspicion that a large share of the children exposed are of legitimate birth. If we may trust a Report of the Academy of Sciences upon the work of a French statistician,‡ the legitimate children form *one-half*. “Nous observons,” says the reporter, “que parmi ceux qui sont venus à l’hospice (à Paris) il n’y a peut-être pas moins d’enfans provenant des nœuds légitimes que des fruits de l’inconduite \* \* \*. Sur dix enfans naturels portés sur les registres de l’état civil, quatre seulement avaient été abandonnés par leurs parens.” This reasoning would be conclusive, if it could be shown that all the children came from the locality to which the numbers refer, which is doubtful, as is seen by what has been stated concerning the arrivals by the common carriers. \* \* \* “Ce qui nous paraît prouver,” continues the reporter, “ce qu’on vient de dire, c’est que le nombre des enfans apportés à l’hospice est beaucoup plus grand en hiver qu’en

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\* See Rousseau's Confessions, ii. 7.

† The mortality is least in the Paris hospital, and greatest in the Dublin.

‡ M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf.

“été, et dans les années de disette que dans celles de l’abondance.” It may be questioned, nevertheless, whether the peculiar evils created by the bastardy laws, before the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act, were not more formidable, in many respects, than those resulting from these institutions; for, if each department possesses one of these hot-beds, with us each parish furnished the same encouragement, by giving the female parent the security of Bridewell against the male. A curious inquiry might be made into the comparative frequency of illegitimate birth in the two countries. We doubt whether it would turn out to our own advantage. The average proportion in France is as 1 to 13.164; but it varies (almost in the same ratio as the density of the population) from 1 to 23 to 1 to 2½. A second inquiry might be made into the number of children left chargeable to parishes by runaway parents, so as to form a second parallel with the practice of our neighbours.

But the institutions, specifically devoted to paupers, enumerated by M. de Villeneuve, are the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*. They owe their existence to the law of 27 Nov., 1796, already adverted to. According to that law, a board was to be established in each canton, to manage the hospitals, and also to make distributions among the indigent. The times were not favourable to putting the latter branch of the law into extensive activity, but the principle was not forgotten, and, on the first appearance of tranquillity, was eagerly recurred to by the consular government. In 1801, improvements were made in the regulations, and the system was realized in many of the principal towns. But these boards owe their present form and extension to the Restoration, the attention of the executive being forcibly drawn to the subject by the wide suffering that followed the reverses of 1814-15, and the contemporaneous failure in the harvest. According to the existing organization, in every considerable town, containing either an hospital or a *hospice*, a committee of management, composed of five of the principal inhabitants, under the presidency of the mayor, is appointed by the home minister, and, in the smaller towns, by the *préfet*. A charity board, composed in the same manner, is named for each canton and large city, if judged necessary by the local authorities. The committee and board can, and, in practice, generally do, unite in one body. The office is gratuitous. Each has its paid treasurer, and sometimes a treasurer in common, who is obliged to furnish deposit security, and to submit his accounts to an annual audit, by the council of prefecture. In Paris, where the difficulties are greater and more complicated, the mechanism is more extensive and minute. By an ordinance of the 2nd of July, 1816, a charity board is appointed in each of the

twelve wards (*arrondissemens*), consisting of the mayor of the ward, his adjuncts, or aids, the officiating priests, the protestant minister, (if any,) and twelve of the principal (notables) inhabitants, the latter of whom are named by the minister of the interior, and are annually renewable by a fourth. Each board has its paid secretary-treasurer, furnishing deposit security. And the twelve boards act independently of each other, but under the superintendence of the council which manages the hospitals and *hospices*.

The revenues of the charity boards are derived from the following sources, viz.: First—when acting in unison with the hospitals, they take all that can be spared out of the revenues of the latter, which, in their turn, consist of the income from hospital property, allowances from the town tolls (*octrois*), for the most part in the nature of an excise, tolls of markets, fines, and forfeitures in courts of justice, taxes on play tickets and public amusements, the profits of the *monts de piété*,\* money paid for admission, and arising from work done, by the inmates. Where no hospitals exist, the same revenues, or such of them as are available, are paid directly to the boards. Second—legacies, gifts, and the interest of savings. Third—church poor-boxes, and church-plates, public subscriptions, charity sermons, balls, and similar resources, as practised in England. And fourth—in cases of extreme necessity, a levy of an addition to the govern-

\* The *monts de piété* were introduced in the middle of the last century, but their present organization did not take place till the Year IX. Their object is to protect the poor against usury. They are confided to a division of the hospital boards, and are divided into central and branch establishments. Each is managed by a salaried director, who has the necessary subordinates for transacting the business of pawning, and both directors and their subordinates furnish deposit security. The capitals of the *monts de piété* are made up of the security deposits of the responsible persons employed in charitable institutions, and of borrowed money, for which they pay interest at four per cent. for the deposits, and from three to three and a half for loans. The Paris *mont de piété* borrows at three and a half per cent. The net profits are paid to the hospital treasury, and, last year, the Paris establishment yielded 281,970 francs. The interest on pledges varies in different places, and, in some degree, according to the wants of the hospitals. In Paris, it has lately been reduced from twelve to nine per cent. At Cambrai, it is fifteen; at Bergues, ten. In some places it is greater in the branch than in the central establishments; thus, at Lille, it is twelve per cent., and at Roubaix, and other places in that department, fifteen. There are certain go-betweens, who act ostensibly as agents to deposit and redeem pledges; but it would seem that their real business is to add to the loan of the *mont de piété*, but at an increased interest; securing themselves by a simulated purchase of the pawn ticket; and by these means, the pretended protection afforded by the monopoly is defeated. Clandestine pawning, without the intervention of the *monts de piété*, seems also to be extensively practised, notwithstanding the severity of the penal code (Art. 411), which inflicts from a fortnight's to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of from 100 to 2000 francs, on the lender. Strange as it may seem, it has been discovered that much of the pawning takes place to procure means for gambling in the petty lotteries. In 1829, it was remarked at Brussels, where the same institutions exist, that, when the lottery, termed the Genoese lottery, was suppressed in that city, the number of pledges during the succeeding five months, was less by 7,837, and of redemptions, more by 3,609, than in the corre-



ment taxes, under the name of *centimes additionnels*, sometimes made in and for a particular commune, and sometimes extending over a whole department. The government reserves to itself the right of judging of the cases requiring the local levies, and its rigour is such, that the amount annually levied for relief, including small surpluses of taxes accidentally remaining in the hands of the local tax-collectors, has hitherto not exceeded 2,000,000 francs. The portion of revenue yielded by each source may be understood by the following abstract of the last year's income of the fifth arrondissement at Paris, viz:—

	fr.	c.
From Hospital-board.....	72,851	69
Donations and collections .....	18,962	60
Poor boxes and church plates....	1,471	98
Interest of savings .....	665	72
Extraordinaries .....	563	34
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	94,522	33

of which about 33,000 francs would appear to be derived from the *octrois*, or public taxation. There was also a balance from the previous year of 22,727 fr. 78 c. (*Procès-Verbal*).

The principle by which the boards are guided in administering relief is the salutary—the indispensable one of VISITATION of the paupers at their own dwellings. The present practice is only an improvement on that which had been always followed in France, both by public and private charitable bodies. To carry it into effect, an indefinite number of visitors\* of both sexes, (*commissaires-visiteurs* and *dames de charité*),—in all about a thousand—voluntarily join the boards, but without the right of deliberation. We speak more particularly of Paris, but a similar practice prevails in the departments. Each arrondissement is subdivided into twelve quarters, and each quarter is placed under the superintendence of one of the board, and has its own resident visitors, varying in number from six to sixteen. The duties of such superintendent and his visitors are to visit

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spending five months of the previous year.† The chief objection to giving facilities to pawning, is identical with that against abolishing the usury laws, in so far as they respect persons under years of discretion, and the hospitals have often been reproached for obtaining money by such means. But it may be questioned whether restrictions, either on borrowers or lenders, can have any other effect than to worsen the situation of borrowers. And if pawning, gambling, dram-drinking, or other misconduct, cannot be stopped, why not force them to have their good side?

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† To add a note to a note, it appears, on the authority of M. Rambuteau, that, since the praiseworthy multiplication of the Paris savings' banks, since 1832, the deposits have increased from 3,643,000 francs in that year, to 17,269,226 francs in 1834; and that, during the same period, the pawning has decreased from 17,600,000 francs, to 10,711,423 francs; a fact which, although taken with due allowance for the intervening increase of employment, speaks strongly in favour of the banks.

new applicants, and report their cases to the board, and also to visit old applicants, to watch their conduct, the use which they make of the relief, and the state and number of their families. Relief is chiefly administered IN KIND,—another most important principle—and mostly through the medium of tickets upon the baker, butcher, &c., appointed in each quarter by the board. One or more medical dispensaries (*maisons de secours*) are kept up in each arrondissement, and served by some of the sisters of charity hired for the purpose.\* Relief IN MONEY is reserved for the aged and the infirm, with few exceptions. As the mode of relief is one of the most interesting features of the subject, we shall give, from the official account (*Procès-Verbal*), the divisions of expenditure in the fifth arrondissement last year. They confirm an account drawn up some years since by M. Degérando\* from private, and therefore disputable, sources of information of the combined expenditure of the twelve boards, an official account not being in existence.

In Kind.	fr. . c.	In Money.	fr. . c.
Bread, flour, meal, and broth	35,287 71	To persons above 70 and 80, or blind	22,292 0
Fuel	1,736 23	Allowance on vaccination, to sick nurses, and the like..	2,542 25
Clothing	22,961 36	Special allowance to various paupers.....	3,409 50
Lodging	250 0	Surplus, specific legacies, &c., chiefly given to the aged and infirm.....	6,701 80
Medicine	5,158 47		
Schooling	7,754 48		
	73,148 25		34,945 55

\* Total, 108,093 fr. 80 c.

The money allowance is made in addition to the relief in kind, and is fixed at present at eight francs per month for paupers above eighty; at five, for those above seventy; at five for the blind; and at three for the infirm; and the first three of these classes, as it would appear by the foregoing account, take more than two-thirds of the whole money-allowance. It may be added, that meat and broth are almost exclusively restricted to the same classes and to lying-in women.

The entire number of persons entered upon the lists of the Paris boards last year was 68,986, of whom 16,167 were men, 28,021 women, and 24,798 children; but it is understood† that more than one-third of the whole get themselves inscribed in order to have the power of sending their children to the charity-

boards' schools, or to be qualified as paupers for admission into the *hospices*, or for having the privilege of keeping street-stalls and baskets; so that the actual number relieved may be taken to be 45,000, and of these 15,836, or more than one-third, are above sixty years of age (*Etat Numérique, &c.*); an additional evidence of the caution exercised in the distribution.

The total expenditure of the same boards last year was 2,038,177 francs. We have not succeeded in discovering an account of the portion specifically destined for relief; but if an average be struck for all Paris, grounded upon what has been mentioned of the example of the fifth arrondissement (*Procès-Verbal, &c.*),\* we shall find that the total of the relief amounted to 1,793,337 francs. This sum would yield within a trifle of 38 francs for each pauper. But such an average must not be too much insisted on; for, in addition to the inequality in the rate of relief, according to age and the like, it should be stated that one-third of the whole receive only temporary succour, principally during the winter half-year.

The bright side of this mode of administering relief to the poor must have been easily visible to our readers. Relief is not founded on legal right; but is given and received in the form and with the feelings of charity. *Avoir recours à la charité*, is the popular expression for denoting an application to a charity-board, and is in striking contrast with the demand, at once insolent and abject, for parish-pay. The pauper is well impressed with the knowledge of the limited nature of the funds at the disposal of the boards. Penury alone is not a sufficient title for solicitation. He must still procure the countenance and interest of a visiter. And these causes, joined to the severe discrimination of the boards in ultimately granting the relief, have succeeded, at Paris, in checking the augmentation of the numbers succoured, contrary to the results of all other legal institutions for the assistance of the poor. One evidence of this is the disuse into which the still-existing law for sending the indigent to their birth-places has fallen, which would not have occurred if the pressure were much on the increase. Out of 3,347 adults relieved in 1834, in the fifth arrondissement, 2,196 were not of Parisian birth, and 179 not of French extraction.—(*Procès-Verbal, &c.*) But a stronger circumstance in favour of this system is the positive and undoubted decrease of applicants from 102,806, before the ordinance of 1816, to an average of 60,000, during several successive years up to 1830. The subsequent want of employment and the

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\* Schools, 7,754 fr. 48 c., Management, 12,648 fr. 42 c., = 20,403 fr. 30 c., to be deducted.

cholera have since given an increase to the number, but it is not expected to be permanent.—The virtues of the system will appear in a stronger light, if this permanency of numbers be compared with the shocking augmentation that we have adverted to in the children despatched to the foundling hospitals, which, to a certain degree, resemble in principle our own system of poor relief.

But the doubtful side of the French institutions must not be overlooked. In the first place, it is not clear that their operation, in Paris, gives a complete picture of Parisian pauperism or of its alleviations. Private charity acts widely. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur, &c.*) a single charitable association, strictly of a private nature, under the management of the clergy, and acting upon the same principles, and to some extent with the same machinery,\* as the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*, distributes at least *one half* as much as the latter. Various other private societies, as well as individual beneficence, are in extensive and abundant activity. And the effect produced by all ought to be known before it can be safely averred that the boards are a sufficient check upon applications. The suspicion here suggested is strengthened by what passes in the department of the North, where the paupers entered upon the lists of the charity-boards are in an enormously greater proportion than at Paris, whilst the proportion of aged and infirm, instead of comprising one-third of the number, extends to only one-seventh. A proportion of a sixth, or as at Lille a little more than a third of the inhabitants, as paupers, would almost seem to defy not only the good-will but the powers of proper gratuitous visitation, and M. de Villeneuve states that it is but little practised. \*

“ Ces sortes de fonctions, peu recherchées, ne sont guère exercées avec dévouement, que par l'effet d'un sentiment religieux assez fort pour braver tous les dégoûts et même les dangers qui les accompagnent. Ce degré de vertu est plus rare que la charité qui se borne à donner ; aussi se trouve-t-on obligé, le plus souvent, de s'en reposer, pour la distribution des secours, sur des agens officiels qui, sous le nom de *pauvrisseurs*, remettent directement l'argent ou les bons de pain, selon qu'ils le jugent convenable, d'après les listes d'indigens qu'ils ont la faculté de dresser sans contrôle. Ce n'est que dans un très petit nombre de paroisses que des sœurs ou des dames de charité distribuent des secours à domicile aux malades et aux indigens.”—vol. ii. p. 61.

A strong check is put upon the issue of funds from the public revenue, by the public authorities of the department. Out of

\* The *Maisons de Secours*.

945,985 francs distributed by the Bureaux de Bienfaisance only 220,985 francs proceeded from the government. But whether this restriction can be kept up, or whether the rigour of the existing system of succour can be maintained, may be questioned.

"Dans la plupart des communes," says M. de Villeneuve, "les fonds affectés aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, réunis aux produits des quêtes et des dons charitables, sont toujours insuffisants, surtout pendant la saison rigoureuse. Alors l'administration supérieure est assaillie, de la part des communes et des bureaux de charité, de demandes tendant à autoriser des impositions extraordinaires pour venir aux secours des pauvres. Dans plusieurs villes, en 1828 et 1829, on a même employé secrètement, à cet objet, des allocations destinées à d'autres services. L'impérieuse nécessité était le motif et l'excuse d'actes aussi irréguliers; ainsi la TAXE DES PAUVRES (Poor's Rate) s'est déjà forcément introduite, avec le PAUPERISME ANGLAIS, dans cette portion de la France. \* \* \* L'administration n'a cessé, surtout dans les années 1828 et 1829, d'opposer tous ses efforts au développement officiel de cette taxe. Mais en vain se déguise-t-elle sous le nom de travaux de charité ou de supplément de secours aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, son existence est consacrée de fait, et la force des choses a fait reconnaître le droit des pauvres à l'assistance publique. L'opinion générale, dans le département du Nord, est préparé à cette innovation dans la législation française. \* \* \* Les abus spéciaux à la taxe des pauvres en Angleterre se manifestent graduellement. On remarque que, dans les communes du département du Nord, le nombre des pauvres est toujours en rapport avec la quotité des fondations charitables."

And yet, observes M. de Villeneuve elsewhere, "la plupart des administrations de bienfaisance n'osent entreprendre aucun essai d'améliorations nouvelles, dans la crainte d'indisposer, par des innovations sans succès, une multitude en proie à toutes les horreurs du besoin."—vol. ii. pp. 61, 62.

Nor is the small progress which the system of charity-boards has made in the departments to be passed over. According to a French minister and economist,\* only thirteen departments, containing a population of 4,790,797—or about one seventh of the whole nation—have had recourse to them. And of these the number is said to be 583, and the expenditure only 1,045,653 francs; from which some have taken occasion to infer the happy state of the departments, and others the inefficiency of the boards, whilst both reason on a false basis, for their expenditure must be much greater, as may be seen by that of the boards of the single department of the North. The doubt excited by the neglect of the departments concerns rather the applicability of the system to the rural districts. How, it may be asked, can a cantonal board superintend the dispersed population of a district

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\* M. Duchâtel, *De la Charité*, p. 416.

twice as large as two average English hundreds? Or how can a sufficiency of competent or even willing visitors be found in the ordinary country population of France? On the latter point, M. de Villeneuve, speaking not only of the smaller communes but of considerable towns in the North, observes that

“ Les membres des bureaux de charité, ayant peu de tems à sacrifier aux soins et à la visite des pauvres, dont le nombre est excessif, trouvent plus commode de déterminer une allocation en argent, et quelquefois en pain, à des époques fixes; par mois ou par semaine.”—vol. ii. p. 59.

A greater obstacle in most districts is, we believe, the power to raise the *centimes additionnels*, at the call of an independent body, which is greatly and justly dreaded. Moreover, a board might be established, where tolls or endowments were to be managed, but would seem an undue interference where its resources, as would be generally the case, should be derived solely from charitable contribution.

A last, and not unimportant doubt, regards the sufficiency of the succour, which can be only cleared up by an inquiry into the local rate of living. The means of subsistence, in France, are cheaper, and the living in most respects of an inferior kind; rye, pulse and maize, with potatoes and other vegetable diet, forming 99-100ths of the Frenchman's food. Yet, even with this abatement, the average *quantum* of relief accorded seems out of all proportion with the measure necessary for the lowest scale of existence. The mean value of food distributed to each pauper last year, in the fifth arrondissement, (*Procès-Verbal*, &c.) was 6fr. 62c. (the Paris price of sixty-five pounds of the worst bread),—of fuel, 32c., and of clothing and bedding, 4 fr. 16c. But even this allowance is high, compared with the practice in the department of the North, where the average relief of all kinds, and without discrimination of classes, is only 5 fr. 42c., and in the arrondissement of Dunkirk only 4 fr. 22c. We are unwilling to give our own description of the destitute population of Paris, or of the more miserable *canuts* or silk-weavers of Lyons; but the following passage, abridged from M. de Villeneuve's work, may suffice—although somewhat obscure—for the manufacturing towns in the North; viz.—

“ The paupers consist of weavers, unable at times to support their families, and wholly chargeable to public or private charity in case of illness, scarcity or discharge from work; of workmen, ignorant, improvident, brutified by debauchery,\* or enervated by manufacturing

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\* Excessive gin-drinking, we have reason to know, prevails in all these towns as widely as in Manchester or Glasgow.

labour, and habitually unable to support their families; of aged persons, prematurely infirm, and abandoned by their children; of children and orphans, a great number of whom labour under incurable disease or deformity; and of numerous families of hereditary paupers and beggars, heaped together in loathsome cellars and garrets, and for the most part subject to infirmities, and addicted to brutal vice and depravity."

More than one-third of the Lille paupers are comprised in the four last classes; and if this arithmetic is correct, it cannot be readily understood how the relief given by the charity-boards can palliate such extensive privation. "*La mendicité s'exerce publiquement par des bandes nombreuses qui alarment les propriétaires isolés*" (vol. ii. p. 63); nevertheless, begging in company is an offence specially punishable with imprisonment from six months to two years: (*Code pénal*, art. 276.) The number of beggars is above 16,000, and forms a tenth of the indigent population.

"Nulle répression n'existe contre ce fléau. Il est, en effet, impossible de ne pas le tolérer là où l'on ne saurait donner du travail et un salaire suffisant aux indigens valides, ni des secours et un asile aux pauvres hors d'état de travailler."—p. 63.

Upon the whole, we suspect that the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* have earned more approbation, as well here as in France, than the extent of their institution, or our knowledge of their real working, justly deserve.

In the rest of France the only resource of the destitute is private charity, much of which is under the direction of the Catholic clergy, who, we believe, are the most active and judicious of all managers. Visitation is said to be generally observed; but a trustworthy account of their system, or of its extent or operation, is out of the question. That private charity, abundant as it is in France, is insufficient in most districts, is shown by the mass of beggary. In some, mendicancy is the only resource of half the poor;\* although in others, where, if its relative quantity is great, the absolute amount is small, it may be supposed to be rather the result of vagrant habits than of a deficiency in private charity.†

Several circumstances, and amongst them bad seasons, political disturbance, and our own discussions on the Poor Laws, have of late years drawn much public attention in France to the sub-

* Ile and Vainne:...	Poor, 35,355	.....	Beggars, 15,257
Finistère .....	34,200	.....	13,720
Côtes du Nord .....	34,778	.....	10,115.
† Creuse.....	Poor, 4,326	.....	Beggars, 2,000.

ject of pauperism; and plans have been brought forward, not only for reducing it, but for its entire extirpation. One of these is *Emigration*, which is strongly advocated by a portion of the public. The other is *Home Colonization*, and if we may trust a report made by the late minister, M. d'Argout, nearly three years since, but not followed by any practical effects, the latter is adopted by the government. Both call for a few observations.

The two systems would seem open, although in unequal degree, to a preliminary objection, which, if a true one, confines their practicability within very narrow limits. Emigrants or colonists, with the views in question, must, beyond all other settlers, belong to the classes that can labour. But, if we dissect the pauper population, we shall find that this condition is for the most part impossible, from the nature of its constitution. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur des Pauvres*), the pauper population of Paris is composed as follows; viz.—

In a mean hundred, there are of

Men, married .....	16,0
Widowers .....	1,7
Single men .....	0,7
Women, married .....	6,9
Widows .....	13,5
Single women .....	3,4
Children, living with their parents . . . .	48,7
Paupers without description .....	9,1

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That is, nearly *one-fourth* are women, and *one-half* children; and the *Etat Numérique*, as already mentioned, shows that of the 68,986, one-fourth are above sixty years of age, and a large portion are infirm.\* What proportion, it may be asked, remains for practicable emigration or home-settling, after deducting the unavailable parts? The reader will readily guess.

It is unnecessary to examine the subject of emigration or the mode in which it might be practised; but, even if it be considered as advantageous, a colony is still wanting. Algiers is pointed to by the emigrationists. But as of all emigrants those who ought to be the least exposed to danger, trouble or loss, are resourceless, undisciplined paupers,—so, of all territories, Algiers, by the confession of all who have investigated the affairs of that possession, offers the least security for person or property. Nests of weavers, beggar-women and children, tilling

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\* M. Degérando's analysis does not perfectly agree with the *Etat Numérique*; the latter exhibits more men and fewer children, but a much larger number of women.



the arid plain of the Metidja under the Bedoween rifles, may form a pleasing landscape in the eyes of over-fervent philanthropists, and even answer the ends of scheming land-jobbers; but common sense will say, that to perpetrate such economics would be throwing money away, and sending the paupers to almost certain extermination.

The *home-colonization* is not so easily disposed of. In old and peopled countries, where property and industry are tolerably free from restraints, waste lands are not susceptible of profitable culture, unless under peculiar circumstances, which, because they are peculiar, call for the severest scrutiny. An unfavourable suspicion therefore attaches itself *à priori* to these colonies, which is strengthened in no small degree, when it is considered that in France the cultivation is not to be carried on under the only motive that has ever succeeded in drawing a profit from business exposed to open competition, private interest, but under the management of the government. Examples, even when successful, are to be little relied upon; for minute differences—more important under such circumstances than in ordinary situations—may prevent successful imitation. But even the examples themselves would seem—as to one of the two solitary cases cited, to be enveloped in obscurity—and, as to the other, to exhibit a signal failure, although both were distinguished from the French project, by being worked by private companies from motives of profit. M. de Villeneuve, who visited the Dutch and Belgic settlements, furnishes a description that is so singularly incomplete and unsatisfactory, that we are obliged to have recourse to another economist,\* to whose account M. de Villeneuve also refers us. According to M. de Pommeuse, (p. 89,) the debtor and creditor account for the colony of *Frederick's Oord*, in North Holland, for the year 1829, stands thus,

Cr.	Florins.	Dr.	Florins.
For board and lodging of paupers found- lings, &c. by con- tract with hospitals, &c. per annum. . . .	235,000	Interest on capital bor- rowed, 3,800,000 florins . . . . .	190,000
Rent for cottage farms . . . . .	20,000		
Subscriptions . . . . .	* 35,000		
	<u>290,500</u>		

This statement exhibits a great balance; but our readers will observe that there is no item for expenses of management, sala-

\* M. Huerne de Pommeuse, *Des Colonies Agricoles*, 1832.

ries, repairs, replacing stock and utensils, or losses; an omission which deprives it of all trustworthiness.\* And, as if this were not sufficient, M. de Pommeuse sets down such uncertain receipts, as pauper-paid rent and voluntary subscriptions, as parts of a regular income. On turning to his estimate of the profit and loss of the cottage-farms—(too long for our pages)—for the purpose of ascertaining their capabilities for maintaining the paupers—we find the items calculated with a regularity and nicety well known to be impracticable in agricultural concerns. M. de Pommeuse avers that his estimate is grounded on the mean profit and loss of all the farms during “several years;” but a collective average of this description is totally inadmissible under such extraordinary circumstances, which require an account from each farm, in order that it may be seen whether their profits and losses are equal in all, or whether—as we suspect—the losses of the great portion are not compensated by the extraordinary returns of a few possessing peculiar advantages. The suspicions excited by the mysterious defects in the statements of MM. de Villeneuve and de Pommeuse are strengthened by the recent fate of the other of the two examples. The Belgian colonies—which received as much eulogy from those gentlemen as those of Holland—have been recently abandoned, at the end of fourteen years’ existence, loaded with a debt of two or three hundred thousand florins.

M. de Villeneuve takes great pains to show the feasibility of home-colonization in France, where wastes abound, the climate admits of more varied produce, and the original outlay would be less, from greater cheapness, than in Holland. His views *may be true*, but, unless he succeeds in every instance in proving the practicability of the scheme, the “original sin” of waste-cultivation will adhere to it in the eyes of prudence.

But it must not be omitted, that a deficiency in profit, or even a positive loss, is not sufficient for the condemnation of such establishments. Either must be weighed against the expense of existing modes of relief, the public inconvenience of pauperism, and its injuriousness to the working people; and in this respect, home-settlements may peradventure be best confided to the government.

It has been urged against them, that they would give an undue

\* The company borrowed its capital on condition of repaying it by an annual sinking fund of 190,000 florins, which even according to this account would leave a deficit of 89,500 florins. To supply this, M. de Pommeuse composes a fund, 1st, of the rent already once counted; and 2dly, of the net profit of the farms, which belongs not to the company, but to the tenants; a whimsical blunder, characteristic of a sanguine projector.

impulse to population, by making, on one side, a void in the labour-market that would encourage the breeding of fresh labourers, and by breeding, on the other, additional labourers in the colonies themselves. The objections are not without weight. But upon the first it may be observed, that they would only take off unoccupied labourers, and the absence of these would not leave a void in the supply of occupied labour, as this objection erroneously supposes. Whether the occupied labourers remaining would not breed *fresh paupers* is another question; and, if put forth as an objection, must not be urged so much against the colonies in particular as against pauper-relief in the abstract. The second objection is mainly of the same nature, and fails to show that the colonies would breed more additional labourers than other modes of relief. The example of the Irish cotter-system is pointed to; but does the Irish peasant breed because of his cot; or does he not take his cot because his breeding prevents him from doing better? Is not the cot effect, and not cause—the cause being improvidence? Besides, examples of a directly contrary nature may be found in France and other parts of Europe, where the *petit culture* or cottage-farm system successfully prevails, whilst in England the paupers are most numerous where farms are largest. Overbreeding is not to be checked by the form in which property is distributed, but by proper habits and acquirements in the population, and it is in no wise apparent that these cannot be successfully imparted in agricultural colonies under proper management. Perhaps it would not be going too far, to maintain that overbreeding is in the same ratio as the means of existence are uncertain. The class living on wages in towns is notoriously prolific. Whether the home-colonies can be successfully managed with these views will be partly determined by the results of the new system of direction adopted for our own workhouses.

The leading difficulty is the inapplicability of home-colonization to the great majority of paupers, and on this account the system of well-ordered workhouses, in spite of many unfavourable features, would seem preferable.

The extirpation of pauperism is a dream; a great reduction is all that can be reasonably desired or expected. In the far largest and happiest portion of France, there is not room for extensive reduction; perhaps it is not much desired. But there are other parts, as we have seen, where a change would appear unavoidable, and, it is to be hoped, will be successfully accomplished.

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**ART. IX.—*L'Angleterre, La France, La Russie, et La Turquie.*  
Paris, 1835.\***

NOTWITHSTANDING the all-absorbing interest of the questions relative to our internal policy now under discussion, public attention has been turned to the actual state of our foreign relations with an earnestness hitherto almost unknown. We hail this circumstance as a happy omen: such is the intelligence of a British public, that, we doubt not, when once engaged to study the question, a solution will be found of all the difficulties with which it seems at present beset. We must, however, declare that the question is as yet little understood by the majority; and we lament that the moment chosen for discussing it, and even learning what it is exactly that is to be apprehended, is one when circumstances imperatively call for decision and instant action. The public perceive that a crisis is at hand. They feel that we are on the eve of one of those momentous events which give a name to eras in history, and that, unless a course of foreign policy be adopted by our ministers, far different from that which has been pursued of late years, a gloomy morning will arise when we shall find the established order of things violently changed, not for the better but frightfully for the worse, and the balance of power destroyed. We are aware that this phrase has, of late years, been so indefinitely used that its import has been weakened. But if our readers will take the trouble of a moment's reflection they will find that it implies neither more nor less than the maintenance of the independence, and even political existence, of the states forming the European confederacy. If, then, we can show that the balance of power is at present in danger, we think we shall have made good our position, that it is to the interest of every state in Europe, but especially of England, which holds such a commanding station, to do the utmost to avert a catastrophe pregnant with such awful consequences.

The quarter whence we look for this catastrophe is too obvious to require mention.—It cannot escape the most careless observer of passing events that it is Russia.—It is no less obvious that this catastrophe is consequent on the occupation by that ambitious and uncivilized power of the commanding position of Constantinople,—consequent on her taking into her own hands the important passage of the Dardanelles and rendering herself, *then for the first time, really inaccessible and invulnerable*, capa-

\* It may be right to mention that the pamphlet to which this title belongs, is of English origin, being a translation. We trust that the great importance of the political question which it affords occasion to discuss will be a sufficient apology for a slight deviation from the general practice of this Review.—EDITOR.

ble of turning at her leisure against the states of Europe her formidable means of aggression and subversion.

After all that has been left on record by the most enlightened statesmen of every country—after all that has been written in books, pamphlets, and reviews—it were needless to occupy our pages with proving that Russia entertains designs incompatible with the tranquillity and independence of Europe—that she does exercise powerful and hitherto almost uncontrolled agency in the furtherance of these designs—that she pursues them with perseverance and undivided attention—that she looks on the possession of Turkey and the subjugation of Persia not as an end, but as the means of attaining an end. But there are points connected with these designs, which must be brought home to the mind, before we can appreciate their object and our critical position. While the designs, the views, and progress of Russia are on all hands admitted, the admission is deprived of its practical utility in various ways; as if men sought refuge in fallacies, to save themselves from being obliged to follow out reasonings that lead to inevitable conclusions, but which they dread to arrive at. Some think Russia too weak to be feared, and deem that no danger can accrue to the civilization and power of Europe from designs entertained by a poor and savage state. They conceive that it is impossible for her to consummate the acquisition of Turkey so as to draw from it financial, commercial, or military resources; that the possession of Constantinople will destroy the power she actually possesses, and tend to the dismemberment of her empire, although it does appear somewhat a gratuitous supposition that the increase of strength should have a tendency to weaken. Few, very few, can appreciate the real value of Constantinople, because the want of centralization of the power that at present holds it prevents its importance from being injuriously felt. Fewer still can appreciate the danger impending over our Indian possessions, because they have only taken into consideration a danger which does not exist, viz. a military expedition through a country impracticable for her; we say impracticable, as we want to make out an *a fortiori* case.

We are aware that this expedition is not considered so impracticable by enlightened travellers who have gone over the ground: still we maintain that this expedition will never take place, because, uncalled for, Russia is not led astray by romance; she does not strike a blow when it can be done for her by others. Her every motion is the result of calculation; and she knows that she has only to establish a military camp at Herát to turn to account those solvents which she has found so successful elsewhere, and to avail herself of those means, which, with a fore-

seeing eye, she has already created. She will not attempt to expel us with her own hand, she will render India too hot for us to maintain our position there. If then Russia can gain a useful possession of Turkey, possess herself of all the advantages of the occupation of the Dardanelles, render herself thereby invulnerable,\* at the same time accumulating unlimited means of aggression within these straits; if, by their possession, she can establish a paramount influence over the German states on the one hand, effect on the other the subjugation of Persia, convert into obedient vassals the potentates of central Asia, direct the resources of Turkey against Europe and the Mediterranean, march her armies, to use the words of her own journalist, by Constantinople to Paris, if the king of the French should prove refractory; and turn the resources of Persia against our possessions in India:†—then, indeed, these designs assume a very different and momentous character, and that progress demands our most immediate and solicitous attention. However the incredulous may smile, we assert with confidence, that these consequences *are directly deducible* from the occupation of Turkey and the Dardanelles by Russia. Having so much matter to compress into a short review we must content ourselves with assuming this, and referring such of our readers as are unwilling to take our *ipse dixit*, to the able and eloquent pamphlet, the title of which stands at the head of this article; where they will find these positions maintained with argument capable of overwhelming all scepticism on the subject.

While some believe Russia to be too weak to give cause for alarm, others deem it hopeless to oppose her progress at least in the East. They believe her to be possessed of overwhelming

\* Mons. Dupin, speaking of this power, and taking it for granted that she is invulnerable at present, continues to observe, "such being the case, who can doubt that her means of aggression are irresistible!"

† Such is the view that the able Member for Westminster, in his work on the Designs of Russia, takes of the consequences of the occupation of Constantinople by that power. It has seldom been our lot to meet with a work which, in the main, followed out its reasonings with such precision. We regret that the gallant Colonel has not since pursued the subject. We would suggest as a possible cause, that he felt one weak point in his argument. His design was to keep the Russians out of Constantinople, and the way which he proposes must have appeared to his logical mind, on more mature reflection, too chimerical, viz. the creating of a confederation of separate and independent states to oppose the progress of a power so artful in promoting dissensions. He had to learn that the Turkish empire possesses all the elements of political strength and organization within herself, if allowed to develop them; and, considering that nothing could be proposed to save the East from the grasp of Russia, abandoned the subject in despair. But where the gallant Colonel felt his weakness, there in truth lay his chief strength of argument, and the chief attractions of the question; the nationality and the restoration of Turkey are the very knot that binds together the otherwise divided parts of this great question.

strength, and her neighbours too weak to make any effectual resistance. If allowed to state the case in our own way, we, in part, coincide with both. While the Dardanelles are Turkish she is weak, and trembles even for her own existence; once possessed of the keys of her house, as the Emperor Alexander designated these straits, her power is irresistible.

The practical question for England is, whether she can prevent Russia from obtaining the means of becoming so powerful, and how? To answer this, we must study the power itself. The details of the last war form a sufficient basis for our investigations. It is a notorious fact, that its results would have been far different, had not Turkey been put under a political ban,—had she received one word of encouragement from any of the European states—nay, had not the departure of our ambassadors made her imagine that she was at war at once with three great European powers; and lastly, had not her fleet been destroyed at Navarino. During the campaign of 1828, the armies of Russia were beaten, and chiefly (as the Turks had no force to meet them in the field) from the want of the means of transport. It was in 1829, after she had covered the Black Sea with transports, that she was able to supply her troops with provisions by sea—an event which, every one knows, could not have happened, had the Turkish fleet been still in existence. Notwithstanding this advantage, such is the innate defect in the organization of her commissariat that her troops were in a wretched condition, and driven to commit excesses in the provinces, which have completely weaned from her the minds of the peasantry there. In spite of the news with which Russia furnished us of her daily victorious progress and the triumphs of her arms,—a false glare with which she thought to disguise her internal weakness,—we well know that she herself despaired of terminating the war with success, and that a Prussian General was dispatched to Constantinople, to negotiate there the least ignominious treaty he could procure for her. It was then that General Diebitsch bethought him of a rapid passage across the Balkan, and of an attack, or rather feint, on Adrianople, from which he hoped to derive only better terms.

The attempt, which was rather a diplomatic than a military manœuvre, was justifiable only from its having succeeded beyond all expectation. Yet the position of Count Diebitsch was eminently critical. Ten thousand Russians alone were effective, while a body of thirty thousand Albanians occupied the mountains, and would have cut them off to a man, had not the treaty come opportunely to rescue them from annihilation. The diplomacy exhibited, while Adrianople was in their hands, was sufficiently crafty. The inhabitants were daily alarmed by the sounds

of drums and fifes, and news came to Constantinople that every day new troops were pouring into the town, consequently that communications were open. No such thing! These were troops marched out by one gate and in by another, after having made the circuit of the town!

How did England behave on this occasion? Our representative at Constantinople, having neglected to inform himself of the true state of things, laboured to bring about peace, and effected his object just at a moment when the Porte was awakening from its panic, and prepared to view matters in their true light.\* How Russia rejoiced at this ignorant activity on our part, so opportune for her, we may gather from this incident. Our admiral was at the Dardanelles, watching the motions of the Russian admiral, who every day expected to hear that England had declared war against his government. He was in bed, *indisposed*, when a young lieutenant came to inform him that the preliminaries of peace had been already agreed on. He jumped up in his shirt, and in this plight embraced him.

If the facts of that campaign be not sufficient to show the physical weakness of Russia, shall we adduce the Polish war? How can we reason with men determined not to yield when plain facts are stated to them? But, if we may assume it as proved that Russia, after having had every advantage in her favour—the material assistance of England and France at Navarino—the moral support after,—having put forth all her military resources, having terminated just at that time her war with Persia to prevent her forces and attention from being divided by having to cope with two enemies at once,—after all this, if she made such a poor fight,† what shall we say of her physical power! Where then shall we find the secret of the immense influence she exercises in the councils of Europe? Does it not lie in her diplomacy?—in the adroitness with which she avails herself of favouring circumstances?—in her talent for intrigue?—in her unscrupulous use of any means in her power, of delusion and misrepresentation?—in the blindness of those powers interested in opposing her, who confide in her assurances of moderation and disinterestedness, when, at the very moment, her actions show that she is animated only with an insatiable desire of conquest?

We have only to turn to a few passages of her history, to show that our positions are correct, viz. that her main strength lies in

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\* It is an extraordinary fact that, as one of our Ambassadors by precipitately leaving Constantinople brought on the war, so the violent anxiety of another of our representatives for peace prevented the Turks from terminating it successfully.

† Mohammed Ali, after the Turkish war, said, "I thought before that Russia was something; I now perceive that in herself she is contemptible."



the admirable organization of her diplomacy. Let us see how she turns to account different circumstances in her favour, at the same time setting at defiance any thing like consistency or principle. In our struggle with Napoleon she played between the two rivals, and was aggrandized by both.\* Her behaviour in the affair of the Greek revolution, and the unscrupulous manner in which she intrigued to acquire a precedent for interference in the internal administration of Turkey, we give in the impressive language of the pamphlet before us.

"Russia creates the Greek insurrection, denounces it to the Porte, and offers to assist in quelling it; then menaces war in consequence of the severe measures taken by the Porte—spreads the revolt by these menaces, publicly notified by the departure of her ambassador, brings about the hostility between Turkey and Christendom, which she deplures, makes herself be entreated by England to enter the alliance, settled by the Treaty of July—obtains the important advantages of the convention of Akermann, by renouncing, in favour of Turkey, all further interference in the affairs of Greece—is then permitted by her allies to seize that inestimable moment, when Turkey was apparently at the last gasp, for making war, *that she might bring about the settlement of the affairs of Greece.*"

Still more recently, after advocating liberal opinions with regard to Greece, after menacing Austria in her southern states with propagandism, and infusing into the military colonists of Hungary a desire of innovation, she turns round and puts herself at the head of the parties that oppose change in every country where a struggle between liberal and anti-liberal opinions affords her hopes of being able to agitate; what does she gain by this? merely spies and partizans every where.\* The Empress Catherine made it a pretext for interfering in the internal arrangements of Poland, that the professors of the Greek religion did not enjoy equal privileges with the Roman Catholics. She deprecated the intolerance, as she states in her manifesto, of this church. The maxim laid down by her is the path in which the present Emperor treads; and yet, in 1830, Russia steps forward to protect the pope, whom revolutionized France had abandoned, and doubtless with the same benevolent intentions that actuated her (after offering her services to the Porte to quell the Greek insurrection) to become the advocate and protectress of Greece, and to take up arms in her defence.

But let us bring our views nearer home: while coquetting in this country with the conservative party, and professing to be

\* Monsieur St. Denis, when French agent in Greece, declared that he could not write home his real sentiments of Capodistria, as some members in the cabinet were in the habit of sending his letters for Capodistria's inspection.

anxious to see those men restored to power who advocated the necessity of the Anglican church being dominant in these united realms, her intrigues have been more than suspected in Ireland with repealers, and those who would overthrow there the church by law established. Were we, to mention her intrigues between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan, the numerous schemes she has suggested to the Porte, and betrayed when adopted to the Viceroy of Egypt, this article would swell to a volume.

Let us now turn to her powers of mystification and misrepresentation. Can we forget the answer given to a Pole (quoted in the House of Commons the other night by a noble Lord) who had returned to his native country relying on the promised amnesty. "The amnesty is for Europe, Siberia for you." This reminds us of Capodistria's constitution for Greece, and of the explanation given of it by this double-faced diplomatist, a fitting personification of Russian policy: "This constitution is to satisfy Europe, my will must pass current here." Are further proofs necessary? What can better illustrate this point than the zeal with which her partizans advocate, at Constantinople, and in this country, and in every country of Christendom, the necessity of maintaining strictly the *status quo*. We must inquire what is this *status quo*, and whether it is a *status quo* in sense as well as sound, and how long Russia will be disposed to maintain it. The answer is short. The actual position of Turkey admits of no *status quo*. She cannot remain where she is. If England will step forward and remove the incubus of Russia, she will stand "redeemed, regenerate, and disenthralled." She will require aid but once, and then she will be able to stand alone. But, if England remains inactive, Russia will not—she will go on overturning every impediment; she will go on extinguishing every feeling of nationality which opposes her aims at present, until the Turk in despair yields to his *kismet*, and Constantinople, with its dependencies and the straits, falls without a struggle into the arms of Russia. It is then that the Russian *status quo* will end. We envy not the situation of the man, whoever he may be, that shall be at the helm of affairs in this country when that crisis shall arrive. We may think that popular feeling may be too strong. He will be made responsible not only for his own want of sagacity and political courage, but also for the accumulated errors of his predecessors in office. Yet popular frenzy will not be disposed to make these allowances; and let it be noticed too, that Russia, by her preparations, shows that she considers the crisis at hand.

But we must examine what are the chances of Russia's being dispossessed of Constantinople when once there. As to the

assertion, that when this comes to pass her empire will be dismembered, we hold it to be too theoretical to attempt to reason on the subject. However strong the feelings existing in the Turks, which will favour us in our work of emancipation, we must not expect their co-operation then. This is so ably stated by the writer under review that we give the extract entire, and this passage, drawing a parallel between Turkey and Poland, we consider not the least striking part of the work.

"Here, then, are remarkable contrasts between the facilities of occupying Turkey and Poland.

"In Turkey, there are no religious wars, to call in a moderator; but there are separations of sects, which preclude combination against a possessor. There are no struggles of political principles, to call in an arbiter; but there is absence of all political principle and organization, to resist a possessor. There is no turbulent diet, to paralyse the best measures of defence; but there is a government, so weak as not to be able to defend its empire, and therefore weak enough to become the subservient instrument of its military occupier. There are no reckless serfs, to be restrained by physical force; but there is a nation of small proprietors, whose social habits and domestic virtues make it their first interest to preserve order and tranquillity.

"In Poland, there was a class powerfully rich, and a mass wretchedly poor—extremes which touch revolution on both sides. In Turkey, there is neither great wealth, nor pauperism; but a middle state, too weak to unite from ambition, too well-off to coalesce from desperation. In Poland, these general principles produced individual revolutionary dispositions, ever ready to discover, or even suppose, causes of discontent. In Turkey, the contrary principle produces a docility in the dispositions of each individual, that inclines them not only to submit to wrongs, but to overlook them. In Poland, every man was a Pole—was actuated by the feelings of a Pole—rallied by the cry of country—belonged to Poland. In Turkey, there is no watchword, no country—every man belongs to his village.

"The abuses of Turkey interest no class in their defence; they proceed merely from the faulty administration, and offer the occupying or protecting power means of conciliating universal confidence, by correcting them.

"Turkey is not an inland country, but a maritime country—not surrounded by seas, but bisected by the sea; its capital cleft into three parts by the sea, its communications intercepted by the sea; and this sea not only commanded by the occupying power, but as exclusively her's as if it were an inland lake."

If we neglect the time when we shall find the Turks our cordial co-operators, shall we, or the other European powers, be the more disposed to sacrifice an ignominious peace for a war, in which the odds will be so fearfully against us, and the contest must be carried on, at great expense, by land, where the blow

can now be struck by sea. But our honour will be concerned. Is not our honour concerned now? Is it the interest of England to preserve the Turkish empire? Lord Chatham answered, Yes. If so, must not it be maintained independent? And yet treaties dictated by Russia, and which she knows how to interpret as suits her own views, render the Sultan the vassal of the Emperor, and allow Russia to interfere in the internal regulations of Turkey. This right of interference she uses in a manner that shows that she looks on it only as a stepping-stone to Constantinople. She thereby widens the breach between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan. She forces on the Porte, by the powerful argument "*L'Empereur le veut*," measures calculated to irritate the minds of the people against their sovereign, or that have a tendency to demoralize and denationalize their intended victims; scattering dissensions with that art so peculiarly her's, either destroying those institutions that form materials for the regeneration of Turkey, or, as is more generally the case, undermining them. She has deeply studied the nature of these institutions, and therefore knows where to attack them. She is well acquainted with the character of the Turks, their feelings, and their trains of thought. She perceives where lies the mainspring of the resistance which prevents her from realizing her views at present on Constantinople. To destroy this resistance, she directs her efforts with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and this state of rapid, unchecked demoralization, is what Russia is permitted to call *status quo*. Nay, further, she has forced on the Porte an alliance, offensive and defensive, by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; which implies that, in case of a rupture, which every one but ourselves perhaps considers unavoidable, Turkey must oppose us, and while allowing a free egress to the Russian fleet, the doors are to be (if the treaty means anything) closed against us. Does not that treaty, in every feature, bear the stamp of an offensive treaty against us?

But if we be disposed to adopt energetic measures, what are our hopes of success? First, the Turks have not as yet lost their feeling of nationality, which was strongly marked in the recent affair of the medals. Nay, their very irritation against the Sultan proclaims this most emphatically. They are irritated against him, because they see an apparent cordiality existing between him and Russia.\* Apparent, we say, because we know that he sees not the moment when he can throw off the Russian yoke. To

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\* It was this feeling that aided Ibrahim Pasha in Asia Minor, Ibrahim Pasha gave out that he meant to march to Moscow, and thus gained partisans. We have heard this ourselves from the mouths of peasants who espoused Ibrahim Pasha's cause.

England he, as well as his subjects, look, as they looked before, for assistance; and when we knock at the Dardanelles for admittance to emancipate him, will he value treaties forced on him above our friendship? So far from their troops being, as in the last war, raw recruits, their discipline extorts the praises of all travellers who take into account the short time they have been learning. Their finances are in an improved condition, and the benefits of the reforms of the Sultan beginning to show themselves. The provinces are by no means disposed, as before, to receive the Russians as friends. They have seen them too near, and know that their only hope is in the Sultan's maintaining his ground at Constantinople. The Bulgarians and Armenians were well disposed towards the Russians in the last war. They were forcibly carried off with the army to Russia. They contrived to return, having learned, by contrast, the advantages they enjoyed under what they now call the mild rule of the Sultan. The Sultan has gained "golden opinions" from all the bodies of rayahs.

While thus the Sultan has acquired material strength since the war, has Russia been progressing? Are her finances in better order? Is her commissariat improved? Is speculation done away with? Has the propensity to thieving, which runs in the blood of every Russian *employé*, from the highest minister down to the lowest public drudge, been eradicated? That her military organization is no way improved, the results of the winter campaign in the Caucasus demonstrate. For forty years the Russians have endeavoured to subdue this independent and high-spirited population. At last, seeing a crisis at hand, and determined to get rid of this thorn in her side, she made mighty preparations. Every one foreboded the extermination of the Circassians; and yet what was the issue? The Russians are foiled; and the Kuban river still forms, as before, the boundary line, which a Russian cannot pass without exposing himself to the shot, the sabre, the rifle, or the arrow: and yet this fine people Russia unblushingly tells Europe is dependent on her. Will not these people become our auxiliaries? But, if we look more deeply, we shall find among her subdued vassals her most dangerous foes. The Crimean Tartars and other people about the Black Sea are wearied of Russian tyranny; Bessarabia knows too well what Russian thralldom is; the Georgians have repeatedly revolted against Russia, and are not less disposed to do so now. In fine, in what country that she has subdued is her tenure anything but precarious, as long as the Black Sea is open and they can co-operate with the enemies of Russian aggrandisement.

Shall we forego these advantages? When Russia has succeeded in closing this sea against us, we shall see cause to repent our apathy: it will be then too late. But while it is open we have but to speak the word; her own subjects will rise up, and, in the struggle for their own independence, will fight our battles. Nay, her very soldiery, into whom she has so carefully instilled the desire of conquest, whom she has taught to sigh for the possession of Constantinople, will turn their arms against her, when they see the prospect of soon realizing their fondest hopes vanish. Her empire will be convulsed from one extremity to the other; and the tide of desolation, with which she at present threatens civilized Europe, will be rolled back upon herself.

Such are the elements that exist in our favour: how then turn them to our account? how bring them into active operation? Are we called on to make great sacrifices and gigantic efforts, such as we made during our last war? Must we subsidize all the potentates, both great and small, in Europe and Asia? Must we send into the field mighty armies? Must we entail on posterity the ruinous consequences of a hard-fought struggle? Be it remembered, that we have not to cope with Napoleon, leading on the military people of France, but with a state which has been worsted, or nearly so, whenever engaged in the field, even with her feeblest neighbours, and which owes her success to delusion. It will cost us but one blow. And where is this blow to be struck? Is it not where Russia herself shows us, both by her words and actions, that she feels her weakness—that she is vulnerable.

"The Bosphorus is closed," says Nicholas, in his manifesto, 26th of April, 1828; "our commerce is annihilated." The declaration of war continues:—"The ruin of the Russian towns, that owe their existence to this commerce, becomes imminent, and the meridional provinces of the states of the Emperor lose the only outlet for their produce—the only maritime communication which can, in facilitating exchange, cause labour to fructify, and bear industry and riches."

And, as if fearful of still leaving us in the dark, Russia indicates the peculiarly vital point. She prepares a fleet in the Black Sea, and is fortifying *Sevastopol*. This is the tendon Achilles of the northern Colossus. We must, then, send an efficient naval force into the Black Sea, clear it of the Russian ships, and attack this vulnerable point. This will cost us less than years of demonstration, which have proved worse than fruitless—have rendered us ridiculous.

By this decided course we shall once more regain our character; and, while curbing the aggressive ambition of Russia, we shall once more call forth the plaudits of emancipated Europe.

We have one objection to answer:—Will not France oppose us? We are aware that her government may intrigue, and have a secret understanding with Russia, while we are vacillating and undecided. But will the French people endure that we should *glone* be the regenerators of Poland, and the vindicators of European independence? Will Austria side willingly with our enemy? One has only to cast one's eyes on the map, and look at her Gallician and Slavonian territories, to see how much she is interested in the humiliation of Russia.

In fine, let England put this question to herself:—Are her interests, involved in the solution of this question, of sufficient importance to justify a war? The answer must be decidedly in the affirmative. If so, there can be no question as to the time and scene of action. Not a shadow of doubt can remain on the mind of any one acquainted with the subject, that an English fleet in the Black Sea, and the destruction of Sevastopol, would put it out of the power of Russia to injure us where alone she can injure us, viz.: by the subjugation of Turkey, and the possession of the Dardanelles, and would, in all probability, lead to the dismemberment of her own empire. If so, will she risk the consequences? We answer, No. Let Russia see that we feel our own strength—that we know the secret of her weakness—and we shall not find her so very intractable. Russia is the political sphynx; she propounds an enigma to Europe; until it be solved, she devastates and devours. The riddle once read, she destroys herself.

- ART. X.—1. *Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. Comte De Jean*. 1—3 Livraisons. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.
- \*2. *Genera et Species Curculionidum, cum Synonymia hujus Familiae, a C. A. Schoenherr. Species Novæ aut hactenus minime cognitæ, descriptionibus a Dom. Leonardo Gyllenhal, C. I. Boheman, et Entomologis aliis, illustratæ*. Tom. 1, P. I. et II. Tom. 2, P. I. et II. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.
3. *Jahrbücher der Insektenkunde, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Sammlung im Königlichen Museum zu Berlin*. Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Klug. Erster Band, mit 2 illuminirte Kupfertafeln. Berlin, 1834. 8vo.
4. *Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographia, Genera Europæa et Species illustrantes*. Scripsit C. G. Nees a Esenbeck, Dr. 2 Tom. Stuttgart, 1833-34.

5. *Die Wanzenartigen Insekten, getreu nach der Natur abgebildet und beschrieben*, von Dr. C. W. Hahn. 1ter Bd, 6 Hefte, 2r Bd. 4 Hefte. Nürnberg, 1833-34.
6. *Histoire Naturelle des Insectes.—Diptères*, par M. Macquart. Tom. II, accompagné de Planches. Paris, 1834.
7. *Abbildungen zur Berichtigung und Ergänzung der Schmetterlingskunde, besonders der Microlepidopterologie, als Supplement zu Treitschke's und Hübner's Europäischen Schmetterlingen, mit erläuterndem Text*. Herausgegeben von J. E. Fischer. 2tes Hefte. Leipzig.
8. *Delectus Animalium Articulatorum, quæ in itinere per Brasiliam, annis 1817-20, jussu et auspiciis Maximiliani Josephi I. Bav. Reg. August. peracto collegerunt Dr. J. B. de Spix et Dr. C. F. Ph. de Martius. Digessit, descripsit, pingenda curavit, Dr. Max. Perty. Fasciculus III. cum 16 tabulis. Monachii, 1830.*

THE last fifteen or twenty years have done much for the science of Entomology, in its nomenclature, in the addition of species of insects, and in their systematic arrangement, and, more than this combined, in rendering it a favourite and popular science, by the dispersion of prejudice and the diffusion of a taste for the investigation of objects so replete with all that can prove attractive. We much wonder that it was so long neglected, and not equally cultivated with its sister science Botany, over which it possesses innumerable advantages, although not in so direct an application to the necessities and comforts of man, to which it however contributes very largely; but in that development of intellect resulting from its due cultivation, and the very effective arguments it adduces in support of the doctrines of natural theology. It had long to contend against the repugnance produced by either the form or habits of some of its individuals; but surely that mind must be very feeble which allows itself to be influenced by such considerations. Is any thing, we would ask, that proceeds from the hands of the great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discoveries,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and, when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim with wonder and admiration at the stupendous power evinced in their construction? and should



not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning these miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvellous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organization, when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, dost not comprehend me?" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon and learn wisdom from the ant.

The inducements to the study of natural history in general are too multifarious to be dwelt on here: among the strongest in favour of entomology is its exhaustlessness and the vigour thence derived to the faculties, and that mental equanimity and suavity of temper, the necessary concomitants of health, produced by exercise in the air; for, when we speak of the study of Entomology, we would be understood as pursuing it chiefly in the fields, for there alone is that most desirable portion of our knowledge to be culled which refers to the instincts and habits of the creatures.

The objects of the science appear to comprise, 1st. A systematic knowledge of the species and their subdivision into genera and all the superior combinations it may be thence desirable to form; and, 2dly, the history of each species, which contains the details of its metamorphoses, anatomy, habits, economy, instinct, and mode of propagation. One result of this knowledge will be the power of applying them to our uses when thus available, or of curbing the injuries inflicted by them, by teaching us to restrain their diffusion; another and more important result is the instruction it instils of the subserviency of each individual to the good of all, and of their mutual and relative dependency, thus presenting a splendid view of the universal harmony of nature, and thereby inculcating the bounteous benevolence which devised the scheme and which has so consolidated the laws that regulate it, that we can see in it nothing less than the eternal presidency of an omniscient and omnipotent Providence. The study, therefore, of this science, and of nature generally, has as evidently moral and religious tendencies, as it is intellectual and economical.

The knowledge of species being thus evidently the basis of the science, it is important that their differences should be philosophically characterized and the character also clearly determined,

which group them, apparently naturally, into genera; and these likewise should be as obvious and perceptible as it is possible to make them. The generic character will therefore be a table of resemblances for the group beneath it, and of differences for all collateral groups, and consequently cannot truly admit of sections and subdivisions, which are merely aids for the more ready determination of an individual. The same axiom applies to all the several branches into which the class may ramify; the aggregate of character necessarily diminishing the closer we approach the stem, so that it is perfectly immaterial how numerous these consecutive divisions may be, or what may be their names. But species being the final subdivision of organic conformation, for varieties are mere contingencies which obey no law, it follows that the foundation of the science consists of species, the knowledge of which includes the whole learning of the science. It was reasoning thus, that Linneus in Botany, and Fabricius after him, applying it to Entomology, severally laid down this maxim: "*Quo plures entomologus noverit insectorum species, eo ceteris paribus etiam præstantior erit, quum omnis vera cognitio humana cognitione specierum nitatur,*" and the importance of an extensive acquaintance with species is shown by each containing within itself, in regular synthetical progression, every definition which analysis has previously framed for the systematic distribution of the series.

This proves its value were the systema thus logically constructed, and each collateral division, bearing the same name, of equivalent value; but, as we find that Nature will burst through every bodice we endeavour to invest her with, for none hitherto framed has been found to fit her, it becomes still more apparent that a profound knowledge of species is indispensable, as they even vary in structure, which is a character that should always be generic, whether it be sexual or common; but which rule entomologists have been hitherto, perhaps, too modest to adopt, when such an anomalous genus contains but few species; but which, as these increase, and every day contributes to this effect, it will be found important to have recourse to. Robineau Desvoidy, in his "*Essai sur les Myodaires,*" is the only instance present to our minds, who has proceeded upon this principle. The specific character will therefore necessarily be important to attend to; it is a detail of the trivial differences *inter se*, and thus may be adapted to suit present purposes, and can be reconstructed and altered, if rendered desirable by the accession of new species.

But the specific description, if the species is to be permanent and not liable to the casualties of mistake or insufficiency, should

absolutely contain every thing in the fullest possible description of the external appearance of the insect which is not common to its congeners, and which, consequently, has not already entered into any of the definitions of the superior subdivisions, for they can never be founded upon characters liable to vary, which will necessarily remain merely specific. The latitude which these may be allowed to take without affecting the identity of the species, must be left to the experience of the monographer; as there are many instances wherein extreme varieties have been considered species, until further information and a series of individuals have proved them to be identical. This shows the importance to be attached also to a familiar acquaintance with varieties. Such a full and detailed specific description, is not always required for immediate use, for which frequently much less would suffice, but to meet the possibility of future contingencies from the discovery of new insects; and the utility of an ample description is evinced by the doubt attached to the identity of many insects described by Linneus, Fabricius, and still later writers, from the error of not taking this comprehensive view of the probability of future discoveries. It is also more philosophical and truly scientific that every thing that will bear record should be inscribed and entered in the registers of the science.

It is therefore to the monographer that we must look for really profound and satisfactory information; but we fear it will be very long before all the requisitions for a good monograph, as stated by Godet, will be answered. Indeed the difficulties which surround it are, we may almost say, insuperable; and it will not be until they are overcome that we can boast of possessing a complete natural history of insects. But it is progressing; and the fundamental knowledge of species is a great step towards it. If we complain of the paucity of information upon the natural history of insects, it refers comparatively to the hosts of insects, of the manners of which we as yet know nothing; and it will be possibly very long before we arrive at any clear knowledge upon them beyond their mere arrangement. But the works we do possess upon the subject are admirable in execution. Systematic collocation gives us nothing decided upon the analogies of instinct; we cannot draw inferences from such premises, which is clearly attested by Huber's "*Observations sur les Fourmis*"—the species of the same genus differing very considerably in economy, and consequently in the instincts which regulate it. We will admit that structure is sometimes a tolerable guide, leading through function to habits, economy, and instinct, whence we may deduce general analogies; but it cannot be depended upon in reasoning upon particulars. Unfortunately, in this science, the minuteness

of the individuals, and their delicacy of organization, place great difficulties in the way of physiological investigation; the results of which, consequently, we fear, are but rude approximations in lieu of positive facts. The entomologist must be encouraged to the observation of facts, for all natural science is wholly dependent upon them. How infinitely more attractive and instructive are the labours and writings of Reaumur, Bonnet, the Hubers, Sprengel, and De Geer, as connecting the former with the following, viz. Swammerdam, Lyonnet, Herold, &c. &c., than those of the most ingenious systematist, howsoever refined his theory!—and these are the examples to emulate. We admit that they could not dispense with system; or where they unadvisedly endeavoured to do so, the world has lost the advantage of their observations. But, we would ask, where does Botany stand in comparison with Entomology? In the little we do possess upon this subject, where does it present us with such a pleasing and attractive generalisation as we possess in the first two volumes of the charming “Introduction to Entomology” by Kirby and Spence? We would advise all railers against Entomology to read those volumes before they again utter an opinion upon the subject; and, should that perusal fail to make converts of them, it will at least have the merit of divesting them of their prejudices, and we think they will admit that the time thus occupied has not been lost.

It seems hopeless to endeavour to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion relative to the probable number of the species of insects spread over the earth. Various calculations have been made, the discrepancies of which are perfectly ludicrous, if we view them without reference to the circumstances and data whence they were deduced. It appears plausible to argue from the materials in hand, namely, from any assiduously elaborated Fauna upon the relative numbers of the different orders;—for some, the Coleoptera and Lepidoptera have been very generally the favourites, and consequently more carefully and universally collected than either of the other orders; but still the result will be far from conclusive, for such a Fauna will necessarily be of a country seated within the temperate zones; and to conclude thence upon the relative numbers of the orders within the tropical regions, and of countries so differently circumstanced both in climate and geological structure, is merely to hazard conjectures without the least hope of even an approximation to the truth. The data whence they must proceed are exceedingly incorrect; for the number of the two orders which should form the basis of the calculation have not, in those regions, been yet so nearly ascertained as to enable us to form a clear idea, the minute species having been hitherto very much neglected. It has been generally supposed

that small insects are rare within the tropics and tropical climates, from their seldom being sent to Europe. That the reverse of this is closer to the truth, is clearly shown by a fact mentioned by Reich, who says that he commissioned two friends, one residing at Rio Janeiro and the other at Buenos Ayres,\* to collect all the minute Coleoptera they could find, and that, in consequence, he received from the latter place a four-ounce bottle filled with spirits, which contained 1200 minute insects, among which there were 116 new species—and from Rio a very small box, holding 216 impaled beetles, comprising 102 species, almost all of which were new and unknown—and from the same locality a half-ounce pill-box, which held 621 loose insects, consisting of more than 100 new species as small as any found in our more northern countries. It must be remarked, that in both instances they were collected at a very unpropitious time of the year, in the course of a few days, within a limited space, merely as specimens to ascertain if they were what the European friend desired; whence it is easy to conclude that they were not captured by Entomologists, who would necessarily have been aware of the interest attached to what they sent, and consequently, as well as knowing better where to seek, they would, in the same space and time, have caught probably five times as many. We may therefore consider, that minute species are as abundant in proportion to the larger ones within the tropics as they are in the colder regions; and if so in the Coleoptera, why not in the Lepidoptera, and then in their parasites, the pupivorous Hymenoptera and the parasitical Hymenoptera in general, which we know to be almost innumerable in Europe and in our own country, from the hosts already described by Gravenhorst, Nees, and our two able and assiduous compatriots, Messrs. Walker and Halliday? The Diptera also will necessarily abound. Looking thence to the other orders, we do not feel so much astonished at the calculation made by Reich, who estimates the number of the species of insects at possibly a million. This multitude seems vast; but compare it with the number of individuals of a single species frequently observed; the myriads of minute gnats occasionally seen sporting over pools and under trees; the infinite hosts of ephemera that by myriads of millions emerge, at a certain season of the year, from some of the rivers of France, as described by Reaumur; the clouds of locusts, which even intercept the rays of the sun, and devastate whole provinces, and in the course of a few hours transform a smiling and fertile country into a wild waste and desert, threatening its whole population with famine; the innumerable plant-lice which desolate our hop-grounds, and their enemies the lady-birds, which have been taken up by pail-

fuls upon our coasts, and have completely covered the ocean at some distance from land; and the number of the inhabitants found in the beehive, the ant-hill, and the white ants' nest. If nature, in frequent instances, has rendered species thus prolific in individuals for peculiar purposes, can we rationally doubt her capacity of being equally fruitful in the production of species, when we take into consideration the important variety of their functions, and the very varied nature of soil and temperature, of heat, combined with humidity and dryness, and the dissimilitude of organization resulting from these differences of combination; and when we reflect that in our own country every day almost adds to our indigenous tribes, although they have been assiduously collected for many years past,—a million therefore appears to us to be no exaggerated calculation of their probable number.

Their geographical and local distribution, also, are points to which very considerable interest attaches, the former being indicative of the effect of climate and temperature upon form, as well as showing how widely Nature spreads some for certain purposes; whereas she adopts the use of analogical form and structure in other instances; clearly showing, by this variety, that a difference of function is required where we do not perceive even a modification of its action; whereas their local distribution is evidently very intimately connected with their instinct and economy—in fact, wholly influenced by them. The science possesses some very valuable but partial contributions to both. It is merely necessary to indicate Klug's description of some insects from Java; M'Leay and Horsfield's *Annulosa Javanica*; Savigny's admirable plates to the large work on Egypt, which, if we possessed the descriptions to the figures, would not be surpassed in the annals of entomology; Palissot de Beauvois' *Insectes Récuillis en Afrique et Amerique*; No. 8, at the head of this article, viz. Spix and Martius' *Delectus Animalium Articulatorum*, of which we shall speak below; and, as an example of assiduity and labour, displaying the richness of the Fauna Insectorum of a single country, we should look in vain for a more valuable one than is to be found in Stephens' "*Illustrations of British Entomology*," which has just completed the two orders of Coleoptera and Lepidoptera.

Our systems are essentially artificial, and must long remain so; but this is very immaterial if they facilitate the ready recognition of described species. The value of a system in the present state of our knowledge must be limited to that object, that there may be no difficulty or error in recording, in connection with the identical species, whatsoever observations—whether anatomical, physiological or economical—may have been made upon it. A true natural system must be founded upon such a mass of

knowledge that we can never hope thoroughly to possess it; for even when we shall have arrived at an intimate acquaintance with their external and internal organization, much still remains to be done. Something may be contributed by analogy, but which it is not safe to trust to until fully confirmed; for Nature is frequently apparently eccentric, from the impossibility of our arriving at correct conclusions as to the relative effects of the complicated combinations of organization, and their mutual dependence upon the instincts and habits of the creatures. Indeed, in those systems which are most profuse in their professions of adhering to nature, we remark the strange incongruity of no value being given to instinct; and that creatures with instincts limited to self-preservation and the propagation of the species, assume an undue superiority, from the mere circumstance of having an organ or two more elaborately constructed in the mouth, over such as possess a highly developed instinct, and live in a peculiarly organized social state, which necessarily implies the power of communicating ideas and a certain degree of ratiocination.

It is here perhaps the most convenient place to take a cursory notice of the doctrine of circular affinities, intended to supersede, as more natural, the older one of linear gradation, in the distribution of organized beings. Mr. M'Leay, the celebrated author of this system, conceives that the arrangement must be made in a series of circles, each composed of five groups, which are the affinities, and the corresponding groups of the approximate circles the analogies of organization; and by this means the whole series of created beings are linked together in closer connection than by any other mode of distribution. The idea is exceedingly attractive; but although it apparently in some instances fulfils our expectations, yet in others the distortions are so palpable, that we are surprised that the learned author himself seriously adopted it. The different combinations and structure of organs very distinctly produce a reticulation of relations; but to circumscribe Nature within a circle, and that circle composed merely of five members, is to straiten her capacity too closely; for she, to use the words of Huber, "*a varié à l'infini ses combinaisons.*" The most obvious mischief produced by the promulgation of such doctrines is to withdraw ardent and enthusiastic minds from the laborious and steady observation of nature—from which alone we can derive true knowledge—to the pursuit of a phantom, which, when overtaken, melts in our arms.

In connexion with our observations upon system, we may here remark upon the apparently ambiguous division of genera, with respect to the number of species they contain, and which scarcely accords with the precision and steady progression of nature, and

is, perhaps, strong presumptive evidence of all but specific separation being unnatural. It may possibly be argued that their function in the universal economy requires it, from Nature varying her usual mode of making a species excessively prolific where she requires a more powerful action; and to that effect, which only a certain organization can produce, she is limited, by causes which we are unable to investigate, in her power of executing by means of one agent, and consequently has recourse to several species to enable her to perform what, in other cases, under different circumstances, she can do by means of one alone; but this, although the best reason which occurs to us, is very vague, and far from satisfactory.

The progress of Entomology has been accelerated chiefly by the revision of the systematic arrangement, and its improved distribution into families, by the vast addition of species constantly making, and the many valuable monographs with which the science has been enriched. It is utterly impossible that we should here enumerate the multiplicity of works that have been published upon the subject. Those of Latreille, whom the science has so recently lost, will always necessarily rank pre-eminent among them. It was, doubtless, by the impulse given by his labours, that the science has advanced to its present state of comparative perfection. He was the first who indicated the distribution of insects into families, in his "*Precis des Caracteres Generiques*," from which time, in each subsequent work, he has progressively remodified and improved it, up to the publication of his "*Familles Naturelles*," in 1825. His portion of the second edition of Cuvier's "*Regne Animal*," published in 1829, presents us with the best general synopsis of the science, up to the date of its publication, that we yet possess. The science will long deplore the loss of Illiger and Leach, whose early labours gave such earnest of future valuable service. We must not omit to notice among the benefactors of the science, our venerable Kirby, and that joint labour of love, his and Spence's "*Introduction to Entomology*," which, perhaps, more than any other work ever published, has tended to make votaries to its study. M'Leay's name, also, will necessarily occur, to whom, if even his theories are not adopted, we must feel grateful for the utility of his practical labours. We must not, either, omit mentioning Gravenhorst, for the sake of his labours upon the Staphylinidæ, and his great work, the "*Ichneumonologia Europæa*," which he had in progress for twenty-five years, and which contains 2914 8vo. pages, and the description and scientific arrangement of 1288 insects of a tribe, the impracticable nature of which was previously insurmountable to every individual who attempted them.



Nor must we forget Meigen for his systematic description of the European Diptera, which cost him fourteen years' labour. In its anatomical and physiological departments, the labours of Straus-Durekheim, Chabrier, Leon Dufour, Audouin, Marcel de Serres, Carus, Treviranus, Müller, Suckow, and a multitude of others, dispersed throughout the numerous periodicals and transactions of the various scientific societies, have done much to illustrate the subject. We must allude to this distribution of the labours of entomologists as a great evil to the science, and a great obstacle to its progress. It would be easy to suggest a mode for concentrating them, but difficult of adoption. From this dispersion of the materials, the detail of what has been done in the science up to the present moment is scarcely accessible to any but entomologists by profession, or to those whose leisure and purses will bear a vast expenditure of time and money, and even then, it will exact a degree of labour which individuals thus favourably circumstanced feel but little inclined to bestow upon what they treat chiefly as an amusement.

In adverting to the progress of entomology, we may here take notice of the works which stand at the head of this article. The first, "*Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. le Comte De Jean*," is certainly the most extensive list extant, and his description of them, which is to be contained in his "*Species Generale*," should it ever be finished, will comprise the most numerous series of specific description ever published in one work. The five volumes already published, and which commenced ten years ago, in 1825, proceed only through half of the first livraison of the Catalogue, it is therefore almost hopeless to expect that it will be ever finished. The contents of his Collection in this order alone is estimated at 25,000 species, the richest perhaps in the known world, unless we may except that of the Berlin Museum, to which we shall have occasion to allude below, the numbers of which have not been announced. The third livraison, which is all yet published of the Catalogue, extends about half way through the Curculionites, and we may expect two more to complete the book. In alluding to the works of the Comte De Jean, we cannot forbear taking this opportunity of observing upon the very wilful neglect they evince of the due notice of those of others. If the law of priority be not rescinded, a multitude of both his genera and species stand the very unenviable chance of falling merely into the synonymy of the science, and will thus perpetuate his idleness and carelessness. It is the first duty of a describer, both to himself and others, to ascertain whether he has been preceded. He should seek far and wide, and ought not to commence his undertaking until he is fully cer-

tain that he has not been anticipated. The contrary course is very baneful to the best interests of the science, by creating confusion and doubt.

The second work upon our list, the Continuation of Schoenherr's "*Synonymia Insectorum*," contains the first two volumes of the "*Genera et Species Curculionidum*." This is one of the most valuable additions made to the science within the last few years. Its mode of publication, also, is exemplary, for within two years, two volumes, each containing two parts, have been produced. The notice we can here give of it is much less than is due to its merits, not the least of which is reducing to order the chaos which this tribe previously constituted. He has had the valuable assistance of Gyllenhal (one of the most philosophical describers,) in the description of the majority of the species. We think we perceive a defect in it, which is the omission of the size of the insects. Two more volumes will complete this tribe, when we hope to give it the extent of notice which is its due.

Our third work is by the veteran Klug, and which he modestly calls the "*Jahrbücher der Insektenkunde*," tom. 1: *Annals of Entomology*, vol. 1. It is a work intended to be annual, should it meet with encouragement, in which it surely cannot fail, if duly appreciated. It is undertaken in direct reference to the collection of the Royal Museum at Berlin. Its object is to indicate the described species contained therein, and to describe such as are new. It is divided into seven heads. The 1st contains a view of the *Cicindeletæ*, to which numerous new species are added. The 2d, a first portion of the *Carabici*, extending as far as the genus *Ozana*, and a continuation is promised; in this part he adds, as a new genus, *Schidonychus*, between *Ctenodactyla* and *Trichis*; he places *Mormolyce* between *Drypta* and *Agra*; and describes another new genus after *Ozana*, which he calls *Miscelus*. The 3d part is a survey of the *Histeroides*, in the collection by Dr. Erichson, already advantageously known to the Entomological public by his "*Genera Dyticeorum*." The *Hister*s are divided according to the retraction of the head within the thorax. He introduces as new genera, *Plesius*, *Placodes*, *Cyp-turus*, and *Pachylopus*. The 4th division is a supplement to the species of the genus *Megalopus*, contained in Klug's "*Monographien*." The 5th, a survey of the *Tenthredinetæ* of the collection, and, besides many new species, he adds three new genera, namely, *Plagiocera* after *Cimbex*, *Blasticotoma* after *Hylotoma*, and *Cephalocera* between the latter and *Athalia*: a continuation is promised. The 6th part contains a list of the hermaphrodite insects of the collection, and the 7th is the literature of the science, and is to consist of a short notice of the Entomological

works produced during the intervals of its publication. Two plates embellish the book, they are beautifully coloured and executed, and contain thirteen species of Coleoptera and six Tenthredinidæ. Among the former is the male of *Platycheilus pallida*, the insect which has caused so much discussion, and of which a figure was never before published. We wish this work every success, for it is, doubtless, a valuable addition to the literature of the science.

Our fourth work is Nees ab Esenbeck's "*Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographiæ*," in 2 vols. 8vo. It contains descriptions of the genera and species of 735 parasitic European hymenoptera, embracing most of the Ichneumones minuti of Linneus. It is to be regretted that he was unacquainted with the labours of Walker and Halliday, who have done so much in illustration of these minute but beautiful and interesting tribes. But he has added in a supplement a few of the genera and species described by Westwood. It is a well executed work and will prove very useful. Hahn's work upon the Cimicidæ is neatly executed, and gives faithful figures of the insects as well as Fischer's *Microlepidopterologie*, which is intended to depict all the minute Lepidoptera. To Macquart's work on the Diptera we shall allude by and by. And the last upon our list, Spix and Martius' *Delectus Animalium Articulatorum* is a splendid work, expensively got up, which will necessarily much abridge its range and utility, as it will be found but in few hands. It contains figures not always so well executed as a work of this class would justify us in expecting of all the insects caught by them in their travels in the Brazils. The species are described by Perty, who has established a number of new Genera.

The progress of Entomology appears thus to be rapidly advancing, and its prospects are equally cheering. The great want of a compendious system is extensively felt, and we may congratulate our neighbours in France upon the happy idea which has given birth to a work entitled "*Suites à Buffon*," but which, from its not being exclusively entomological, will be long in progress. It is a *resumé* of all that has been done upon the subject up to the period of publication, that is to say, if they will but adopt the principle of making themselves acquainted with all that any but their compatriots have been about, the neglect of which is a vice but too prevalent among them. The work alluded to will consist of a series of volumes upon the several orders, showing the families and genera into which they have been classed, and describing some of the most remarkable species. The names advertised as engaged in it speak strongly in its favour, for there

is De Jean for the Coleoptera, Audinet Serville for the Orthoptera, Neuroptera, and Hemiptera, Le Peletier de St. Farjeau for the Hymenoptera, Boisdual for the Lepidoptera, Macquart for the Diptera, and Walckenaer for the Arachnida, and Aptera; and that portion which we have seen, viz. the first volume of Macquart, which contains the Diptera as far as the inclusion of the family of Syrphidæ, is a favourable specimen of its mode of execution and of its cheapness, but we have no clue as to the number of volumes it is likely to comprise, but which we judge will be numerous. Among the Germans also, we find that a work is promised comprising a systematic description of Insects, Burmeister's "*Handbuch der Entomologie*," which, if continued equal in execution to its first volume, containing the "*Allgemeine*," or General Entomology, already before the public (and of which we observe an English translation to be in the course of publication) will satisfy our most earnest expectations; and this we may reasonably conclude will be the case, from the well-known character and profound science of its author. At home also, we are not idle, there is Mr. Swainson's forthcoming work in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, wherein we shall have the full development of the peculiar views of a professed disciple of the M'Leayean school, and the system arranged according to its supposed circular and quinary affinities. All this promises fair; it shows that there are labourers in the field anxious and willing to meet the wants of the community, and not wholly absorbed in the endeavour to establish a reputation by the facile construction of insulated genera and the description of vagrant species, but who willingly and zealously apply their powers to the elucidation of a family, a tribe, or an order, or even undertake what requires a still greater grasp of mind—the illustration of the whole system. But we must yet observe upon a serious deficiency, that is, a perfectly elementary work, which shall be so pleasing and popular in its execution as to lead the uninitiated by agreeable steps sufficiently far into the maze of system, that by the time it quits them they shall have imbibed a strong taste for the further prosecution of the science, and sufficient thereof to enable them easily to follow the clue ready to guide them in its meanderings, and thus induce them to exercise their own abilities in the further acquirement of information, and its concomitant, the power of bestowing it.

We must not omit observing upon the importance of treating this science in the vernacular idiom. In fact, we feel convinced, that, had it been earlier taught through this medium, it would have made much greater progress, and this is one chief cause of its greater advance in France and Germany. The whole of La-

treille's works, with the exception of his "*Genera Crustaceorum*," are in French. Olivier's two great works, his "*Entomologie*," and the entomological portion of the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, as well as the continuation of it by Latreille, St. Fargeau and Serville, are also in French, in which language De Jean's great work the "*Species Generale*," is likewise written. Klug's series of papers upon the Tenthredinidæ are in German, Meigen's European Diptera is also in German. The majority of national and local Faunæ are in the language of their country, but it is needless to multiply instances. It is to the circumstance of being thus cultivated that the advance of Botany may be chiefly attributed. The fewer difficulties placed in the way of the student the better; he has sufficient to overcome in his repugnance to the technical terms, without additional obstacles to thwart him.

The institution of the Entomological Society of France and its valuable contribution of papers in its "*Annales*," and that of the Entomological Society of London, which threatens to rival its elder sister, by the aspect it assumes, and the durable and solid foundation it has already become fixed upon—for at every monthly meeting it continues to add to its members, and the papers read at those meetings, prove that they are in earnest in their association for the real cultivation of the science—are favourable signs. Their impulses, and the respect beginning to be paid to the science by the British and Continental General Scientific Associations, must necessarily impart a greater degree of interest to it, and tend to disseminate its cultivation. As collateral with the prospects derivable to the science from the establishment of the London Entomological Society, we must take notice of its president's very liberal devotion of every Thursday, between the hours of eleven and four, to the reception of Entomologists at his museum, where the inspection and study of perhaps the most extensive collection of insects in the country is open to them. It is scarcely necessary to allude to the advantages offered to Entomologists, by this act of munificence, but it was perhaps to be expected from his known zeal, that its impulse would prompt him to so great a personal sacrifice for the benefit of his compatriots, when we reflect that no foreign work is published to which his extensive cabinet has not contributed important additions, and no native publication upon the subject produced, to which he is not a liberal subscriber. In conjunction with this we may mention the late president's generous and considerate offer of the use to members of the society, of any work in his magnificent entomological library, which is known to be the richest in the country; for every modern publication upon this science is to be

found in it; and where but very few even of the more obsolete and less serviceable are deficient. The use of books is as indispensable to this study as the investigation of insects, and we may consequently appreciate an offer, the advantages of which are so apparent, and this gentleman's well-known urbanity and courtesy, to which every one who has had the agreeable opportunity of personal intercourse, will bear spontaneous and ample testimony, will greatly facilitate the ready access of even its most modest and retiring member. The collections of the British Museum, both indigenous and exotic, each rich in all the orders, is open to the student, (which is not sufficiently extensively known,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, under certain necessary restrictions, but without any difficulty of admittance, by merely asking for the curator of that department, Mr. Samouelle.

The metropolis is thus seen to possess a multiplicity of advantages, which necessarily increase upon the formation of entomological acquaintances, by opening innumerable private, native, and foreign collections to the inspection of the student.

The prospects of the science are therefore very gratifying, for, even although the majority of Entomologists are satisfied with the less ambitious title of collectors, there are others among them ready and willing to undertake the scientific application of their assiduity to more general uses.

ART. XI.—*Leonardo da Vinci*, von Hugo Graf von Gallenberg. (Life of Leonardo da Vinci, by Hugh Count Gallenberg.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1834.

WE often feel tempted to institute a comparison between the artists and literati of our own and those of past times, especially of that remarkable period which witnessed, or immediately followed, the revival of letters. When this is done, it is perhaps really good judges only that can appreciate the superiority in genius of the latter over the former—of a Raffaello and a Dante over—but to be personal amongst the living is invidious. We leave, therefore, to the selection of the reader the modern painter and poet whose inferiority to Raffaello and Dante he chooses to commemorate. But the wonderful general superiority, in extent and variety of information, of the distinguished men of those earlier ages over their modern rivals, must be evident to the meanest capacity; and then their immense accumulation of knowledge appears the more marvellous, when we reflect that the times of which we speak boasted no royal or rail-roads to learning—no Hamiltonian modes of mastering the most difficult language in a couple of lessons—no reviews giving, in a few pages, the essence of several ponderous tomes—no compendious encyclopædias, in

which every thing that anybody can wish to know is summarily explained, so as to infuse into him who runs as he reads a smattering of all. No! The student of those days was indeed a student, compelled to acquire knowledge by consuming the midnight oil over few and abstruse books, or, if these, owing to their price and rarity, were inaccessible, from the equally abstruse lectures of professors who dreamed not of making instruction amusing. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, in enumerating the acquirements of one of these early scholars, we well might wonder

“How one small head could carry all he knew!”

To apply these remarks to the artist whose life is now before us, Leonardo da Vinci seems to have cultivated all the arts and all the sciences. He was, as every one knows, a great painter, and also a sculptor, an architect, a musician—both composer and performer; a poet—chiefly an *improvisatore*; a mathematician, a geometrician, an astronomer, an engineer—civil and military; a chemist, an anatomist, and, further, profoundly versed in optics, mechanics, hydraulics, and, for aught we know, all other branches of natural philosophy. Nor did he merely learn what others taught upon these subjects: he wrote upon all of them volumes, of which we cannot now ascertain the number; knowing only this, that a single one, a *Trattato della Pittura* (Treatise on Painting) has been published; that sixteen, of various sizes, are in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, seven in one of the Royal Libraries in Spain, some in private hands, and many more lost. Moreover, in almost all these sciences he was an inventor; and of his mechanical and hydraulic skill he left tangible and durable proofs in mills, canals, instruments of various kinds, &c. &c. &c.

Of this remarkable man divers lives have been written, but the earliest were deemed imperfect; and when, in the beginning of the present century, a Milanese association entitled *Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani* (Typographic Society for Italian Classics) proposed to republish the Treatise on Painting, they commissioned Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, to compile a new life of the artist. Of this life, Count von Gallenberg, an Austrian patron of all the fine arts, and, we believe, in some of them an amateur artist, proposed to himself to give his countrymen a German version; but, as he proceeded, he found so many new sources of information, unknown to Amoretti, that his notes were likely to overpower his text; and he therefore resolved to make a new book, instead of translating an old one. From this book we now think to extract, not a life of Leonardo da Vinci, still less a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, but some few curious or interesting particulars.

Leonardo da Vinci was the son of a Florentine *notario della signoria*, and born at Vinci, in Val d'Arno. The date of his birth, and its legitimacy or illegitimacy, are points upon which his several biographers are divided, and which his present noble biographer labours hard to elucidate. He fixes the former to the year 1542, and leaves the latter in obscurity; proving equally that Leonardo was called a natural son, and that he was, as a legitimate son, co-heir with his legitimate brothers to

the inheritance, including lands, of collateral relations. Of his person the Count tells us :—

"To the various mental gifts with which nature had adorned him were united that regularity of feature and symmetry of person which tend to enhance dignity of carriage and add to the charms of social intercourse. He possessed great agility and bodily strength, so that he could arrest the rapid movements of a body in weight and size exceeding human force. He could twist the tongue of a bell into a screw, and bend a horse-shoe in one hand."

The Count apologises for mentioning these circumstances; but they are well worth noticing, since it is not often that such muscular powers are found united to genius.

The following extracts refer to Leonardo's youth, when the fine arts were both honourable and profitable professions :—

"Under circumstances so favourable, Ser\* Piero (the *notario*) could not but indulge his son's wishes; since the boy's disposition, even in earliest childhood, the honour connected with the exercise of art, and the pecuniary rewards that every artist might reasonably hope to obtain, seemed to insure the lad's future welfare. He hastened to impart the wishes and talents of his son to his friend Master Andrea da Verocchio, then esteemed the ablest artist in Florence. \*\* The teacher took his pupil home to afford him the instruction, the means of developing and cultivating his talents, which were to decide his future lot. As it was to be expected, the youth made wonderful progress. Ere long, Andrea, in order to stimulate his diligence, invited his pupil to assist in a picture which he was then painting of our Saviour's baptism by St. John. Leonardo painted an angel holding some garments; and, though he was then but an apprentice, as it were, his angel so far surpassed all his master's figures, that Verocchio, provoked at being excelled by a lad, would never touch pencil or colours again.

"He painted, on a wooden target, a monster in which he combined all that was frightful or horrible in the insect, serpent, or reptile world.

"The fire and vivacity of youth gave birth to fancies, inventive indeed, but strange. He amused himself with producing, by the mixture of inodorous ingredients, many odious smells, which he then used to drive people out of the apartment. Another time, for the same comic purpose, he twisted together and connected a long string of entrails, which he then distended by means of a pair of bellows, so as to make them occupy all the room. But, amidst these puerilities, the goodness of his heart was pre-eminently distinguishable. Few days passed without his visiting the market to purchase birds, which he immediately set at liberty. Of more professional utility was his constant practice of sketching from nature all the peculiar countenances that he saw, from which he afterwards produced his widely-celebrated caricatures. But he studied not alone the beautiful and the ugly in faces, persons, and costumes; he sought to catch the play of the ideas and affections, the living expression of the soul. To this end, as Lomazzo (a friend of his) relates, he was wont to invite peasants to dinner, to tell them the drollest stories possible, then observe them attentively as they laughed a horse-laugh, and sketch them so accurately that it was impossible to look at the drawings without laughing. Impelled by the same notion, he would follow malefactors to the place of execution, and observe the traces of agony and despair in their countenances. Vasari and Lomazzo tell us, that with these drawings were intermingled others of new devices and machines for raising

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\* Ser for Signor, probably, was the old title of lawyers, as was *Maestro* (Master) of artists.



water, cutting through mountains, drawing weights, setting clocks and mills in action, &c. &c."

From these various occupations, or rather studies, at Florence, Leonardo da Vinci was invited to Milan, according to some of his biographers, solely to play David to a Milanese Saul, that is to say, to dispel the gloomy melancholy of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *Il Moro*, by his music. But against this unworthy destination of a great man Count von Gallenberg argues strenuously; and we agree with him, that it is more likely the able usurper of Milan, who sedulously filled his ducal court with all the genius and talent of Italy, should have invited our artist rather to enlarge and adorn their circle, than merely to play the lute to himself when troubled with the blue devils of remorse or apprehension. This conclusion, drawn from the laws of probability, is confirmed by a letter, still extant, addressed by Leonardo at Florence, to the Duke of Milan; from which it seems pretty evident that, if the prince had heard of the painter's musical abilities, he must have expressed a wish to find something more in him than a mere luteist. This letter, clearly an answer to one from the duke, is a very remarkable epistle; and, could we divest ourselves of our innate reverence for genius, we should feel inclined to say that it more resembles a Dicky Gossip's enumeration of his various qualifications than an effusion of the dignified modesty usually characteristic of genuine greatness. It is not, however, a document to be omitted.

"Most illustrious signor, having satisfied myself that the experiments of those who call themselves masters of the art of making instruments of war will never produce anything superior to what are in daily use, I will *now*, without wishing to injure any one, open my secrets to your excellency, and, if it so please you, undertake the bringing them into execution; for I venture to entertain the confident hope that all the matters I am about to mention may be made effective in practice

"1. I can build bridges, some light, and easily transportable from place to place, with which to pursue a flying enemy; others, strong and invulnerable, that spit fire, and will be useful in war: and, again, other, easily laid down or removed. I have also devised a mode of destroying and burning the enemy's bridges.

"2. I have devised a way of drawing off the water from the fosse of a besieged place; and can make bridges furnished with ladders, and other instruments, useful in sieges.

"3. When cannon cannot be used in a siege, on account either of the height of the ramparts or the strength of the site, I have a way of destroying any fortress, so it be not founded on a rock.

"4. I have a sort of cannon very convenient and easily transportable, with which to shower a fiery hail upon the enemy, terrifying and confounding him with the smoke.

"5. Item. I have a mode, by hollow, narrow, and winding ways, to reach any place without noise, even passing under ditches or rivers.

"6. I can make invulnerable covered cars, which, entering an enemy's lines, in spite of his artillery, will break through any masses of cavalry; and behind which the infantry may follow, unharmed and unobstructed.

"7. Item. If need be, I will make cannon, mortars, and howitzers, of beautiful, useful, and uncommon forms.

"8. Where cannon should be incapable of acting, I will make other instru-

ments of marvellous efficacy, and out of the common way; in . . .  
to the variety of occasion, I will make infinitely various offensive w

"9. In case of a sea-fight, I have many devices for instruments of offence and defence; and vessels impenetrable to artillery, and powders, and smoke.

"10. In peace time I think I can give as full satisfaction as any one in architecture, in building public or private edifices, in conducting water from one place to another.

"Item. I will undertake, in sculpture of marble, bronze, or clay, and likewise in painting, to do what can be done, in competition with any one, be he who he may. Also, I can take in hand that bronze horse, which is to be an eternal honour and glory to your highness's father's blessed memory, and to the whole illustrious house of Sforza.

"And, should any person deem any of these things impossible and unfeasible, I am quite ready to make experiment thereof in your highness's park, or in such other place as you please. And so, I humbly commend myself, &c. &c."

The singularity of this strange epistle is further enhanced by its being written in the Oriental fashion, from right to left, instead of from left to right. This seems to have been Da Vinci's usual practice, and is supposed to have been adopted to baffle curiosity, but must have been more efficacious in puzzling his correspondents than in securing his secrets. Ludovico Sforza, however, it should seem, managed to read the letter, for he summoned the writer to Milan, and employed him in all his professed civil capacities, as also to found an academy of painting, said to have been the first of the kind, and to act upon grand occasions as master of the revels.

It were tedious to enumerate Leonardo da Vinci's various works at Milan, as artist and engineer, many of which, of both kinds, were destroyed in the subsequent wars, of which the Milanese was the subject and the theatre. The destruction of one of the productions of his genius he himself witnessed. For sixteen years he had laboured at the model of an equestrian statue of the first Francis Sforza, that alluded to in his letter; and scarcely was it completed, when the French, taking possession of the city, selected this model as a target to fire at—thus, in the 15th century, setting an example duly followed by their undegenerate posterity in the 18th. This last act of wanton mischief was, however, less detrimental to the cause of art than has been commonly conceived, as will appear from the extracts we are now about to make relative to Leonardo da Vinci's acknowledged master-piece, his picture of the Last Supper.

"Leonardo designed this large picture, which occupies a wall twenty-eight feet in length, in compliance with a wish of the duke, who was eager to embellish this Milanese monastery (the Dominican monastery of *San'a Maria delle Grazie*). The size of the wall obliged the artist to make his figures larger by the half than life.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The painter has selected the moment when Christ says, 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' The choice of this moment is most favourable to dramatic effect. The expression of the Redeemer is that of heart-felt sorrow, soothed by the consciousness of divine dignity and destination. The agitation produced amongst the disciples by his words is differently, indignantly, and characteristically marked in every figure. We can trace the

gradation of zeal and faith, according to the gospel-drawn character of each apostle. What a beautiful contrast between St. John, overpowered with grief, dropping his folded hands upon the table, and Judas Iscariot, whose hard countenance and attitude of defiance reveal the traitor, whilst the money-bag clutched in his right hand bespeaks his natural avarice."

But, as no description can give a satisfactory idea of a picture, we will preferably turn to its history, and that of the painter's habits and feelings. First, however, we must make one remark, called forth by the description we have just translated, of the expression of the countenances. We have always esteemed the character and expression which Leonardo da Vinci gave to his heads of our Saviour to be really his chief excellence. Other artists seem to forget the divinity of the person in their deep sense of his beautiful meekness; but in looking at this painter's pictures of the Redeemer, we are irresistibly impressed with the conviction that this sublime meekness is the meekness of a superior nature.

"He who gazes upon as much of this picture as past disasters have left us, must perceive how short a time for the production of so wondrous a creation of art was two or three years; especially, if he considers the care and anxiety with which Leonardo worked, moreover, never satisfying himself. His contemporary, Luca Pacciolo, avers, that Leonardo would tremble like a child when he took up his pencils; that he seldom finished what he began, because his deep sense of the grandeur of art made him see defects where others beheld miracles accomplished. . . . He had first to meditate the grouping, which, in every individual posture and gesture, as well as in the whole, has been pronounced by the greatest painters to be most artful and yet most natural. For this he of course first sketched cartoons. . . .—according to P'ino, separate cartoons of all the heads, of the intended size. 'These thirteen drawings,' continues P'ino, 'were long in the possession of the Conti Arconati, who made them over to Marchese Gasnèdi. From him they passed into the hands of the Venetian Sagredo family; after the extinction of which the heirs sold them to the English Consul Odni.'"

Such of our readers as are old enough, and in their youth were fortunate enough, to have seen the beautiful collection of Mr. Udney, will recognize that gentleman in the un-English "Consul Odni." Upon Mr. Udney's death, his pictures were sold, we think, by auction; and these cartoons have since been again sold in the same way, as part of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection.

There is a story current of Leonardo da Vinci's having portrayed the prior of the monastery as Judas Iscariot, in revenge for his, the said prior's, unreasonably teasing him to make haste with the picture. The truth of this anecdote has, however, been disputed upon many and reasonable grounds; and our noble biographer gives us the following, as a more probable version of the tale, from Giralaldi, a judicious and contemporaneous writer.

"Da Vinci had completed the Christ, eleven of the disciples, and the body of Judas; the head only of the latter was unfinished. The prior and his monks, impatient of a delay of which they could not comprehend the motives, complained to the duke, who, thereupon, questioned the painter. He replied, that there never was a day on which he did not work at the picture; that he was constantly meditating upon it; and seeking amongst the vilest reprobates for a countenance which might answer for that of Judas; adding that, if he could

find none better, he should be driven to take as his model the prior himself, who never left him at peace. He went, adds Giraldi, morning and evening, to the *Borghetto*, the quarter inhabited by the meanest and most ignoble people, by scoundrels and malefactors, in search of his Judas. At length he espied the very physiognomy he wanted. He portrayed it, and completed the picture.

Whether this grand work of art were painted *al fresco*, in oil, or with some peculiar varnish, the fruit of da Vinci's chymical skill, is another disputed question, which the reader will presently see there is now no hope of satisfactorily deciding.

"The total destruction of this picture is to be imputed not so much to the gnawing tooth of all-devouring time, or to a locality unfavourable to its preservation, as to the ignorant negligence and the base malice of man, who, for ever annihilates in the hope of producing something superior. For a while the Last Supper was the object of universal admiration, the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. After a lapse of sixteen years it was still so beautiful, and in such perfect condition, that Francis I. of France, would have made any sacrifice to transport it to France.

"Armenini, who saw it in the middle of the 16th century, even then lamented its having lost half its original splendour; and the Milanese Lomazzo averred that the colours faded so rapidly, that very soon it would be possible to appreciate the merit of the drawing only from the outlines. . . . Not long afterwards, Cardinal Borromeo mourned over its decay; and, observing that the evil must increase, inasmuch as it proceeded from the crumbling of the mortar or plaister upon which this celebrated Last Supper was painted, he employed a good artist to copy it. The copy, when finished, was compared with the cartoons, then still at Milan, and was found to be faithful.

"Scannelli, who saw the Last Supper in 1642, says, 'Scarcely a trace remains of the figures; and the naked portions, as heads, hands, feet, have all but disappeared.' Ten years later, the Dominicans, seeing it in so miserable a plight, abandoned it to its fate, and even scrupled not to enlarge the refectory door by cutting off the feet of the Saviour and of one Apostle."

We must here pause to observe, that it is sheer calumny to charge these poor friars, as they are often charged, with thus mutilating the picture, whilst in its perfection. On the contrary, they seem to have been duly sensible that the painting was the pride of their monastery, and to have endeavoured honestly, if not very judiciously, to preserve it. At different times they paid considerable sums to artists who undertook to revive the colours. The first attempt is said to have been temporarily successful; the last to have consummated its ruin. Hence it was the less material, that when the First Consul occupied Milan,

"Although his orders were precise to spare this refectory, cavalry were quartered in it, who gave the picture the *coup-de-grace*." (They are said, emulating their forefathers, to have selected parts as marks to fire at.)

"Amoretti visited the remains of the picture, when writing Leonardo's Life. Upon entering the room, he hastened up to the picture, to look at it more closely, and saw nothing. He fell back to some distance, and then the destruction seemed less complete. He now perceived that a sort of mould, or rather a saltpetre excrescence, that covered the whole wall, in fact veiled the painting from those who stood immediately under it."

Thus it is only through the copies early made that this magnificent work can now be known; and it is some comfort to learn that of these there are at least twenty extant.

After the fall of Sforza, Leonardo was appointed by Cæsar Borgia his head architect and engineer, and fortified several castles and towns by his desire. He was recalled to Milan by Louis XII. of France, to complete the canals he had begun: but it was to the artist-courting Francis I. that he more particularly attached himself; and him, in the year 1516, he accompanied to France. There, in less than three years, he died; but not, we grieve to say, according to common report, in the arms of his royal patron. At least, Leonardo's intimate friend, Francesco de Melzi, says nothing of the kind in the letter in which he announces the event to the artist's brother, and he surely would not have omitted so flattering an incident.

We shall conclude with an anecdote relative to Leonardo da Vinci's MSS. and drawings, many of which he bequeathed to his friend and pupil, the above-named Melzi. The anecdote is related by Gian Ambrogio Mazzente, who died at an advanced age, A. D. 1635.

"It is now fifty years," writes Mazzente, "since thirteen volumes in folio and quarto, of Leonardo da Vinci's MSS., written the wrong way, fell into my hands. . . . I was studying law at Pisa in company with Aldo Manuzio the younger. A certain Lelio Gavardi d'Asola, since superior of St. Zeno, at Pavia, and Aldo's nearest relation, frequently honoured us with his visits. He had been tutor in the Melzi family. . . . and had seen in the house many writings, drawings, instruments, and books of Leonardo's. . . . The children of Francesco Melzi, differing in taste from their book-loving father, and, through professional or public avocations, engrossed by other objects, neglected these treasures, and left them at the discretion of the first comer. Lelio Gavardi took what he pleased of them, and carried thirteen volumes to Florence, in the confident hope that the Grand Duke Francesco de Medici, who was eager for such works, would give a great price for them. . . . When Gavardi reached Florence the duke was dying, and he came disappointed to Pisa. I could not conceal my disapprobation of his conduct; he blushed; and, as I was then returning to Milan, having finished my studies at Pisa, he gave me the books, and requested that I would return them to the Melzi family.

"I performed my commission, delivering the whole to Dr. Orazio Melzi, the eldest. He was utterly amazed at my having taken so much trouble about such things, and freely gave me the books, acknowledging that there were many more writings and drawings of this great artist's in some corner of his country-house."

We wonder that a Mazzente did not beg for them, and wish he had. His thirteen volumes are now in the Ambrosian Library.

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ART. XII.—*Der Englische Schweiss. Ein ärztlicher Beitrag zur Geschichte des Fünfzehnten und Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. J. F. C. Hecker. (The English Sweating Sickness. A Medical Fragment of the History of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Dr. Hecker.) Berlin, 1834.

THIS work is the third of a series of essays, by which the author has endeavoured to illustrate a class of diseases which are among the most awful visitations that afflict the human race. Dr. Hecker, who had long been sensible of the necessity of a truly philosophic investigation into the causes of those mighty events, was induced by the ravages of the cholera to publish the first of the series of essays on the epidemics of the middle ages—*Der Schwarze Tod*—The Black Death.

In the preface to that work, Dr. Hecker explains his views of an intimate connexion between convulsions of nature and the sudden and rapid propagation of pestilences. He has, it is true, some notions respecting the influence of unknown powers in heaven and earth which, however ingenious, appear to us too vague to serve for the foundation of a sound theory, though the facts which he adduces deserve the most serious attention. The Black Death is so well known to the English reader from the spirited translation of it by Dr. Babington, published soon after its appearance, that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. The second of the series, "*Die Tanzwuth*," or, "*The Dancing Mania*," presents to our view a less awfully destructive, but in one respect a more affecting picture of the calamities to which the human frame is liable. Here we have not the destroying angel, sweeping away hundreds of thousands with his flaming sword—it is not the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness. The subject of this treatise is diseases founded on mental delusion, caused by the instinct of imitation, "*propagated*," as the Doctor says, "*on the beams of light, on the wings of thought, convulsing the mind by the excitement of the senses.*" We rejoice to learn that the approbation bestowed on the English version of the Black Death, has induced Dr. Babington to publish a translation of the *Dancing Mania*, a copy of which has just been put into our hands. To this essay Dr. Babington has prefixed a translation of an address, by Dr. Hecker, to the physicians of Germany, requesting their attention to this important subject, and endeavouring to impress on them the conviction of the absolute necessity of a more comprehensive view of this subject than has ever yet been taken. We will quote a few lines from this address.

"Amid the accumulated materials which past ages afford, the powers and the life of one individual, even with the aid of previous study, are insufficient to complete a comprehensive history of epidemics. The zealous activity of many must be exerted if we would speedily possess a work which is so much wanted, in order that we may not encounter new epidemics with culpable ignorance of analogous phenomena. How often has it appeared, on the breaking out of epidemics, as if the experience of so many centuries had been accumulated in vain! Men gazed at the phenomena with astonishment, and, even before they had a just perception of their nature, pronounced their opinions, which, as they were divided into strongly opposed parties, they defended with

all the ardour of zealots, wholly unconscious of the majesty of all-governing Nature."

The English Sweating Sickness, which is the subject of this third essay, is indeed known to us by name as a fatal and rapidly spreading disorder, which visited England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, being first introduced in the train of the victorious army of Henry VII. and damped the joy of the nation after the glorious battle of Bosworth-field. Our own chronicles give many particulars of this visitation. Five times did it afflict this country: first in 1485; secondly, in 1506, when it was of short duration; and then in 1517, 1528 and 29, and 1551. It is very extraordinary that this epidemic was confined to England,—even Ireland and Scotland being exempt from it. Only once it visited Germany, namely in 1529, when Hamburg was the first place where it appeared. But its duration there was short, only twenty-two days, in which, however, 1100 persons fell victims to it. It broke out almost simultaneously in Lübeck, where its ravages were such as to remind people of those of the Black Death in 1349. Zwickau, at the foot of the Erzgebirge, fifty German miles from Hamburg, was next attacked; and at the beginning of September it appeared almost on the same day at Stettin, Danzig, Augsburg, Cologne, Strasburg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Marburg, Göttingen, and Hanover. Thus it was spread over the greater part of Germany, and extended also to Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But though its ravages were dreadful, they could not be compared with those of the Black Death.

In treating of the causes which in so remarkable a manner confined the disease to England, Dr. Hecker mentions the nature of the climate of England, subject to frequent fogs, and the general intemperance of the people. The year 1485 was, besides, not only remarkable for the quantity of rain that fell, but it was the sixth of a series of such years, the last dry and hot summer having been that of 1479. But though the Sweating Sickness was confined (with one exception) to England, the continent of Europe was afflicted during the same period with various fatal contagious disorders, of which the author gives as particular an account as the recorded information on them would allow; connecting them, as he goes along, with extraordinary phenomena of nature, storms, earthquakes, eruptions of Vesuvius, &c.

But, while the Sweating Sickness was confined to England, a new and destructive epidemic, the spotted (petechial) fever appeared in southern and central Europe, which first manifested itself in 1490, in Granada, where it threatened to destroy the army of Ferdinand the Catholic, and was very fatal to the Moors.

It will appear from these remarks that the work gives a great deal more than the title implies, and, even in the part which relates to England, much light is thrown on what has been hitherto imperfectly known, as it is connected with the history of epidemics in general, by the author's illustrations from the history of other contagious disorders. We select the following as a specimen of his style.

\*The events which are now about to engage our attention prove, by their

surprising development, that the fate of nations is at times guided far more by the laws of physical life than by the will of the mighty of the earth, and by all the efforts of human energy, which oppose in vain the unchained powers of Nature. These powers, inscrutable in their operation, destructive in their effects, arrest the course of events, baffle great projects, and paralyze the spirit in its boldest flights. They have often annihilated mighty armies by the sword of the destroying angel, when victory was ready to place the laurel on their brows.

"To wipe off the stain of Pavia, Francis I., in league with England, Switzerland, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, sent a fine army to Italy against his haughty rival. The imperial troops everywhere retreated before the French, and victory seemed to declare in favour only of the colours of France and the valiant Lautrec. Every thing promised a glorious issue. Naples alone, feebly garrisoned by German landsquenets and Spaniards, remained to be subdued. The siege was opened on the 5th of May, 1528, and the general pledged his honour for the reduction of this strong city, which had once been so fatal to France. It seemed an easy matter, with 30,000 warlike troops, to vanquish the Imperialists, and a small body of Englishmen appeared to have come only to participate in the celebration of the triumph. Scarcity reigned in the city, which was blockaded by Doria and his Genoese galleys: it also suffered from want of water, Lautrec having turned aside the supply from the aqueducts of Poggio-reale; and the plague, which had never entirely ceased among the Germans since the plundering of Rome, began to rage among them.

"The security of the French army, however, was fatal to the excellent discipline which had been observed among them, and Nature herself soon began to be destructive to the victorious troops. In the course of seven weeks, a small band of a few thousand emaciated forms, scarcely able to bear the weight of their arms, and obey the voice of their enfeebled leaders, were all that remained of this brave host. On the 29th of August, the siege was raised, the brave Lautrec having fallen a victim to chagrin and disease. The army took their departure amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, many were made prisoners by the Imperialists, and but few ever returned to their own country."

In conclusion, we cannot but recommend these Essays of Dr. Hecker, not only to the attention of his own profession, but to the general reader; and with respect to the Treatise immediately before us, we would again remark that the reader must not be led by the title to believe that it contains only what may be found in the writings of our own historians. It comprises a mass of information relative to other countries, collected with great industry and judgment from a variety of sources. The author, indeed, gives at the conclusion a list of the works which he has himself actually consulted, extending to thirteen pages.

**ART. XIII.—***Memoires sur la Guerre de l'Isle de Java, de 1825 à 1830.*  
Par le Major F. V. A. de Stuera. 1 vol. 4to. and atlas. Leyde.

THE conquest of the island of Java by the British army in the year 1811, and the knowledge which we acquired of its importance during the time that it remained in our possession, till it was restored to the Dutch at the general peace, excited the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; and the valuable work of Sir Stamford Raffles,



only tended to increase the general regret, that so fair a possession, which had derived immense benefit from the more judicious and enlightened system of administration under the British government, had been restored to its former masters, who, there was every reason to apprehend, would replace it under the same narrow system of colonial policy which had so long oppressed the inhabitants, and cramped the resources of the island, by rendering everything exclusively subservient to the interests of the mother country. It is not possible accurately to ascertain the measures that the Dutch government has adopted since it regained possession of the country. That men of great ability and irreproachable characters have been sent out to govern it cannot be denied, and the name of Baron van der Capellen, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. We will therefore take it for granted that such men acted in conformity with their own honourable sentiments. The Major, speaking of the cession made by the native princes of some fine provinces to the English government, says, that the observance of the ancient laws and customs of the country had been much relaxed, in consequence of the increase of European power in Java, and of the liberal principles of the new system of administration, first, though but partially under Marshal Daendels, then under the English, and lastly under the Dutch government. The latter, however, has had to contend with various insurrections, especially with that which occasioned the five years' war, of which Major Stuers relates the history. We shall not enter into any detail relative to this war, which is wholly destitute of general interest,—but we shall mention two or three facts, which seem to show that the Dutch hold by a rather precarious tenure the dominion of this fine island: for it appears evident that they owe their safety, in a great measure, to the dissensions among the native princes. \* The troubles, says Major Stuers, were not caused by the discontent of the emperor, or of the Javanese in general; for the emperor of Solo, whose dominion is confined to the province of Soura Karta, as those of the sultan are to that of Djocjocarta, (these two being the only provinces now under the dominion of the native princes,) remained faithful to the Dutch, and his troops fought with them against the insurgents; and, with respect to the people, the insurrection was confined to the province of Djocjocarta. Even there only a part of the population, misled by the threats and promises of Dipo Negoro, the chief of the rebels, and his partisans, joined in the revolt as long as the presence of the chiefs of the insurgents compelled them; for, when the latter were obliged, by the movements of the Dutch troops, to take another direction, the inhabitants immediately submitted to their legitimate sovereign, the sultan of Djocjocarta, whose throne the rebel chief desired to usurp, and to the Dutch government, which protected them, while the rest of the Javanese nation took no part whatever in the insurrection.

Thus a person might have travelled from Anjer, in the western part of the island, where the great post-road begins, to Banjouwangi, at the other extremity, a distance of 300 leagues, with as much safety as from Amsterdam to Paris, and without even suspecting that there was a

commotion in any part of the island, the Javanese in general taking as little interest in it as if it had happened in some other country. How then could the war be protracted to so great a length, and cost the Dutch such sacrifices in men and money? Who was Dipò Negro—a rebel against his own sovereign, who was able so long to make head against a brave and well disciplined army, commanded by officers of distinguished merit? That he was an extraordinary man appears from the following character of him drawn by Major Stuers.

“Dipò Negro is about 46 or 47 years of age. He is of middling stature, and, though his countenance does not seem to announce any thing extraordinary, he has nevertheless manifested during the war a loftiness of character very rare among the Javanese princes of our days. He has given repeated proofs of great courage, firmness, and perseverance; after causing himself to be proclaimed sultan of Materam, he found means to make himself recognized and obeyed as such by the people over whom he exercised, till his downfall, an absolute religious and political authority. His courage was not broken by adversity. When abandoned by nearly all his partisans, his oldest friends, and even by his family, dragging on a miserable existence in deserts, destitute of even the most common necessities of life, harassed, pursued, chased without ceasing by our troops, he lost none of his natural firmness, and haughtily rejected every proposal to submit.”

After various changes of fortune, Dipò Negro was at length induced, in the beginning of February, 1830, to propose an interview with the general-in-chief, which after some negotiation was acceded to, and, on the 21st of February, Dipò Negro arrived at Minoreh, the place fixed on for the conference, with a troop of 700 men, but on the 25th he declared that the feast of *Pouassu* having commenced the preceding day, he would not treat of any business during the month of its continuance, to which the Dutch consented. In the course of this month the suite of Dipò Negro became daily more numerous: he however had a short interview with General de Kock, the commander-in-chief, on the 8th of March, in which he said he hoped all would be amicably settled immediately after the feast. Meanwhile many circumstances occurred which, as Major Stuers says, led the government to suspect that Dipò Negro was not sincere, and, the Dutch troops in the vicinity having been reinforced, orders were given to the commanding officers to be ready to seize the person of Dipò Negro at his first interview with the general-in-chief after the expiration of the feast.

The interview took place on the 28th of March, at which Dipò Negro, having proposed terms which the general declared too extravagant to be listened to, and from which Dipò refused to depart, [he desired to be placed at the head of the Mahometan religion in Java, with the title of sultan which he had assumed.] the general told him that he must send him as a state-prisoner to Batavia, to be disposed of as the governor-general should determine. Dipò Negro protested, but in vain; his attendants were disarmed, and he was sent under the escort of Major Stuers, the general's aide-de-camp, to Samarang and thence to Batavia, whence he was conveyed as a state-prisoner to the Moluccas, “to depend,” says Major Stuers, “solely on the clemency of the

government which he had so justly offended, and from which he had well merited a more rigorous punishment." How he was treated in the Moluccas or whether he is still living, Major Stuers does not inform us.

In conclusion, Major Stuers speaks of the loss sustained by the Dutch in this war; he cannot state the total number of men that perished; he says 12,749 men died in the hospitals of the second military division, which was the centre of the operations, and that as many died in the first and third military divisions, of which Batavia and Sourabaya are the chief towns; he thinks he shall not exaggerate if he fixes the total loss at 15,000 men, of whom 8,000 came from Europe:—a calculation which seems to include only those who died in the hospitals. The expenses of the war he estimates at twenty-five millions of florins, but he thinks that the result has consolidated the power of the Dutch government, by giving the natives a very high idea of its resources. This may be the case, but it seems, even from Major Stuers' own account, that, if the natives had not been divided, the contest might have terminated very differently. At all events, it is to be hoped that the Dutch government may have been fully impressed with the necessity of a system of administration calculated to promote the welfare and conciliate the affections of the natives.

We have only to add that the book is very finely printed, and besides portraits of Diponegoro and two other chiefs, and a map of Java, it is illustrated by an atlas of plans, and views of scenery on a large scale.

ART. XIV.—*La Russie et la Pologne, Esquisse Historique.* Par TH. de K. Berlin, 1834.

FROM the publication of this volume in the Prussian capital, and the intimate connexion subsisting between the courts of Berlin and Petersburg, the political bias of the writer may be easily inferred. It does not embrace, as the reader might expect, a narrative of recent events, but of the wars which for many centuries have been almost uninterruptedly waged between two rival states, Russia and Poland, and of the many grievances which the former has to allege against the latter. We give the author full credit for his assertion that the facts which he details have been transferred with the most scrupulous accuracy from the most authentic sources; and the result is a useful epitome of the history of both countries, written with perspicuity, temper, and moderation. The spirit in which he has executed his task will be apparent from the following passage in his preface:—

"An obstinate struggle, prolonged beyond all probable duration, has lately drawn our attention to the banks of the Vistula; and during that deplorable war many voices have been raised in favour of the Poles. Orators, pamphleteers, and journalists, appeared to be unanimous: the question of right was decided beforehand; there was no need to discuss it; the cause of Russia was unjust—~~that~~ was universally admitted—but not a creature has yet taken the trouble to connect the history of the present with that of the past. It seems as if the

great events of our days had effaced the recollection of all others: with the men of the *movement*, in particular, the world has existed but about forty years, the day of the creation dating from the capture of the Bastille. This absolute forgetfulness of past ages frequently leads us astray: no era of history is isolated and unconnected with a preceding period; sacred ties still bind us to more ancient times, and interests most dear to us have been bequeathed to us by our ancestors. It is owing to this forgetfulness that our orators persist in regarding the partition of Poland as an isolated fact, as an injustice of which they accuse Russia more particularly; whereas, ever so superficial an examination of the history of the two countries would have taught them that the quarrel was more ancient. It would have shown them that the partition was an inevitable catastrophe of the wars which had lasted for so many centuries; and they would have found that the Poles were the aggressors, and that during the period of their superiority they had manifested any thing but generosity."

Perhaps one of the most striking instances of the bad faith of Poland towards her neighbour is to be found in the history of Otrepief, the impostor, who, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, pretending to be Dmitri, the son of Ivan Vassiljewitsch, (murdered when only eight years of age, to facilitate the ambitious projects of Boris Godunow) and being encouraged and supported by the Poles, actually placed himself on the throne of the Tzars. The whole story of this impostor (p. 297—318,) is of the most exciting interest, and it is one of those which justifies the remark that the events of real life are often of a more romantic character than the inventions of the wildest imagination. To any clever writer who would take the pains to study the spirit and manners of the semi-barbarian inhabitants of eastern Europe two centuries ago, it would furnish an admirable plot for an historical novel, for the minor circumstances only of which he would have occasion to draw upon the stores of his own fancy.

We cannot refrain from subjoining some striking observations from the concluding pages of the volume before us.

"Nearly forty years have elapsed since this last catastrophe," [the second partition of Poland.] "and an insensate enterprise has recently shown us that the Polish aristocracy, or at least a faction, self-styled patriotic, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing; that it was always ready to sacrifice its country to the ambition of its caste; and that the spirit which yet animates it is the same that hurled Poland from the height of its greatness.

"When the king of Prussia reigned over Great Poland, the discontented nobility gave his government no credit for the high roads that were constructed, the rivers that were rendered navigable, the elementary schools that were established in every district, and the protection granted to commerce and manufactures. They complained loudly of the magistrates, because, for justice was done even to plebeians, and the nobles were obliged to pay debts—things unheard of before in Poland.

"Napoleon united part of the ancient republic under the name of the duchy of Warsaw. What was at that period the lot of this hapless country? All improvements were suspended; the incipient efforts of industry ceased; the schools were shut up; not a road, not a canal, was undertaken: so that eight years later, the bridges, the buildings, the works of every kind, commenced under the Prussian government, were found in exactly the same state as they were left by that government, excepting that the materials, the timber, &c., then purchased and afterwards neglected, had rotted in the depôts. During

this whole period, Poland was drained for the benefit of France; a devouring conscription swallowed up her husbandmen; the Polish soldiers found a grave in Spain and Italy, fighting for a cause which was not the cause of their country: they were even sent to the islands to perish by a climate to the effects of which the emperor durst not expose French regiments. But Napoleon flattered the hopes of the aristocracy by holding out to them vague promises of the re-establishment of ancient Poland, in all its splendour and with all its institutions: meanwhile he allowed the nobility to rule the country as they pleased, and that caste was content: what cared they for the ruin of the country, so they could at that rate recover their former sovereignty!

"At length Napoleon invaded Russia at the head of the most numerous army of modern times, and the Polish legions reached Moscow along with the French eagles. The Russians were not daunted either by this mass of force, or by the military genius of the invader: the firmness of their sovereign and the enthusiasm of the nation, saved the empire and Europe. The invading army perished in its retreat, and Poland, which had borne a part in this war, thenceforth belonged to Russia by right of conquest. The Poles manifested no dread of its sway; on the contrary, a deputation of the nobility repaired to the headquarters of the emperor Alexander, urgently imploring him to take the country under his protection, to recollect that the Russians and the Poles were sprung from one common stock, and not to abandon Poland to a foreign domination. Such was the language used by the chief of the deputation, the same Prince Adam Czartowski, whom we have since seen heading the late rebellion!"

ART. XV.—*La Journée du 13 Mars, ou les Faits essentiels de la Révolution de 1809, rédigés par le Colonel Gustafson.* St. Gall and Hamburg, 1835.

IN this pamphlet the dethroned king of Sweden himself relates the circumstances attending the revolution which deprived him of power and drove him into exile, and shows very clearly that he must necessarily have fallen a victim to so powerful a confederacy as that of Erfurt in 1809. Napoleon wanted to have a supple half-revolutionary king in Sweden; Alexander wanted Finland; both were adverse to the then reigning sovereign, whose legitimacy and attachment to the English party stood in the way of the French emperor, and whose equally legitimate right to Finland was a stumbling-block to the Russian autocrat. The parties in the country itself which accomplished this *coup d'état* were merely the tools of an interest that was not Swedish. The account given by the ex-king of the seizure of his person by the conspirators will be perused with interest.

Field-marshal Count von Klingsporr, commander-in-chief of the army of Finland, had returned some months back to Stockholm, and after him General von Adlercreutz had arrived from the same army, covered with laurels, but yet lacking those of revolution. These generals were to receive the orders of the king before they returned to their posts. They and several other military and civil officers, some of whom had been already admitted to the king, were assembled in the ante-chamber. He desired Klingsporr to be called, and, during the conversation, the field-marshal secretly opened the door to General von Adlercreutz and Adjutant-General von Silfverspatre: these gentlemen immediately entered, and besought the king not to quit the capital. The king per-

ceiving that several staff-officers were following and forcing an entrance, drew his sword, exclaiming, 'Treason !' The officers on guard hastened to the spot ; but, instead of putting a speedy end to this outrage, they suffered themselves to be disarmed by those whom they ought themselves to have disarmed. The king, surrounded by a great number of officers, could not resist alone: M. von Silversparre fell upon him from behind, and wrested the sword from the king with both hands, and with the utmost violence ; and then, amidst blows, the confusion reached the highest pitch. While the conspirators were striving to secure the person of the king, and with that view locking the door of his apartment, other officers and faithful servants were endeavouring to break it open for the purpose of rescuing him: in this struggle the entrance door was split from top to bottom, and there was seen upon the floor of the room a stove-fork, which had been dropped by or snatched from some person, besides bits of glass which belonged to the lustre, and also small blue and yellow feathers, part of the plumes of the staff-officers, the fragments of which lay scattered, as if by the most vehement tempest, upon the carpet. When the king perceived that the conspirators had made themselves masters of the door, he called out aloud, "Save me, in the name of Jesus Christ!" and strove to release himself. He forcibly seized the sword of General von Strömfeldt, but, being completely encompassed by the conspirators, he was soon disarmed again. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, and the greatest part of the officers engaged in the conspiracy were gone, Field-Marshal von Klingsporr and some other persons only were left with the king. General von Adlercreutz, who had thought fit to assume the office of adjutant-general, deemed it equally expedient to make his report to H. R. H. the Duke of Sudermannia of what had just happened to the king: at his desire, his new comrade, Adjutant-General von Silversparre, accompanied him thither. The two gentlemen strove to persuade the Duke to place himself as regent at the head of the government, and H. R. H. considered it his duty to comply.

"In the apartment in which the king was arrested, there were two side-doors, each having a different outlet. The first was that which had been broken, and through which the people were watching the king; none of the conspirators bethought them of guarding the other. Before these violent proceedings began, the king had locked it with the key, but the door opened of itself as if by a miracle. The king alone observing this, and seeing that the general's sword which he had seized had been from negligence left behind in the room, he armed himself with it, put on his hat, went out at the above-mentioned door, and locked it after him with the key. General von Adlercreutz, who had returned from the Duke of Sudermannia, was instantly apprised of the circumstance, and with several officers pursued the king. The king, after locking the door with the key, ascended a winding staircase, leading to the upper story. He saw the general enter, after breaking open the folding doors with violence, and had only time to throw at him the key which he yet held in his hand, upon which he pursued his way, running so fast that he distanced all those who who were in pursuit of him. While the king hurried through the queen's apartments, he ordered some of the servants to lock the doors after him; but these people, seeing him pursued by so many officers, had not the courage to obey. During the pursuit, General von Adlercreutz, or one of his officers, fell on the stairs and rolled from top to bottom; the king thereby gained such an advantage, that he had hopes of reaching the main-guard of the palace, and there ending either the revolution or his life. After he had reached the great staircase, the king also fell, from tripping against one of the steps, and received a severe contusion on the right arm: but rising again, he continued his course through the corridor to the north door, intending to proceed across the inner court-yard of the palace to the western door, before which the main-guard was stationed. But

Providence, whose decrees are frequently so inscrutable, willed otherwise: the steps of two conspirators were directed towards the north door at the very moment when the king arrived there. One of these was an old military officer, a stout, robust man, named Greif, who had an appointment in the royal hunting establishment with the rank of major; the other a young civilian: the latter fled when he saw the king rushing on the officer, sword in hand, to run him through the body; but he avoided the thrust, and was only slightly wounded in the left arm: and, as the weapon was left sticking in the sleeve of his great coat, he availed himself of this circumstance to seize the king, and to hold him fast with all his strength. The king, weakened, exhausted, breathless, could not disengage himself. A wood-carrier belonging to the palace coming up unexpectedly, advanced and said to the officer, 'What are you doing to the king?' 'I will do the king no harm,' replied the officer quite calmly. The king, having lost the power of speech, could not utter a word, and the wood-carrier, quite confounded by what he had just seen, ran off as the other conspirators came up to secure the king. They led him by force up the great staircase to the first floor, to the queen's apartments. The king was no longer able to walk: he said to them in a faint voice, 'Carry me.' In passing two German sentries, he strove to tell them to release and follow him; but General von Adlercreutz, who was at his side, protested, as it might naturally be supposed, against it. When they had reached the first saloon on the principal story, the king, feeling that he had somewhat recovered his strength, said that he would walk again; and in this manner he proceeded, surrounded by the conspirators, who held him fast. In the second saloon were two of the body-guard of the Duke of Sudermannia on duty, who presented arms as the king passed. On reaching the third gallery, the conspirators were undecided which way to turn, the king pointed to the near door of the apartment called the White Room, and they obeyed. They placed the king upon a chair near the window, opposite to the gallery, where he remained for several hours in a state of the deepest humiliation, exposed to the gaze of persons who had taken part in the revolution, or whom the circumstances of the moment had brought together in the palace."

Such were the circumstances that tore the crown from the brow of the legitimate monarch of Sweden, and led to the exaltation of a foreigner, a child and champion of the French revolution, to the throne of the Scandinavian peninsula.

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## FOREIGN CRITICISMS ON ENGLISH WORKS.

1. *Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger, &c.* By R. & J. Lander, 3 vols. 8vo. 1833.

It is not our object to give copious extracts from this voyage, (in which we have been already anticipated by other journalists,) but, in accordance with the objects of this Review, only to make a few observations of a scientific nature on the degree in which our knowledge of the people and the continent of Africa has been augmented by means of it.

This new expedition, the grand object of which was to trace the course of the river Niger, was undertaken by Richard Lander in company with his brother John. By the discoveries already made, the question respecting the mouth of the Niger is thus far determined, that, the river bending its course from east to south, afterwards turns westward, and then reaches the sea; yet there is still a wide field left for discoveries. The parent stream is not yet sufficiently explored; we know the tributary waters which it receives, (among which the Tsaad appears to be the most considerable) almost to their mouths, but we know not the length of their courses.

That the river Tsaad has any connection with the great inland sea of the same name, discovered by Denham and Clapperton, is a thing of which, as yet, there is no proof. Should this ever be found to be the case, the old notion of the junction with the Nile would be in some measure explained. But the lower part of the stream, which before it discharges itself into the ocean forms an extensive Delta, especially needs to be made the subject of further researches, in order that the arm of the sea, by means of which it flows into the ocean, may serve in case of necessity for the purpose of navigation, like the ancient and modern Calabar river, which Bonny and others have explored.

The main object of the English nation, as one would naturally expect, is to open an interior channel for their own commerce. It is well known that for this purpose Richard Lander was again dispatched, and furnished with goods, in order to sail up the river and to form connections. He has, according to the most recent accounts, fallen a victim to his spirit of enterprize, having been murdered, probably at the instigation of the slave-dealers, who by all means in their power oppose the entrance of the Whites, as they know that it would cause the termination of their cruel trade. We must therefore, consider it a doubtful point whether the English will ever attain their object. But, as the desire of gain, backed by perseverance, has already triumphed over so many and so much greater impediments, it would be rashness to decide beforehand.

HEEREN.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger, 14th August, 1833.



2. *Biographical and Critical History of the British Literature of the last Fifty Years.* By Allan Cunningham, 12mo. Paris. 1834.

Mr. J. D'Israeli contemplates writing the complete history of English Literature, which Mr. Bulwer announces in his "England, &c." with the remark that "it will fill no unimportant chasm;" and Mr. Cunningham hails this intimation with a kindly feeling, for he says, "that Mr. D'Israeli cannot render a more welcome service to the world than to write it."

The want of such a work is much felt; and no slight thanks are, therefore, due to Mr. Cunningham for having presented us with this preliminary sketch of the literature of the last fifty years, from the death of Dr. Johnson to that of Sir Walter Scott, composed for the Athenæum. These papers are now collected and published in one volume by a spirited bookseller of Paris.

Although Mr. Cunningham by his "Biography of English Painters," &c. had warranted us in expecting correct insight, together with full apprehension and appreciation of the qualities of such numerous and varied literary performances, our esteemed author has, nevertheless, executed the difficult task with a happier result than we even could have ventured to anticipate.

Distinguished as his poetry is by sweet delicacy, harmonious flow, and picturesque disposition, so also is his prose equally striking for its natural energy, magical delineation, antique clearness and brevity of expression—animated throughout by a just view and estimation of the beautiful—mild censure, and a peculiarly graceful style of representing his views, in more than a hundred miniature illustrations, for as such we may characterize his sketches.

We cannot therefore, suppress the wish, that the meritorious writer may be tempted to present us with the complete history of English literature treated in the same way: such a book, even when placed beside D'Israeli's work, would be likely to maintain its value and interest.

MILFORD.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger, 4th October, 1834.

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# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVIII.

## DENMARK.

The king of Denmark has recently confirmed the foundation of the Copenhagen Society for Northern Antiquities; so that a fund originally producing 12,500 bank dollars, and increasing by donations and regular subscriptions, is destined to promote the object of the Society in general, and the publication of ancient Iceland works in particular.

## FRANCE.

M. Moreau de Jonnés has published a statement respecting the quantity of books exported from England to France, and from France to England, between the years 1821 and 1832. In 1821 the value of the French books exported to England was 407,534 francs; in 1825, it rose to 914,528; but gradually declined in the succeeding year, till in 1832 it was 435,328. The books exported from England to France amounted in 1821 to 110,375 francs; in 1830 to 154,276, and in 1832 to 131,318. The number of volumes which France sends to England annually is about 400,000, consequently, at the rate of one to every 55 inhabitants; France receives from England 80,000 volumes, or one to every 400 persons. "It is to be deplored," observes M. Moreau de Jonnés, "that the exchange of knowledge between the two first of the civilized countries of Europe, between two nations whose mutual interests demand a closer intellectual connexion, is so limited. Even China, situated at the furthest part of the globe, with its ignorant, despotic government, and a language containing 80,000 letters, exports a greater quantity of books than they."

The celebrated dramatist, Alexander Dumas, has set out on a tour, in company with two artists, engaged to take views for a work to be entitled "The Mediterranean and its Coasts;" the descriptive part of which will be from the pen of M. Dumas.

The Travels of M. d'Orbigny, who spent seven years in traversing South America in all directions, and who made very extensive collections there, have begun to be printed at the expense of the French government. They will extend to five volumes, and be illustrated with numerous engravings.

The miscellaneous papers of M. Victor Jacquemont, who died during his travels in India, have arrived at Paris, and it is believed, that a selection will be made from them for publication.

Lamartine, the poet, has sent to press the results of his observations during his late tour in the East, which will appear under the title of "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en l'Orient, (1832—1833); ou Notes d'un Voyageur," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the gentlemen sent by the French government to investigate the Penitentiary System adopted in the United States of America, and whose report on that subject was reviewed in our Twenty-third Number, has just published an elaborate work with the title "De la Démocratie en Amérique;" in two vols. 8vo.

## GERMANY.

The house of Cotta, at Munich, has announced the speedy publication of a series of Twenty-two Engravings, representing the entrance of Alexander the Great into Babylon, executed by the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen, for the Royal Danish palace of Christiansburg. The Engravings will be made by Samuel Amsler, from drawings by Overbeck. The illustrative text will be from the pen of Dr. Schorn.

M. Carl Seidler, formerly an officer in the service of the Emperor of Brazil, has just published a work in two 8vo. volumes, with the title of "Ten Years in Brazil during the reign of Don Pedro, and after his departure, with particular reference to the fate of the foreign troops and the German colonists."

M. Ferdinand Neumann is engaged on a German translation from the original Dutch of "John de Witt and his Times," by P. Simons, in three vols. with notes and illustrative remarks by the Translator.

Mr. F. Fleischer, bookseller, of Leipzig, has just published the 4th livraison of "The Complete Works of E. L. Bulwer," in English, containing Paul Clifford and The Last Days of Pompeii. The fifth livraison will complete the collection for the present; but Mr. Fleischer gives notice of his intention to reprint all future works by the same author as soon as they appear.

Since the commencement of the present year, a Journal has been published at Stuttgart in the English language, with the title of "Albion, a Weekly Chronicle of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts."

The Bibliographic Institute of Hildburghausen, under the direction of Mr. J. Mayer, announces the appearance after the 1st of May next of the first number of "The United States of North America, in their historical, topographical, and social relations," by Mr. G. H. Eberhard. It is intended in this work to present a digested epitome of all that is worth knowing respecting the United States, combining the utmost possible completeness with accuracy and impartiality. We are assured that the author is, from his previous studies, peculiarly qualified for the task, and that he is not only acquainted with every work of importance relative to the Union, published in America, Germany, or France, but possesses a vast collection of manuscript communications on the subject, from persons in the United States.

Baron von Hammer has just published a New Year's Gift, in the Oriental style, called "Samachschari's Golden Necklaces," (*Goldene Halsbänder*). It consists of 99 short and pithy ethical sayings of the celebrated Arabian Samachschari, translated in the same metre as Frederick Rückert has rendered the Makame of Hairiri: the German translation is placed opposite to the Arabian text, and the binding is ornamented with the two present existing orders, the Turkish order of merit, and the Persian order of the lion and sun.

On the 1st of March will be published at Hanover, under the direction of Dr. Grote and other editors, a Journal of Numismatology, not so much as an auxiliary to history, as chiefly to assist collectors in making purchases and exchanges.

We learn from a German paper of the 15th February that Prince Pückler-Muskau, whose recent publications have excited such attention, after travelling through Spain and the Pyrenees last autumn, has arrived without accident at Algiers. In spite of the plague, he designs to proceed to Cairo, and to return to Europe by way of Constantinople in the ensuing autumn, when the public may expect an equally lively and accurate report of his adventures and observations.

A German publication gives the following statement of the proportion between the journals and the population of the principal countries in Europe:—In Rome, there is one journal to 51,000 persons; in Madrid, one to 50,000; in Vienna, one to 11,338; in London, one to 10,600; in Berlin, one to 4074; in Paris, one to 3700; in Stockholm, one to 2600; in Leipzig, one to 1100; in the whole of Spain, one to 364,000; in Russia, one to 674,000; in Austria, one to 376,000; in Switzerland, one to 66,000; in France, one to 52,000; in England, one to 46,000; in Prussia, one to 43,000; in the Netherlands, one to 40,450. The number of subscribers to that of the inhabitants is in France, one to 437; in England, one to 184; in the Netherlands, one to 100.

The number of students at the University of Munich in the winter half-year was 1434, of whom 1267 were natives and 166 foreigners. At the University of Berlin the number of students between Easter and Michaelmas 1834 was 1863. The University of Königsberg numbers this winter half-year 437 students; and Bonn 832.

## HOLLAND.

Dr. Siebold, who accompanied the Netherland embassy to Japan as naturalist and physician, employed himself in the scientific investigation of that remarkable country, during his residence there from 1823 to 1830, and he has succeeded in bringing back with him to Europe such an extensive collection of natural history, and such stores of valuable information, that the publication of the results of his labours promises to fill up one of the most important chasms in our knowledge of that part of the world, its history, productions and inhabitants.

The account of the Voyages and Travels of Mr. von Siebold, his discoveries in natural history, and other researches relative to the history, manners, and languages of the Eastern islands of Asia, will be published in several parts, under the following titles:—

*Nippon-Archiv*, describing Japan with its adjacent and tributary territories. This part consists of observations by the traveller himself, as well as extracts from original Japanese writings, giving as complete an account as possible of this kingdom, with the countries dependent on it. This work, of which four numbers have already been published, will consist of from 15 to 20 parts, each containing 20 lithograph plates, by the first German, Dutch, and French artists, and accompanied by a French, Dutch, or German text, of 6 or 8 sheets.

Mr. Siebold's discoveries in natural history will appear under the title of *Fauna Japonica* and *Flora Japonica*. The former will appear in numbers, with ten lithographs, accompanied by a descriptive text, partly in French and partly in Latin. Of the *Flora Japonica*, the useful and ornamental plants will be first published in numbers, with five plain or coloured plates, and French or German

descriptions. The most distinguished botanists and zoologists of Europe are associated with Dr. Siebold for the arrangement of his collections and the publication of these works.

Of the philological works, which are intended to facilitate the study of an hitherto almost unknown idiom, and thus unlock the treasures of its copious and varied literature, the following have already appeared:—*Sin zoo zi lin gjok ben*—*Novus et auctus Literarum Ideographicarum Thesaurus, sive Collectio omnium Literarum Sinensium, secundum Radices disposita*, one vol. 4to.; and *Isian dsii wen*, sive, *Mille Literæ Ideographicæ, opus Sinicum origine, cum Interpretatione Kooriana, in Peninsula Koorai impressum*, one vol. 4to. This latter work, as well as the translation of a well known Chinese school-book into an hitherto entirely unknown language, which throws considerable light on the mystery of the origin of alphabetic characters, is particularly interesting. The following is in the press:—*Thesaurus Linguae Japonicæ, sive Collectio omnium Verborum Japonicorum, opus origine Japonicum, cum Interpretatione Sinensi*, one vol. 4to.

These works have been engraved on stone by a learned Chinese, Ko-tsching-dschang, who accompanied Dr. Siebold to Europe, and are a beautiful specimen of Chinese calligraphy.

A very important work has just been published in the French language, under the following title:—“*Du Royaume des Pays Bas, sous le Rapport de son Origine, de son Developpement, et de sa Crise actuelle, avec des pièces justificatives*. Par M. G. Baron de Keverberg, Préfet sous l'Empire.” 3 vols. 8vo.

The following is also just published:—“*Précis de la Campagne de Java en 1811*. Par le Duc Bernhard de Saxe Weimar, avec Cartes et Plans.” 1 vol. 8vo.

A Biography of eminent Dutchmen, to be completed in sixteen vols. 8vo., is commenced.

## ITALY.

“*Proposta d'un Vocabolario etimologico dell' Italiana, con un saggio delle prime cento trenta voci della lettera B.*” We have before us a prospectus and proof-sheet of the above work, which promises to be highly interesting, not only to Italy, but to the learned world in general. The author, Professor Valentini, whose large Italian and German Dictionary has been reprinted in Italy, and is esteemed the best of its kind, is at present engaged on an historical and philosophical arrangement of those materials, with which he is better acquainted than any contemporary lexicographer, and thus to accomplish the wish first expressed by Vincenzo Monti, namely, that “the great wall, (the Dictionary of the Academy della Crusca) which divides grammar from philosophy, and makes reason the slave of authority, might at last be pulled down.”

During the year 1834 considerable excavations were made at Pompeii. The whole street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis was cleared in October. In two other streets that intersect it, one of which connects to the Theatre, and the other to the Temple of Augustus, operations

are also far advanced. At the extremity of the former has been found a richly decorated altar, with its protecting Genius in the form of a serpent. Two houses in the street of Fortune are at length entirely cleared from rubbish, and a great number of valuable objects, of bronze, iron, and ivory, have been discovered in them.

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## RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia has given directions for the foundation of an Observatory on a scale worthy of the great empire which he governs. The site chosen for this building is the hill of Pulkowa, about 200 feet high, in the demesne of the imperial palace of Zarskoji-Zelo, 17 wersts south of Petersburg. The building itself, in the form of a cross, will extend from east to west 220 Rheinland feet, and in the direction of the meridian 175 feet. It will be surmounted by three towers, with moveable roofs, the central one 32 feet, and the two others 20 feet each in diameter, for the instruments. There will also be four pavilions placed symmetrically round it, two for the observers of comets, and two for the reception of portable geodesical and astronomical instruments. The Emperor has given the land upon which the Observatory and its dependent buildings are to be erected; and has taken upon himself every expense attending its erection, as well as that of furnishing the establishment with all requisite instruments, which will be on the same magnificent scale as the institution itself. The total cost will exceed a million and a half of rubles. The foundations of the Observatory were laid in August last, and it is expected to be roofed in before the end of this year.

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Russia alone, of all the great nations of Europe, is yet without any collection of the sources of its national history. To fill up this chasm in its literature the Emperor has ordered the publication of a complete collection of all the historical documents extant, from the earliest ages to the present time.

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Colonel Alexander Dmitrijewitsch Tschertkow, has just published a "Description of Russian Coins," in the Russian language, in 8vo., with 28 lithographs. It is very highly spoken of, and fills up a long felt desideratum in Russian literature.

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Father Hyacinth has lately published in the Russian language an "Historical account of the Oyrates or Calmucks, from the 15th century to the present time." This work will be very interesting to the Oriental scholar, to whose attention we particularly recommend it.

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Professor Charmoy, of the Petersburg University, has already finished his "Concise Persian Grammar," in the French language, and is now engaged in a more elaborate Grammar of the same language. He has also completed his French translation of the first part of "Scheref-Namé," (History of the Koords, from the Persian of Scherif-úd-din Bedliis, a chief of one of their tribes). This first part contains a geographical description as well of the Persian as the Turkish part of Koordistán, with 1400 notes. The whole work will fill three parts 4to.

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Dr. Horner, who accompanied the first Russian Voyage round the world under Captain Krusenstern, and is also well known by his Russian Nautical

History, died in his native country, Switzerland, at Zurich, on the 3d of November, 1834, in his 60th year.

Professor Postels is engaged in preparing for publication, conjointly with Captain Lütke, a Narrative of their "Voyage round the World in the sloop *Senjavin*." The first numbers of the plates and letter-press will shortly appear, lithographed by Engelmann, in Paris.

Mr. Pluchart has announced for speedy publication, a "Russian Encyclopedia." It is to consist of 24 volumes, small type, double columns. It is to be a thoroughly national work, written by and for Russians, in the spirit of the political institutions of their country, and in a style adapted to their state of knowledge. Besides numerous original articles relating exclusively to Russia, the German Conversations-Lexicon, as well as similar English and French works, will be consulted. The first four volumes are to be published 1835, and four volumes regularly every year, so that the whole work may be completed in six years. It is much to the honour of Russia that a single book-seller should be able to undertake a work, which will cost a million of rubles, and on which above 200 men of letters and science will be engaged.

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## SPAIN.

At the beginning of last year there were published in Spain 98 newspapers; at the commencement of the present year (1835) only 77. The total expense of these 77 papers is estimated at 11,600,000 reals, and the receipts at 10,315,000.

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## SWEDEN.

The Brunswick paper states that a German scholar, Dr. Löwe, having lately visited Upsal, for the purpose of once more comparing the Gothic Manuscript Gospels of Ulphilas, written on purple parchment in gold and silver letters, it was discovered, to the great consternation of the librarians, that a previous collater, supposed to be an Englishman, had cut out and purloined eleven leaves of that magnificent Codex. We hope, for the honour of our country, that the conjecture is unfounded.

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## SWITZERLAND.

The canton of Bern had, at the end of 1831, 896 country schools, attended by 75,725 children. Of these 763 were of the Protestant persuasion, and 133 Catholic. The former had 68,808 pupils, the latter, 6917; thus the average number attached to each of the Protestant schools was about 90; and to the Catholic 52.

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# THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Statement of some New Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade; and of some other Doctrines maintained in the "Wealth of Nations."* By John Rae. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1834. pp. 414.

MUCH as the study of political economy is cultivated in England, elsewhere it demands a much larger share of attention. In France it is pursued with zeal and enthusiasm, and the names of Christophe, Garnier, Sismondi, Say, and Dupin, are fresh in the recollection of most readers. Nor has Italy been behind; witness the names of Carli, Verri, Beccaria, d'Arco, Caracciolo, Filangieri, Palmieri, and Galiani. Statesmen disdained not to stoop from what some might deem their higher cares, and the more imposing standing occupied by them as legislators, to investigate the principles of a system. The history of the science and its professors, in fifty volumes, by Custodi, shows a willingness to labour in its mines altogether unexampled in England. Of this enormous work Chevalier Pecchio made an abridgment, in 1829. The contributions of the Spaniards are few: Campomanes, Jovellanos, Ortiz, and de Vadillo, have been lately introduced to our readers. All these writers, in some way or other, more or less remote, acknowledge their obligations to Adam Smith. It was to be expected that if America entered into the field of contention, she would despise authority. Mr. Rae's book (not the first produced by the "men of that ilk" on this high argument,) is accordingly set forth as a statement of new principles—principles subversive of the theories both of Adam Smith and his long tribe of followers.

Mr. Rae expresses himself prepared for opposition; but, as the doctrines of Adam Smith never took so much hold in America as in England, he hopes to meet with less prejudice there than he should have done here. We can assure him, that we are willing to give a fair account of his argument, and are not disposed to weaken its effect by much show of resistance. To treat the subject at full would occupy over-much space. Time, also,

in these stirring days, is not a little precious; and, after all, what our readers expect is rather an account of the author's opinions than our own. The latter are well known by the many papers already devoted by us to this subject—one daily increasing in importance.

Of the value of law Mr. Rae deems highly. According to him, "Nature gave man his peculiar faculties for the purpose that, universally, and as well here as elsewhere, he might acquire the direction of events, by discovering the laws regulating their successions." Every political system has proceeded from the operation, through long-extended time, of the things without and the things within man, acting according to certain powers and principles. Every system has many parts, but they all belong to a great whole, and from their action and reaction on each other the movements of the whole proceed. The parts of this whole cannot be properly said to act in opposition to the laws of Nature—and, least of all, statesmen, who are generally moulded after the form and character of their time and nation, and, instead of giving laws to the age, must rather be regarded by the philosopher as emanations of its genius and organs by which its voice is uttered.

This notion our author carries so far as to declare that,

"were the whole present race of politicians swept from the earth, so little essential difference would there be between them and their successors that the change hence resulting to human affairs could not, probably, be traced a century afterwards. Napoleon, when speaking on this subject to one of his generals, is somewhere reported to have expressed himself in nearly the following terms: 'We are apt to think that we have done much more than we really have. It is the march of events that has made us, and makes us, what we are. Had you and I never existed, our places would have been held by others, and, were we now to cease to exist, the blank would be so filled as not to be perceptible.' It must be allowed that this was with justice said of himself, even by such a man. Already we perceive that all the apparently mighty changes, referable to his personal agency, were rather undulations on the surface of the tide of human affairs than alterations in its course."

This mode of arguing might suit Napoleon, as an apology for being the thing he had become; but we cannot concede altogether so much to the doctrine of circumstances, as to be quite blind to the force of individual character and the influence of a strong will, as manifested in the acts of a man of great genius, on society. Indeed the purpose for which the above is brought in illustration is a proof of this—it being the restoration of law to the estimation in which it was held previously to Adam Smith.

The legislature, in Mr. Rae's opinion, in endeavouring to give an advantageous direction to the course of the national industry, promotes the production of wealth. "Man, indeed, never seeks to conquer Nature otherwise than by obeying her, but his aim, nevertheless, always is to conquer her. By observing the order of events, he acquires the power of changing that order. He does so by that which distinguishes him from other animals, the reasoning faculty, which so directed we term art, and without the aid of which so directed we scarce attain any object."

We know not how the proposition is to be disputed, that the result of a successful inquiry into the nature of wealth would terminate in affording the means of exposing the errors that legislators had committed, from not attending to all the circumstances connected with the growth of that wealth, whose progress it had been their aim to advance; and would so teach them, not that they ought to remain inactive, but how they may act safely and advantageously. The nature of stock, and the means of increasing it, are matters of importance in this inquiry. Its increase, we are told, may be advanced, 1. By whatever promotes the general intelligence and morality of society; and, consequently, the moral and intellectual education of the people makes an important element in its progress; 2. By whatever promotes invention, advancing the progress of science and art within the community, and transferring from other communities their arts and sciences; and, 3. By whatever prevents the dissipation in luxury of any portion of the funds of the communities.

Perhaps there is not any thing novel or striking in these views. They serve at any rate to show to what sect of political economists the writer belongs. It is clear that he does not exclude immaterial products from the idea of wealth. In this he decidedly differs from Adam Smith and Dr. Malthus—and agrees with M'Culloch, who considers that man is the most valuable of all instruments of labour—perfected at the cost of much labour, and destined in his turn to produce and perfect other such instruments. It seems impossible to exclude the subject of population from the inquiry—and in that subject the interests of morality are deeply involved.

Political economy is a science which ought especially to proceed by an induction of facts. How much is contained, for instance, in this simple statement!

"A farmer in the interior of North America has almost always a large mass of commodities which are nearly, or altogether, valueless to him. Great part of the timber he cuts down he is obliged to burn upon the ground, and much of the produce of his orchard, of his dairy, and of his poultry-yard and garden, is either entirely, or in a great measure,



lost. No little part of the direct produce of the farm is also lost. His working cattle are idle for weeks or months in the course of the year, and any superabundance of the more bulky articles, such as unripe turnips, potatoes, oats, or hay, lies nearly useless on his hands. When a manufacturing village is established in his neighbourhood, all such productions become valuable, and are transferred to the artizan and master manufacturer, as returns for the products of their arts. The pine of the forest goes to build their houses; the maple, the birch, and the walnut, to make furniture for them; all potatoes and other vegetables of the sort, that can be spared, are consumed by them as articles of food; the working cattle get employed at all times; and there are none of the returns of the industry of the agriculturist but find a ready market."

We repeat that the science of political economy should, in an especial manner, observe the philosophical canons of the *Novum Organon*. Speculation of all kinds should be suspended in favour of inductive evidence. The fact just mentioned is used by Mr. Rae to show the advantages resulting to the locality where a new art gains a fixed seat. The value and rent of land increases, and the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns and villages is distinguished by marked differences from places far distant.

Every useful art is connected with many, or with all, others. Whatever renders its products more easily attainable facilitates the operations of a whole circle of arts, and introduces change—the great agent in producing improvements—under the most favourable form. Improvements in the iron manufacture have conducted to others in the mechanical arts. New arts are also generated by the passing of one into another, and the ingenuity of individuals is excited by the mere existence of the arts in society.

An important lesson is involved in the fact, that the absolute loss caused to the present United States, from the interruption of their intercourse with Great Britain, at the commencement of the war of the revolution, equalled the whole expense of that war. The loss, in like manner, which many of the continental nations experienced from the sudden interruption to the supply of British manufactures, during the progress of the war against Napoleon, was excessive. Great Britain herself, on the same occasion, suffered very severely from being at once deprived of the supply of materials necessary to many branches of her industry. Thus the cutting off the trade in Baltic and Norwegian timber was for some years very severely felt by us. Yet compensation is found for the wasteful injuries occasioned by wars, in the ingenuity which is stimulated to provide substitutes for deficient commodities, and in the transfer which they frequently compel of the arts from country to country.

Whatever the benefits producible by these or other means, the

same may be produced by legislative operation, without any sacrifice. "It is the business of reason," exclaims our American enthusiast, "watching events, to separate the good from the evil, and to search for plans of obtaining the one and avoiding the other." And this view would be correct and conclusive, if legislators were always rational and laws always just—but to gain a perception of the right, and to apply principles to practice, are very different functions. In all detail there is something that "puzzles the will;" exceptions will arise to the rules that one would fain enforce, and there is a natural oppugnancy in material combinations that is at war with law and reason. From these causes arise the mistakes of statesmen, and they have sometimes been of such a nature as to make their interference any thing but beneficial. There are circumstances lying beyond the reach of the legislator, and which he cannot hope to change. Often his highest wisdom is to "let well alone."

Louis XIV. attempted to make France a maritime and commercial nation. To do so, it only required that the principle of accumulation should have existed in sufficient strength among the people of France, to induce the construction of instruments, such as were used in England and by other maritime and commercial nations. The French at that time had ships and commerce, and if their accumulative principle had been so strong as to lead them to construct instruments returning as slowly as those formed by the English and Dutch, their commerce and navy would easily have rivalled those of these nations. The attempt of the British, in some instances, to supplant the Dutch in their fishery, was liable to a similar objection. We select these examples, because they are facts admitted by Mr. Rae himself, and go to prove that, under circumstances particularly unfavourable to the practice of a certain art, and no countervailing circumstances particularly favourable to it, the first introduction thereof must always cost much, and the subsequent maintenance be a burden on the common industry and stock. Well then may Mr. Rae remark that, "while the legislator is called upon to act, he is also called on to act cautiously, and to regulate his proceedings by an attentive consideration of the progress of events." But here is implied a limitation of the legislative process—law is held in check by an opposite principle of non-interference. It is between these two that the question of "free trade" lies. The utmost power possessed by the legislator is to trim the balance, and even in making the proper adjustment he is liable to great errors. This is a point which might be amply illustrated from the chapter, concerning "the operations of the legislator on luxuries," in which our author very rightly apprehends the difficulties of the case. They are, however, sufficiently

obvious, upon reflection, to render it unnecessary for us to marshal them forth in critical array.

It is a singular opinion for an American to hold, that a despotic government, other circumstances being equal, has the greatest chance of going right in its legislative measures, and the greatest facility for carrying that right into operation. A legislator of intelligence and perseverance might effect much good in any one of the islands of the South Sea, by introducing the arts of men further advanced in the career of improvement—even the unskilful efforts of a barbarous chief would not be without advantageous consequences. The like efforts lately made in Egypt had, perhaps, an overbalance of good; certainly the revolution wrought in Russia by Peter the Great was justified by the result. "In such cases," adds our author, "the power of the legislator to effect beneficial changes is so great, that even his most blundering efforts are seldom altogether successful. A fruitful soil yields large returns, even to a very unskilful husbandman."

Our author is not very clear in the language which he adopts in this part of his argument. We gather, however, that, in their actual workings, despotisms are more liable to error. It follows that the *other* circumstances are, in fact, *never equal*. Though it would be folly in a more intelligent legislature, (that of the United States, of course, is specified) to imagine itself capable of giving to the resources of the country an impulse so sudden and great as that lately attempted in Egypt and formerly effected in Russia, yet it has, in reality, the advantage of being much less open to mistakes. "Every important measure there agitated, before it can be adopted, is subjected to the scrutiny of great numbers of intelligent and well-informed individuals, stimulated alike by their regard to their country and to themselves to trace out with accuracy its future operation and effects. By this means, the greatest security, of which the nature of human affairs admits, is given against the adoption of impolitic or hurtful schemes. With such cautions, the legislature may with prudence undertake a series of measures, that, under other circumstances, were of doubtful expediency."

Legislative interference may produce an excessive revenue—a great good, if the legislator be enabled thereby, without expense to society, to carry forward projects that must otherwise have pressed heavily on its resources. On the other hand, it may have an effect similar to that which the discovery of the western continent produced on Spain. The wealth produced may, by the corruption of the court and nobles, spread wide, through the higher classes, a dissolute and yet a mercenary spirit. On this

we may remark that, as, in this world, our life is of a mingled yarn, if we were to make a principle of rejecting the good because it was capable of abuse, it would be impossible to adopt any measure of utility. Besides, as the objection has never been urged by political economists, Mr. Rae may be safely left to dispose of his own crotchet.

The fundamental error of Adam Smith, and the present prevailing school of political economists in England, lies, according to Mr. Rae, in their assuming, that what is true concerning an individual is true also concerning a community; and maintaining, consequently, that every impost is so much absolute loss to the society, and every diminution of it so much gain. Mr. Rae devotes an entire book in disproof of the identity of individual and national interests—and endeavours to show that the causes giving rise to individual and national wealth are not the same, individuals growing rich by the *acquisition* of wealth previously existing; nations, by the *creation* of wealth that did not before exist.

Individuals increase their capitals by acquiring a larger portion of the common funds. While one man is growing rich, another is becoming poor, and the change produced is only a transfer of wealth from one hand to another. One man may add house to house, and farm to farm; and another may give up one portion of property after another, till he has surrendered all. Meanwhile, the mass of wealth—of houses and lands—undergoes but little alteration.

The national capital remains but little changed in amount. It is therefore not by acquiring wealth previously in the possession of others that nations are enriched. One nation grows not rich, nor another poor, in the same relation—nor in fact. Neighbouring nations may be seen advancing at the same pace towards prosperity and affluence—and declining equally to misery and want. If they advance, it is by the *production* of wealth—if they decline, it is by ceasing to produce.

The assertion made by Adam Smith that the causes of the wealth of nations are to be found in the improvement of the productive powers of human labour is true. If we are told that a country has double the agricultural capital which it had a century ago, we cannot of course conceive that its farms are double the extent they then were; neither do we conceive that its farmers have simply double the number of farms and other buildings, of cattle, ploughs, harrows, and other farming utensils, which they then had. We conceive a change in the mode in which its fields are laid out and tilled; in the form and qualities of the stock; in the construction of all the implements of industry; in the size

and arrangement of the barns and other buildings, and that through these changes the national agricultural labour produces at least double the products it formerly did. In money value however, both the individual and national capital would be alike double in amount—it follows not, nevertheless, that the principles which have produced them are perfectly similar. “The poem of Childe Harold,” says Mr. Rae, “cost the publisher a certain sum; so did the paper on which it was printed. They both, too, were works of man, and required mental and corporeal energy to produce them; but we should not, therefore, say the principles that produced them were precisely similar.”

Our author luxuriates in the idea of awaking “one of the men of the olden time” from the slumber of the tomb—to tell him of the ten-fold increase of the national wealth, or capital, of Great Britain. He would ask how it could be, and, by way of answer, our American economist would “take him abroad and show him the wonders and achievements of art with which the land is overspread; the various processes carried on in our manufactories and workshops; the scientific labours of the agriculturist; the curious mechanism with which the vast bulk of our ships is put together and guided; fire and water transformed into our obedient drudges, excavating harbours and draining mines for us, carrying us over the land with the speed of the wind, bearing us through the ocean against tide and storm.” Still another question would then suggest itself—How the power had been acquired that had wrought so great a change? “We can scarce suppose that any one would be found to reply: The whole process is nothing extraordinary; it is just the same as you must have seen in your own days, when, by continual parsimonious saving, an individual accumulated ten times the capital he once had; he began, perhaps, with one house and died owning ten. Such an assertion would evidently be absurd.”

This is well put. Our author proceeds to show, that, not only are the ends which individuals and nations pursue different, but also the means which they employ. “Industry and parsimony increase the capitals of individuals; national wealth, understood in its largest and truest sense as the wealth of all nations, cannot be increased but through the aid also of the inventive faculty. The community adds to its wealth by creating wealth, and, if we understand by the legislator the power acting for the community, it seems not absurd or unreasonable that he should direct part of the energies of the community towards the furtherance of this power of invention, this necessary element in the production of the wealth of nations.”

The progress of science and of art, the discovery of new arts,

and of improvements in the old, are the proper objects for promotion. The statesman should also encourage the discovery of methods of adapting arts already practised in other countries to the particular circumstances of the territory and community for which he legislates. These are objects in which the aid of the inventive faculty is required.

National capital is increased not by accumulation but by change. For the flail for threshing out grain has been substituted the threshing machine. Previously to the invention of the latter, a farmer might have accumulated his individual capital in flails to an indefinite extent for his own convenience. This private accumulation, however, would have made no real increase in the national wealth—this was reserved for the new invention. The nation has now, besides the flail, the threshing machine—a new instrument, *far more expensive than the former*. This extra expense marks the increase of national capital, for which the improved facility and effect in the operation of the machine constitute the appropriate return.

“A farmer,” argues Mr. Rae, “could have had no motive to accumulate but a very trifling capital in the shape of flails, because half a dozen were as useful to him as half a thousand; but he had a great motive to accumulate a considerable capital in the shape of a threshing machine, because it would save him much annual expenditure of labour, and the operation so performed, separating the grain more effectually, would give him a small addition to the corn yielded by his subsequent crops. Accordingly, its invention was followed by the accumulation in this form of a large amount of capital, and so by an increase of the whole agricultural capital of the nation. But, besides this direct effect, the saving it produced in one of the main processes of agriculture augmented the profits of the farmers, and tended, therefore, to make all farmers cultivate their farms more perfectly, and some to engage in improving land not before cultivated: Both the direct and the indirect effects of this invention, therefore, must have helped, in no inconsiderable degree, to augment agricultural capital, and so the whole capital of the nation.”

This certainly appears to us making a legitimate use of a fact. It follows that the increase of national capital is one and the same with the progress of invention, improvement, and discovery. Nations have remained apparently stationary for ages, in regard to their national wealth, though undisturbed by external violence and unmolested by internal tumults, and yet all the while the process of individual accumulation has been going on—men have risen from poverty to affluence, founded families, and left wealth to their descendants—or have become poor and bequeathed nothing to their children. A nation may be poor, while its subjects may be rich. An increase of the national capital, however, will facilitate that of

individuals. The invention of the steam-engine has increased both national and individual wealth.

The statement which we have just made, if carried out to its full consequences, would, we suspect, modify many of our author's conclusions. We content ourselves in this place with putting a few questions. May not the faculty and product of invention properly be considered as so much capital belonging to the inventor as well as the nation, and to the inventor in the first place? And do not the facilities experienced by individuals for private accumulation from the augmentation of the national capital constitute capital to them,—require, in fact, the investment therein of capital by them, and, even in this view, manifest “the Identity of the Interests of Nations and Individuals?” If these questions be answered in the affirmative—are not the differences between Adam Smith and Mr. Rae in some measure of a merely verbal character?

Verbal distinctions, however, in some cases are of use, and subserve the purpose of putting an object in a better light. One thing is made clear by the distinction here taken, that it is not by continual parsimonious saving out of revenue that a nation becomes rich. May it not likewise be doubted whether the rule holds respecting individuals? In the case of the inventor it certainly does not. His wealth flows from a generous expenditure of mental power; which is at the same time production. And how often is a fortune realized by generosity of mind expressed in a daring speculation—a risk of capital appearing to mere sordid intellects reckless at the time, and only justified by the well-anticipated result! Instances of this kind are perhaps more frequent in the publishing world than in any other.

But let us not forget that the principle sought to be established by Mr. Rae is that of legislative interference. Foreign wars and domestic disturbances appear to him less advantageous methods for introducing new arts and manufactures from foreign states than the restrictions and bounties of the legislator. To transfer a manufacture from one country to another must always be a very tedious and expensive operation for any individual to perform. The proprietor of such new manufacture might, indeed, sometimes not only succeed in establishing it, but in keeping secret the great profits that he made from it, for a considerable period; it is, however, more probable that his success would be exaggerated and competitors dispute the trade with him. By bribing his workmen with better wages, they would succeed in depriving him of the profits that he might otherwise have drawn from his extraordinary outlay of labour and capital. A due regard, therefore, to his own interest would not be a motive sufficient to prompt an

individual to such an undertaking. In Mr. Rae's opinion, it would be more just and judicious that the necessary first cost of a scheme like this should be borne by the whole community than that it should fall in ruin on some unfortunate projector—more just, as the burden of procuring a common benefit would be divided amongst all, instead of being sustained by one; more judicious, as society would not have to wait for the attainment of a desirable object, on so doubtful a chance as the folly of projectors.

Recollecting the vain attempts before quoted of Louis XIV. to make France a maritime and commercial nation—and of the British to supplant the Dutch in their fishery—it is our opinion that the immediate attainment predicated is not to be realized by the method proposed. It is only by the pursuit of private interest, whether successful or not in the first instance, and the excitement of competition, that the implantation can be made. By the various fortunes of individuals thus engaged, the public attention is awakened, and from being the subject of common conversation the manufacture also becomes the subject of consumption—a consummation more easily effected, as the competition will have reduced it to a price within the means of the general purchaser. This gross manifestation of the law of action and reaction may, to be sure, offend the philosophy of some political economists—so there have been some moral sophists who have looked on storms and earthquakes as impeachments of the wisdom of nature and arguments against the power or goodness of the Deity. Legislative interference would do little in the latter case, and as little we fear in the former.

Mr. Rae knew two brothers whose farms or estates lay in one of the interior districts of Canada, in the midst of its forests, and consequently at a considerable distance, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, from artificers of any description. Having each of them large families and productive farms, they had occasion for the services of various artificers and had the means of paying them. Nevertheless, they very rarely employed them; almost every article they required was made by some one of the two families. As they were prudent and sagacious men, of which they produced the best evidence in the general success of their undertakings, and the prosperity of the settlement of which they were at the head, Mr. Rae thought it likely that in this they had turned their means to the best account. In fact, as they who are familiar with the details of beginning settlements in North America will admit, by this plan they in a great measure obviated the two chief drawbacks on the prosperity of new and remote settlements, the excessive dearness of every article not produced there, from the



great expense attending the transport of the raw produce and re-transport of the manufactured goods, and the serious inconvenience arising from the difficulty, in such situations, of supplying, when necessary, unforeseen but pressing wants. Among other things which they got made on their own farms were boots, shoes, and leather. That they might get this done, they were at the pains and the expense of sending one of the young men to some distance to make himself sufficiently master of those trades for their purpose. They thought, however, that the cost they were thus put to was repaid thrice over by the saving of time and expense which it effected for them, in enabling them to make, out of leather which cost them very little, numerous articles that they must otherwise have been consequently sending for to a great distance, by roads that were almost impracticable a great part of the season.

This fact is brought in illustration of an argument opposed to an opinion of Adam Smith's, which is thus expressed in the *Wealth of Nations*.

"It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or, what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom."

The fact stated by Mr. Rae shows that this rule, like most others, is liable to exceptions. Where the parties are at a great distance, they will find the expense of getting carried so far the articles they want so considerable as probably to exceed their first cost, and to render it good economy to make such themselves. In countries where the population is scattered and the internal communications are bad, many trades are practised in the farmers' houses and by their own families. These exceptions show that individuals, as well as nations, often acquire wealth from other sources than mere saving from revenue; that skill is as necessary and consequently as valuable a co-operator with the industry of both as either capital or parsimony; and that, therefore, the expenditure which either may be called on to make to attain the requisite skill is very well bestowed.

We may leave our author in calm possession of this conclusion. It turns, however, upon this, that in the excepted cases no better

employment for capital exists than that adopted. In a country where industry has full occupation already, it might even be expedient and more profitable to bring certain required commodities from a distance than to make them at home. Men have not leisure to acquire new trades who have already enough to do in their own. For the good of the unemployed population new arts might be introduced with advantage.

The following remarks are valuable:—

“ But, though skill is valuable both to nations and individuals, there are many circumstances that render it more so to the former than to the latter. In the first place it is more durable. Whatever may be the perfection to which an individual may have brought his skill, dexterity, and judgment, in conducting any particular set of operations, that perfection perishes with him. Whatever expense it may have cost him to acquire this possession, and however valuable it may be to himself, he cannot transmit it to his heirs. But any addition which a society makes to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which its members exercise any branch of industry, is not of this fleeting nature. Instead of the benefits derived from it being bounded by the short space of time that the active life of an individual embraces, they are continuous with the national existence. If it be worth while paying a considerable apprentice-fee for the acquisition of an art, which can probably only be exercised for twenty or thirty years, it must be better worth while to pay for one, the advantages derived from the possession of which may be retained for hundreds or thousands of years.

“ Again, whatever an individual may expend in acquiring any degree of skill is, to a certain extent, lost to him; though he may draw a revenue, he cannot draw a capital from it. No portion of the future skilled labour of an individual can be sold, because it can only be sold with himself, and such bargains, sanctioned in ancient, are not so in modern times. No where can one effectually make over his services for a certain time to any other person, because no where can he give that person the power of enforcing their exertion. On the contrary any portion of the future revenue, yielded by the skilled industry of a nation, may be sold, and, consequently, an addition to the national skill gives a proportional addition to the command of national resources to meet any sudden emergency. The produce of the general industry of Great Britain stands mortgaged for a sum which it would have appeared a century ago utterly impossible to conceive that industry could sustain, because a century ago it was impossible to conceive the vast increase which has since been made to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it was then directed.

“ Besides these and other differences between the effects resulting from the acquisition of skill in the pursuits of industry by nations and by individuals, there is one on which I have already enlarged. An increase of skill seems to be always a necessary concomitant of the increase of national wealth, whereas it is not always a concomitant of the increase of individual wealth. It is not therefore true, that nations and indivi-

duals increase their wealth in the same manner, nor, were it so, do the rules which modern political economists lay down for the increase of national wealth agree with those which individuals adopt in their endeavours to augment their private stocks."

Mr. Rae complains that we are called upon by Adam Smith to assume as axioms propositions which are capable of conveying two senses, and which are granted in the one sense and applied in the other. We are described as assenting to the propositions, that "the industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue," because we see that the augmentation of industry and capital, the saving from revenue and increase of capital, are concomitants of each other; we perceive not, that in the application of these propositions the sense in which we assented to them is abandoned, and that the augmentation of the capital of the society is assumed as the cause, and the sole cause, of the increase of its industry, and the saving from revenue, as the cause, and the sole cause, of the augmentation of its capital. Whereas, from the observation of the increase of the productiveness of national industry and of the amount of national capital going on in general together, we may at least as justly infer that it is the industry which augments the capital as the capital the industry, and rather come to the conclusion, that part of the national resources should be employed in giving perfection to the industry of the society, than that they shall be altogether devoted to attempts to increase its capital.

This view the author further seeks to inforce, on the admission of Adam Smith himself, that capital is only valuable for the addition it makes to the efficiency of the national industry; and, as that efficiency is also, according to him, mainly dependent on the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it is applied, an expenditure of capital or revenue, having the effect of increasing the national skill, dexterity, and judgment, would seem to be the most judicious possible, seeing it directly increases those sources of production, from the indirect addition that it makes to which, capital is said to derive its sole value.

Some of Mr. Rae's illustrations are exceedingly picturesque. The following forms a charming relief to a subject like the present.

A North American Indian in his canoe comes to an island in some lake or river, and finds near it a good station for fishing. He therefore determines to remain there for the fishing season. Towards evening he pulls his canoe to shore, lands, kindles a fire near a large tree, wraps a blanket about him, places his feet to the fire, his head to the trunk of

the tree, and thus prepares for repose. In so doing, with the exception of kindling the fire, he takes advantage simply of his knowledge of the nature of the things around him, and seeks from them the best supply they can give him of what he wants, that is, of shelter from wind and weather.

"It rains and blows during the night; the tree shelters him somewhat, but still he gets cold and wet. In the morning, he spends some hours providing a better shelter against the inclemency of any such night in future. Of branches and bark he makes something like one-half of the roof of a house, only much smaller, the open side being towards the south and the fire, the sloping side towards the north, from whence comes cold and rain. Thus, though he cannot prevent the wind from blowing or the rain from falling, his knowledge of the manner in which the train of events forming these phenomena succeed each other, or if you will, his knowledge of the laws which regulate their motions, instructs him so to direct them, that the one shall not blow or the other fall on a particular spot, which he knows he may at some future time wish to remain calm and dry. This time may be distant, for it may not rain or blow so as to inconvenience him for a week or two, nevertheless to provide against it he gives a good many hours' present labour.

"Next evening, before going to repose, he finds the turf damp from the rain of the former night. He looks for an elm tree, cuts off a piece of its strong thick bark large enough for him to sleep on, covers it with the soft branches and leaves of the white pine, and forms a dry and soft bed for himself. Thus his knowledge of the materials around enables him to form what he wants—a dry and soft place of repose.

"If in this island he discovers a small wild plum-tree, he relishes the fruit, but there is little of it. Resolving to return in succeeding seasons, he lops the branches of the surrounding trees to give this room to spread, and expects thus to find next year a more abundant crop.\* Here his knowledge of the manner in which trees and fruits grow and thrive, or his knowledge of the order of the trains of events which terminate in the full development of the tree and abundance of its fruit, enables him so to work on the matters around him, as to occasion them to produce more abundantly next season than they have this what then he will desire.

"He thinks not of providing for any future want, the means to supply which will, without this, exist in sufficient abundance. Thus water in such a situation he knows he will always be surrounded with. Were the same Indian encamped in the woods by a very scanty spring, he would dam it up, and cover it with branches so as to keep cool a quantity of water for his future occasions.

"The proceedings of man are every where similar. He has always an end in view; he employs means to effect this end, and there is a

\* This is a possible supposition, but it is more probable he would neglect, perhaps cut it down for the sake of reaching more easily the fruit which it carried.

manner through which he effects it. The end is a supply for future wants; the means, the bringing about of such events as may serve to supply them; the manner, a knowledge of the qualities with which nature has endowed the materials within his reach, of the series of events in consequence arising among them, and an application of this knowledge to produce, through his corporeal powers, such an arrangement of these materials as may so change the issues of events that would otherwise have place, as to bring about those which he desires."

This same principle Mr. Rae proceeds to illustrate also by the usages of civilized life. The cultivation of wheat, the separation of the grain, the production of the flour, and the manufacture of bread, form interesting episodes. To such arrangements of matter as owe their chief efficacy to what are called the mechanic powers, he would give the name of instruments—as a lever or a wedge—a spade—a tool. By the phrase instruments of husbandry are meant the articles used in that art, the properties of which may be explained on mechanical principles. He even looks on a field as an instrument, as also the wheat grown on it, the flour evolved therefrom, and the bread which it finally composes. In a word, every thing that man, for the purpose of gaining an end, brings to exist, or alters in its form, in its position, or in the arrangement of its parts, is, in our author's sense, an instrument. All instruments agree in three particulars:—

1. They are all either *directly* formed by human labour, or *indirectly* through the aid of other instruments themselves formed by human labour;—"the first price, the original purchase-money, that was paid for all things."
2. All instruments bring to pass, or tend or help to bring to pass, events supplying some of the wants of man, and are then exhausted.
3. Between the formation and exhaustion of instruments a space of time intervenes. This necessarily happens because all events take place in time. Sometimes that space extends to years, sometimes to months, occasionally to shorter periods, but it always exists. Every society possesses a certain amount of materials capable of being converted into instruments; the surface of its territory, the various minerals lying below the surface, its natural forests, its waters—the command it may have of the ocean, and its consequent property in the minerals and animals contained in it—the rain that waters its soil—the elementary principles that may be extracted from the atmosphere—even, perhaps, the light and heat of the sun—are all to be regarded as materials, which, through the agency of the labour of its members, may be converted into instruments. The civilized man has, through his knowledge, more of the savage or barbarian for constructing instruments, forms a great number out of the same materials. The Eu-

ropean emigrant converts the soil and forests of America or New Holland into means of producing a great mass of desirable events, which it was beyond the capacity of the ignorant native to effect.

No instruments will be designedly formed but such as have a greater capacity or issue in events equivalent to more than the labour expended in their construction. There are also certain circumstances determining the amount of instruments formed. To point out these, and to distinguish the more remarkable phenomena which their operation produces, is the author's next object. The quantity and quality of the materials owned by any society—the strength of the *effective desire of accumulation*—the rate of wages—and the progress of the inventive faculty, are four causes tending to this result.

This part of the subject is thrown into a scientific form; the author has, however, not neglected to strew some flowers over his pages. In the chapter that treats of the circumstances which determine the strength of the effective desire of accumulation, Mr. Rae has very pleasingly introduced some poetical illustrations. The desire of personal and family aggrandizement, and a wish conjoined with the pursuit of both to rank high in the estimation of the world, influence individual character and conduct to the production of sober industry and frugality, and consequently to an extended provision for the wants of others. The ambition of wealth—the only ambition of these times—must be kept in strict check—and especially the *Cassius-like envy which it generates*—by a large surrounding mass of genuine probity. In ancient times the pursuit of wealth was held incompatible with virtue. That this is no longer the case, is owing to the different circumstances of modern society. In like manner, the passions prompting to marriage depend for their mode of operation on the feelings and morals of particular eras. The doctrines of Malthus are not novelties—they suit corrupt times. Marriage, at such periods, will seldom be sought after by men in easy circumstances, for the mere pleasures of sense. Socrates taught his son to feel peculiar obligation to him for having, in a voluptuous age, put himself to the inconvenience of giving him being.

"The indulgences," adds Mr. Rae, "to which these passions prompt when the feelings become purely selfish, will, indeed, I suspect, be found to be the great weakeners of this very principle. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and the evils to which they give rise are the worst of any, because they contaminate the sources of all healthy energy and activity at the very fountain-head. It is to them that Horace, in my opinion, truly traces the load of mischief which in his time pressed on Rome, and which finally overwhelmed her."

'Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias  
 Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;  
 Hoc fonte derivata clades  
 Inque patres populumque fluxit.'

"Even on the supposition of legitimate offspring, 'it is only in countries where the general sentiment applauds that course of action, that the man actuated by mere self-interest can be supposed to pride himself on rearing up and providing for a family, in preference to enjoying, without restraint, all the pleasures he may be able to procure. Cool, calculating, self-interest would thus speak. 'Who knows whether his son shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all his labour wherein he hath laboured, and wherein he hath showed himself wise under the sun. This is also vanity. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him: it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him, for it is his portion.' We find accordingly that, in states where mere selfish enjoyment is the chief principle of action, the interests of posterity are neglected. Thus among the Roman writers the heir is always represented in an invidious light, and to save for him is represented as a folly. The writings of Horace and the contemporary poets throughout exemplify the prevalence of this feeling.

'Parcus ob hæredis curam—  
 Assidet insano.'

For a frightful picture of causes and effects in this particular, the epigram of Martial to Titullus beginning,

'Rape, congere, aufer, &c.'

might be quoted. But it is time to conclude a digression, on which perhaps I have somewhat prematurely entered."

This is graceful and *true*—and deserves to be extracted. But it is with our author's American Indian illustrations that we are most pleased. These mark the place of composition—they are idiosyncratic—and have a peculiar interest. He presents us with the extremes by which the hunter's existence is chequered;—shows how abundance, famine, the fierce joys of victory, the horrors of surprise and defeat, rapidly succeed each other in an order which he can neither pretend to foresee nor direct; how he deems himself the sport of a capricious supernatural agency, accusing neither his unsteady hand nor imperfect sight, but some magical influence hanging on his weapon, which only the priest or sorcerer can therefore remove; and how the direction of all distant events seems thus to be beyond his control.

We love to accompany the writer in his analysis of the Indian mind—like his subject, he has in this a character all his own, at

any rate as a political economist. The Indian neglects or refuses to adopt the arts of the new neighbours, which the discovery by Europeans of the country he inhabits brought and has kept in contact with him. He will have no more to do with them than Mr. Rae will with Adam Smith's theories. By means of these (the arts we mean, not the theories) the soil, and almost whatever grows on it, or is hid beneath it, are converted into instruments, capable of plentifully supplying every variety of future want. The Indian nevertheless declines imitation and seeks shelter in apathy, regarding life and its enjoyments, both for himself and his children, as did his forefathers, as gifts to be made the most of while they last, but which no care can secure, and to be calmly resigned when necessary. Not only are wanted motives exciting to provide for the needs of futurity, through the use of present means, but habits of perception and action, leading to a constant connexion in the mind of those distant points and of the series of events serving to unite them. The mind needs training to thought and action. This part of the subject our author illustrates by a picture of some little villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

"They are surrounded, in general, by a good deal of land from which the wood seems to have been long extirpated, and have besides attached to them extensive tracts of forests. The cleared land is rarely, I may almost say never, cultivated, nor are any inroads made in the forest for such a purpose. The soil is, nevertheless, fertile, and were it not, manure lies in heaps by their houses. Were every family to inclose half an acre of ground, till it, and plant in it potatoes and maize, it would yield a sufficiency to support them one half the year. They suffer too, every now and then, extreme want, insomuch that, joined to occasional intemperance, it is rapidly reducing their numbers. This, to us, so strange apathy proceeds not, in any great degree, from repugnance to labour; on the contrary, they apply very diligently to it, when its reward is immediate. Thus, besides their peculiar occupations of hunting and fishing, in which they are ever ready to engage, they are much employed in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and may be seen labouring at the oar, or setting with the pole, in the large boats used for the purpose, and always furnish the greater part of the additional hands necessary to conduct rafts through some of the rapids. Nor is the obstacle aversion to agricultural labour. This is no doubt a prejudice of theirs; but mere prejudices always yield, principles of action cannot be created. Where the returns from agricultural labour are speedy and great, they are also agriculturists. Thus some of the little islands on Lake St. Francis, near the Indian village of St. Regis, are favourable to the growth of maize, a plant yielding a return of a hundred fold, and forming, even when half ripe, a pleasant and substantial repast. Patches of the best land on these islands are, therefore, every year, cultivated by them for this purpose. As their situation renders them inaccessible to



cattle, no fence is required; were this additional outlay necessary, I suspect they would be neglected, like the commons adjoining their village. These had apparently, at one time, been under crop. The cattle of the neighbouring settlers would, however, destroy any crop not securely fenced, and this additional necessary outlay consequently bars their culture. It removes them to an order of instruments of slower return than that which corresponds to the strength of the effective desire of accumulation in this little society.

"It is here deserving of notice that what instruments of this sort they do form are completely formed. The small spots of corn they cultivate are thoroughly weeded and hoed. A little neglect in this part would indeed reduce the crop very much; of this experience has made them perfectly aware, and they act accordingly. It is evidently not the necessary labour that is the obstacle to much more extended culture, but the distant return from that labour. I am assured, indeed, that among some of the more remote tribes, the labour thus expended much exceeds that given by the whites. The same portions of ground being cropped without remission, and manure not being used, they would scarcely yield any return, were not the soil most carefully broken and pulverized both with the hoe and the hand. In such a situation a white man would clear a fresh piece of ground. It would perhaps scarce repay his labour the first year, and he would have to look for his reward in succeeding years. On the Indian again, succeeding years are too distant to make sufficient impression, though, to obtain what labour may bring about in the course of a few months, he toils even more assiduously than the white man. The wages of labour with him are lower than with the white man, for his wants are fewer. But for this, the range of materials coming within reach of his effective desire of accumulation would be even more limited than it is, and the amount of instruments formed by him less."

We have no space to follow our author into the Chinese empire. We can bestow but little on Modern Europe, and less upon the ancient Romans. Of more use is it to investigate the principles of credit in modern times so systematically prevalent, and which is the last result and flower of the use and speedy exhaustion of instruments. An individual takes to a particular art, and to the consequent employment of the instruments belonging thereto. These he more quickly exhausts than if he were to practise several arts, as then the instruments of one art would lie by idle while he was pursuing another. By the practice of one art by one individual he more quickly realizes his profits on the tools which he employs. The division of employments is thus recommended to society by many advantages. But an exchange of commodities is rendered necessary by it, and is regulated by the amount of labour expended in their production, and the degree of improvement effected in the instruments which have aided in it. Some commodity must then be chosen as a medium

of exchange—hence money, consisting among communities of the precious metals; hence also credit, with its different modifications and the various methods on which it is conducted.

In many parts of North America, but more especially in new settlements in Upper Canada, the scarcity of cash, and perhaps other circumstances, often lead traders to adopt a peculiar plan of business. Every dealer provides himself with a general assortment of all sorts of commodities in demand in the settlement he inhabits, and reckons on being paid for them in the shape of grain, pot-ash, pork, beef, and other commodities, in the formation of which his customers are engaged. But in this sort of barter one article will generally fall short or exceed the value of the other;—a pound of tea will not exchange for a hog, nor a quarter of wheat for a dozen pounds of sugar. To obviate the difficulty, the merchant opens an account with each of his customers, charging him with the goods furnished, and giving him credit for the produce received, and in this way perhaps all the transactions between the two are managed, either by barter or credit, without the assistance of a dollar of cash. Nor is this all; a great variety of other transactions are also effected through his intervention. Any person who may have furnished him with an overplus of produce, or who has credit with him, can through his means settle most accounts or balances due on accounts. He may thus pay the labourers, and the artificers, and tradesmen, he may employ, by an order on the shop, or, as it is called, store, of the country dealer. Besides these, the transactions of the store-keeper extend to the giving out of the raw produce of the country to individuals in the settlement, tradesmen, &c., who may not themselves have enough, and to the receipt in return of various articles, such as axes, shoes, boots, made-up clothes; and in this way, through his books, a very large portion of the business of the settlement is transacted. It is not difficult to conceive that the whole might be so transacted.

Were the country dealer always to have a supply of every article in demand in the settlement, at a reasonable rate, and were all contracts for the delivery of produce to him to be regularly executed, almost all the requisite exchanges might be conveniently effected through his books. But in this sort of traffic, as the merchant always has commodities to sell, and his customers have not always produce to return, it inevitably happens that they get into his debt. As his object is to sell as many goods as possible, he is very apt to allow many to run into his debt, who do not fulfil their engagements. He suffers from the dishonesty, or the imprudence and miscalculations, of those who deal with him. Very many of his customers are much longer in paying him than they

have promised, or they do not pay at all. Aware of the risk he runs, he is obliged to balance it by charging an additional sum, over and above what he would otherwise demand, on all commodities that pass through his hands. In some cases this advance amounts to at least thirty per cent. In this way he makes, or endeavours to make, the prudent and honest persons pay for the imprudent and dishonest, who deal with him. The former class, in consequence, keep out of the circle of all such transactions as much as possible, and store pay, as it is called, is depreciated.

So much for the system of credit in North America and in the new settlements of Upper Canada. The business of banking seems to Mr. Rae to owe its foundation and extension to its capacity for giving room for the development of the benefits, and for restraining and remedying the evils, of the system of credit. It consists in these times in an artful generalization of all credit transactions, and an emission of paper-money or money of credit. Its introduction into any community, by facilitating the exchanges of instruments, quickens their exhaustion, and carries them to the more speedily returning orders. The general prevalence of credit, and of the use of money, has produced the mercantile mode of calculating the returns of instruments by profits and interest.

We regret very much our inability to pursue this important subject at greater length, as Mr. Rae has bestowed great pains upon it, both in his text, his contents, and his notes. The causes and consequences of prodigality are likewise sufficiently obvious to enable us to pass over the succeeding chapter with a slight notice. Suffice it to say, that the frugal and prudent benefit by the extravagance of others. Invention and its progress form the next theme of discourse.

Invention may be considered relatively to the inventor, and the matter which it has to modify.

Genius is the great agent in the regeneration of the world.

"From the depths of the infinity lying within and without us, it brings visibly before us forms previously hidden. These are its first works. But neither does it intend to stop, nor does it, in fact, stop here. The forms which its eye thus catches, and its 'skill bodies forth' into material shapes, pass not away; they remain. Things of power, true workers, drawing to themselves, and fashioning to their semblance, the changeable and fleeting crowd that time hurries down its stream, they are, in truth, the only permanent dwellers in the world, and rulers of it. In this, the double power of his works, the mathematician is as much a maker as the poet, and the poet as the mathematician, and genius in all its manifestations may, in so far, be considered as the same power, and as excited to action by similar causes."

In these beautiful reflections every reader of taste must concur. Experience also compels us all to acknowledge that genius is not always so beneficial to the possessor as to the world which it influences. Motives of vulgar interest can have very little weight on its action—it seems decreed to self-sacrifice. Burns recognized among his earliest aspirations a “boundless love” of his fellows. Mr. Rae attributes to his fragments of song an influence greater and more permanent than to all the sayings and doings of any of the men of his age. “It is thus that genius manifests the potency of the principle that inspires it, and that the simplest lays of the simplest bard may have a power passing far that of the triumphs of the statesman or of the warrior.” The very existence of genius among a people implies at least the diffusion of a tincture of generous feelings somewhere throughout the mass. Its wanderings from the common path result not so much from its own as the imperfection of the bodies which it impels. The tendency of its pursuits is to withdraw it from the daily business of society. If compelled to mingle with the crowd, it soon shows itself as not belonging to it.

“Abstract and scientific truth,” observes Mr. Rae, “can only be discovered by deep and absorbing meditation; imperfectly at first discerned, through the medium of its dull capacities, the intellect slowly and cautiously, not without much doubt and many unsuccessful essays, succeeds in lifting the veil that hides it. The procedure is altogether unlike the prompt determination and ready confidence of the man of action, and generally unfits, to a greater or less degree, for performing well the part. He again who dwells in the world of possible moral beauty and perfection moves awkwardly, rashly and painfully, through this of every day life; he is ever mistaking his own way, and jostling others in theirs. To the possessors of fortune these habits only give eccentricity; they affect those of scanty fortune, or without fortune, with most serious ills.”

One cause of the “eternal war” which genius has to wage with the world may, we think, be ascribed to the difference existing between scientific and moral principles and mere conventional laws. The latter are good for certain times and places, and are mere modifications of the others, rendered suitable to certain recipients. Genius, however, prefers the absolute originals themselves, irrespective of the limits within which they have already been brought, which indeed it would enlarge to a capacity for comprehending them in their widest and most abstract form. It is therefore always negating the customs which it finds, and is negated by them. It manifests itself accordingly as inimical to existing systems, and these to it. It is on this principle that the inadequate estimation in which such men as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Tasso, Shakspeare, Hume, Montesquieu, Bacon, Galileo,

Coleridge, and Wordsworth, are held at their first appearance is to be explained. Great Britain has been exceedingly guilty in not rewarding the promoters of the abstract sciences and the arts.

"It is enough," says Lord Bacon, "to restrain the increase of science, that energy and industry so bestowed want recompense. The ability to cultivate science, and to reward it, lies not in the same hands. Science is advanced by men of great genius alone, while it can only be rewarded by the crown, or by men high in fortune or authority, who have very rarely themselves any pretensions to it. Besides, success in their pursuits is not only unattended by reward or favour, but is destitute of popular praise. They are, for the most part, above the conceptions of the commonalty, and are easily overthrown and swept away by the wind of popular opinion."

But men of genius are not exempt from the common infirmities of human nature; accordingly, some of the inconveniencies to which they are subject doubtless proceed from within. One we have already mentioned, arising from the difference between convention and science, whether natural or moral; and it is one highly honourable to them. Mr. Rae illustrates a similar point by a pleasant enough figure.

"The eye of the rider glances over hill and dale, marks the streams, the woods, the hamlets, that diversify the prospect, and the whole configuration of the country he traverses, and so he knows the road. The animal he rides knows it too; he knows it as giving exercise to his limbs, and bringing him, by every step he makes, forward, or right or left, nearer to some stable-door. Ten to one that, practically, the latter has a more accurate knowledge of it than the former, and that, while the irrational shall sagaciously and unhesitatingly follow it out, without missing a single turning or making one blunder, the rational, especially if the fancy take him to preserve something of a straight line, shall have to pass from track to track, to leap many a hedge and many a ditch, and, having been obliged, after all, to make detours in abundance, come out at last weary, jaded, and bemired."

For the inconveniences arising from individual infirmity the same apology cannot be offered. Disjunction and isolation may not be endured with firmness—or may be preferred from indolence. Whatever evil may arise from these causes attaches however to the individual solely. Meantime, his labours become the property of society—nay, of the whole human race. Its inventions or creations *augment* the stock or capital of the community. The more selfish cares of others only *accumulate* the stock or capital of individuals. By the conjoined operation of both principles, an addition may be made, which is properly denominated *the increase* of stock or capital. Mr. Rae adds, "accumulation of stock diminishes profits; augmentation of stock increases profits; increase of stock neither increases nor diminishes profits."

Luxury, in Mr. Rae's opinion, is an evil, though not unmixed with indirect benefit. In few words; he sums up by concluding that—the labour expended in the formation of luxuries is so much direct loss to the community, one man's superiority being here equivalent to another's inferiority. The amount thus dissipated depends on the force of the social and benevolent affections and intellectual powers, as compared with that of the selfish feelings, and is, therefore, inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle. With this part of the subject is very properly connected a question concerning narcotics. It would seem that the cheapness of intoxicating liquors would render them incapable of affording any gratification to vanity, and the passion would in such a case have to turn itself to other objects. Pleasure would still arise from their intoxicating qualities, and facility be offered for its indulgence. Would these lead to long-enduring excess? or to speedy and general temperance? Over the greater part of the United States of America, whiskey has long been sold at about a shilling sterling per gallon, so that one day's wages of a common labourer will purchase a dozen bottles of that spirit.

"It is therefore," as Mr. Rae insists, "put out of the class of luxuries as completely as any intoxicating liquor can well be. The consumption of it has, notwithstanding, been very great, and in few countries have instances of injurious excess been more frequent. It is true that the evil, now exposed to view stripped of every disguise, is seen in all its hideousness, and is in a fair way of being corrected. After having endured for more than one generation, what Adam Smith terms the period of general drunkenness is probably passing away. If the cure be thus effected, it may fairly be reckoned radical."

To a remedy so violent, it must be nevertheless admitted that there are many as legitimate as obvious objections.

The few remaining topics treated in this remarkable volume must be briefly dismissed. Touching exchanges between different communities, more enters into their regulation than the quantity of labour expended on the commodities exchanged. For instance, increased facility in the exchange of utilities operates in the same manner as the progress of invention and improvement; it carries, in Mr. Rae's language, instruments to the more quickly returning orders; whereas increased facility in the exchange of luxuries has an immediate tendency, on the contrary, to carry instruments to the more slowly returning orders. In like manner of waste; the loss which, in any society, the capacity of instruments sustains by the operation of fraud and violence seems to be nearly inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle; but violence, as producing change, excites invention.

What we have already written, with the examples we have

given, is calculated, we think, to impress the English reader with a very favourable opinion of American modes of ratiocination in reference to the high argument of Political Economy. Mr. Rae's book deserves especial study, as dealing not only with the means and appliances of production, but, by estimating duly the moral constitution of man, providing for corresponding consumption. Experience has shown us that more corn may be grown than can be eaten, more clothes manufactured than can be worn, and yet, by some fault of distribution, or some want of capacity, large numbers of the population may remain unclothed and almost unfed. Man is not a machine; and it is but just that the producers should be the partakers of wealth. But it has not always been so. It is wisely said by Mr. Rae that good laws or government can neither be established nor maintained without good morals. In fine;—where purely selfish feelings prevail, laws have no power.

“ Quid faciant leges ubi sola pecunia regnat ? ”

ART. II.—1. *Legislation des Théâtres*. Par Vivien et Blanc. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

2. *Le Drame tel qu'il est*. *Satire*. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

3. *Lucrèce Borgia*. *Drame*. Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

4. *Lestocq*. *Opéra*. Par Scribe. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THE decline of the Drama has of late offered a field for much speculation. A degree of interest attaches at present to the subject, which affords a sufficient apology for our entering into a view of the present state of theatricals, and going into the causes which have brought them to their actual drooping condition. France has been long distinguished among European nations for her partiality to, and patronage of, dramatic composition; yet, even on the French stage, by some strange coincidence, we find the same symptoms of decay visible that are but too apparent in the English. Indeed, the change which has taken place within a few years in this department of French literature is at once so extraordinary, has been brought about so rapidly, and is altogether so much in contradiction with the decrees of former taste, that our wonder and surprise are necessarily excited.

This change may at first appear an anomaly, but an easy solution may be found in the political changes which have taken place in the French metropolis. A theatrical revolution has fol-

lowed close on the heels of the political; innovations have been introduced on the stage as well as into the social and administrative institutions of the country. In both cases the French seem to have lost those characteristic features by which they were conspicuously distinguished. The proverbial gaiety of their temper, the *insouciance* of their disposition, and the sparkling vivacity of their fancy, have been completely lost in the turmoil of political excitement, and habits of deep thought and moody speculation have engrossed those minds, which seemed formerly better calculated to discuss the elegancies of life. This mental agitation must account for that extreme appeal made to the most violent and horrible feelings which characterises the productions of the modern dramatic school. Indeed nothing can be more singular than the change which the French taste has undergone in this respect. From an over-refinement, or rather squeamishness, in preserving inviolate "*les bienséances du Théâtre*," they have rushed headlong into the most horrible extravagancies that a diseased imagination can engender. The very men who bestowed on Shakspeare the appellation of *barbare* and madman, and for whose delicate nerves the supposed atrocities of our great bard were beyond the power of endurance, are now delighted with the convulsive pangs of a kind of dramatic night-mare, which sways with despotic control over the French theatre.

A rapid outline of the vicissitudes of the Drama will perhaps afford some interest to the reader.

The reign of the old French tragedy is at an end; Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, must vacate the throne in favour of the prevailing innovations. The first is now regarded merely as an eloquent declaimer in verse, often energetic and sublime, almost as frequently rugged and incorrect; the second has dwindled into an elegant elegiac poet; and the productions of the last, though possessing more real dramatic talent, are now looked upon with comparative indifference; while the works of the *barbare*, whom their countrymen ridiculed, live, and will live, in all their pristine verdure, because they are founded on the eternal basis of truth, and passion, and human nature, and can only perish when human nature itself ceases to exist. Different is the fate of the French tragedy, in which art was so glaringly predominant, and the whole fabric of which was built on a false foundation. Nothing could be more absurd than the superstitious adhesion of the French to the rules of the three unities—unities which, by the by, they were tacitly infringing in almost every one of their productions; for it signified little whether the theatrical decoration, to conform with the unity of place, was presented to guide the imagination of the spectator, when he knew that the events re-



presented could not all happen in the said locality. Can any thing be more contrary to common sense than to show us *Cinna* selecting the very apartments of Augustus to hatch a conspiracy against the life of that emperor? Can any one feel convinced of the truth of the picture represented in the "*Cid*," because events are exhibited in the same hall, and in the space of four and twenty hours, when we know that they occurred in various places and at a considerable interval of time between each other? According to our English notions, to which our Gallic neighbours have now, it appears, become such arrant converts, the illusion would be far more complete, and the judgment, as well as the imagination, rest better satisfied, if allowed the wider range of nature, instead of shackling their functions by violent efforts of art. Aristotle was pleased to frame a code of dramatic laws at a remote period of time for the convenience of the Grecian people—these answered their purpose no doubt in that age and among that people; but it is very hard upon modern nations to be compelled to amuse themselves according to the rules laid down by that philosopher. With equal propriety might we be required to wear *sandals* instead of Wellington boots, or to substitute the Olympic games for the race-course of Doncaster or Newmarket.

But these were not all the sins for which the old French tragedy had to answer, and which have brought it to its present unfortunate end. Other germs of mortality were mixed with it from the moment of its birth, adhered to it through the various stages of existence, and never forsook it till the very moment of decrepitude. What can be more false than the *Dramatis Personæ*?—Where are we to look for the originals of Greeks and Romans so decidedly French in carriage, feeling and sentiment? Where did the whole tribe of *heros* and those nuisances called *confidants* ever exist but in the imagination of the author?—these abominable *confidants* were all of the same genus; and indeed by comparing the hundreds of tragedies in which they figure, we shall find a complete resemblance in every thing, not merely in sentiment, but in the very words they are made to utter. Their business on the stage was merely to listen to the long-winded speeches of the hero or heroine, and now and then afford them a little time to breathe, by interrupting their "monotonous psalmody" with such exclamations as "*Juste Ciel!*" "*Grand Dieu!*" "*Qu'entends-je,*" and so forth. Then, again, what are we to say of the poverty in the construction of plot and incident?—the capricious taste which prefers the mere *narrative* of an event to witnessing the event itself in action—the languor and monotony in the whole conduct of the fable—and, in fine, the abominable jingling of the French rhyme, which tended to

render the monotony ten times more soporific? With such germs of mortality about it, the prolonged existence of the old French tragedy was threatened, and a fit opportunity was only wanting to bring about its dissolution.

This catastrophe, however, did not take place so soon as might have been expected. During the tempestuous times of the French republic, the old tragedy continued to flourish undisturbed. The intellectual revolution had not kept pace with the social convulsions which agitated the country; besides, the republican air of the Greek and Roman heroes was in accordance with the times, and then the admirable acting of Talma and other great tragedians contributed to prolong the reign of this sort of drama. During the republic, and afterwards, under the protection of Napoleon, the writers who supplied the stage conformed to the established rules. Chenier, Raynouard, Arnault, Jouy and others, acquired success by following the steps of the old masters, but who cares now to trouble the repose of the "*Brutus and the Gracchi*" of the first; of "*Germanicus*," "*Belisarius*," "*Hector*," and other productions of those days? Even the "*Agamemnon*" of Lemerrier, which was considered the most meritorious of modern tragedies, cannot be rescued from the fate that must attend all those of its class. Since the year 1820, only one tragedy belonging to this school has been crowned with marked and signal success—the "*Sylla*" of M. Jouy; this play excited at the time an extraordinary sensation. On every night of its performance the doors of the *Théâtre Français* were thronged with an eager crowd in a state of nervous excitement to get admittance. Enthusiasm rose to its height, and the government entertained thoughts of interdicting a performance accompanied with so much suspicious interest and agitation. But we are to look for the solution of this temporary popularity to causes totally independent of the merits of the play. Political feeling was connected with its production, and the people went to the theatre, some out of spite to the existing government, and others to behold the imitation which Talma gave of the ex-emperor Napoleon. His way of dressing the part, his attitudes, and the intonation of his voice, did certainly much more for the success of the piece than the striking qualities of the piece itself, which was nothing but a prolonged declamation in five acts, redolent of all the faults of the school to which it belonged. But where is "*Sylla*" now? Alas! gone to its eternal rest, with the mighty crowd of its less gifted or less fortunate brethren! Probably "*Sylla*" will be the last tragedy of the declamatory school which will retain its place in the *répertoire* of the French theatre of the present day!

A company of English actors made their appearance in Paris at

the theatre of *La Porte St. Martin*, and were pelted off the stage by the audience; this circumstance led to considerable debate, and excited no little degree of interest. About the same time Ladvocat was publishing a translation of the leading dramatists of Europe, among which Shakspeare, of course, stood pre-eminent. The undertaking was gratefully received by the reading public, who had begun to imbibe, moreover, a decided taste for the literature of England by the perusal of the translations made of Scott and Byron. In spite of the insufficiency of a translation, however creditably performed, for conveying the strength and raciness of the original, the French discovered beauties in Shakspeare and Schiller to which they had been perfect strangers, and which, as regards the first, could be but little anticipated from the tame and emasculated imitations of Ducis. A second company of English actors, under the management of Mr. Abbott, nothing daunted by the failure and ill-usage experienced by their predecessors, made another attempt to draw the attention of the Parisians to the merits of English theatricals. This second appeal met with a fate totally different from the first—the most unbounded success crowned the hazardous experiment, and Kean and Macready, Kemble and Young, Miss Smithson, and other eminent performers, were successively applauded to the echo, and the English drama became one of the most engrossing topics of Parisian conversation. It was a fashion—a rage—and the *barbare* of former days was quickly converted into an idol for special adoration. The nerves of the French were no longer shocked, and Macbeth and Othello were repeatedly acted without throwing the spectators into hysterics. The Parisians reached from one extreme to the other, and we shall presently see by what a curious process they have passed from their former intolerant tenacity to a total subversion of established rules and prejudices, and have quietly submitted to the introduction of scenes of atrocity and barbarity upon their stage, to which certainly the pages of the “barbarian,” Shakspeare, can afford nothing parallel.

A literary revolution was now actively working its way in France; this soon produced the celebrated war of the *Classiques* and *Romantiques*, carried on with such zeal and ardour on both sides, that it may not inappropriately be assimilated to the religious controversies of former days. But of this subject we shall only touch on that portion which regards our present question, the Drama; which, by the bye, has offered to the *Romantiques* the most powerful weapon, and led them to their most signal triumphs. No sooner did the symptoms of innovation become apparent, than the partizans of the old school, with a horror of innovation, denounced the new apostles as a pernicious sect, labouring to

overturn the established creed in matters of taste—a sort of literary Vandals rushing forward to destroy the dramatic glories of the nation. The *Classiques* counted in their ranks the whole of the academicians, as well as all the veterans in literature, while those of the *Romantiques* were chiefly filled by ardent young men of genius, bold and enterprising, who were not to be withheld from their purpose by the anathemas of the French Academy. The *Classiques*, prompted by their zeal, still persevered in going to doze a couple of hours at the representation of the superannuated tragedies, whilst the *Romantiques*, more actively engaged, applied their talents and energies to expel those dramas from the stage. Some of the young *Romantiques* were disposed to carry the revolution to the utmost extent, while others, whom we may term the *juste milieu* of literature, were rather inclined to adopt a more conciliatory system. Among those we may reckon Casimir de Lavigne, whose “*Marino Faliero*” is strongly imbued with the spirit of *Romanticism*, but preserves the external forms of the old French tragedy. The debate was zealously carried on, when an event took place which gave a decided blow to the dramatic *légitimists*, and obtained a triumph for the new school. This was the production of “*Henri trois*.”

Nothing could exceed the success of this drama; the French play-going people were invited to experience a curiosity, to enjoy a pleasure, and to feel emotions, to which they had been unaccustomed. Here was a drama founded on a fable of one of the most stormy periods of French history, a period pregnant with great and interesting associations!—a drama full of action—replete with passion;—written, too, in a pure energetic style, and characteristic of the times—the whole got up with singular care as regarded stage arrangements. The illusion was perfect, the effect produced by such an animated picture magical, and the public began to be converted to the new tenets propounded by the *Romantiques*. Of these, Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo became the avowed and enterprising leaders. The “*Henri trois*” of the former was followed by “*Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castilien*,” of the second. The same signal success accompanied this production, whilst the celebrity which the author had acquired in other walks of literature gave additional lustre as well as importance to his new victory. From this moment the success of the theatrical revolution was secured, whilst the death of Talma and the retirement of Duchesnois from the stage took away from the old tragedy their last support and strength. The heroic and declamatory tragedy was consequently overturned, and the *drame historique* took despotic possession of the throne.

A rage became now prevalent for the *drame historique*;

nothing could satisfy the public but the *drame historique*, and consequently, *dramas historiques* descended in showers on the Parisian theatres. It would be an idle task to enter into the merits of the vast number of plays of this class which have made their appearance on the stage within half a dozen years. Alfred de Vigny produced "*Le Maréchal D'Ancre*," and Dumas, "*Christine*," with deserved success. Several competitors of acknowledged merit also entered the lists, and from these we had "*L'Homme au Masque de Fer*," "*La Tour de Nesle*," "*Perinet Leclerc*," and others, which have obtained a high degree of popularity. A mania, a rage, prevailed amongst the French dramatists of the modern school, and we find that the minor theatres, in their anxiety to emulate a glorious example, set about concocting their *dramas historiques*, and thus, even the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* has offered its "*Dame du Louvre*" to the prevailing fashion of the day, whilst *L'Ambigu*, equally zealous, brought out the "*Porte de Bussy*" much about the same time, not to be outdone by its next-door neighbour.\*

Happy would it have been if the regenerators had confined themselves to the correction of those vices which called for reform in the old drama. But alas! the theatrical revolution followed the precise steps which are unfortunately attendant on political changes. Men are never satisfied with doing *enough*, but, when the work is once begun, they carry matters to the opposite extreme and fall into the contrary error to that which it has been their effort to correct. The *Romantiques* certainly emancipated the drama of their country from the trammels which arbitrary rules and capricious taste had arrogantly imposed. They destroyed for ever the never-to-be-quiet family of *Cædipus* and *Atrides*. They expelled from the theatre all the Grecian and Roman heroes modelled after the French fashion, and rescued the playgoing people from the annoyance of the eternal and stupid *confidants*. They laughed the servile critics out of their veneration for the Aristotelian precepts, and they gave a mortal blow to that monotonous psalmody called French rhyme. Instead of narratives, they introduced action;—instead of declamatory speeches, the brief and energetic language of passion; thus far their labours had been salutary and praiseworthy; thus far the triumphs which they had obtained were legitimate and honorific, as they were sanctioned at once by justice and sober reason. But the innovators were not satisfied with their achievements; in their anxiety to produce stronger impressions and more novel effects in every succeeding work, they allowed their heated imagination to run

\* The theatres of *La Gaîté* and *L'Ambigu* stood close to each other, but the former has been burned down, a few months ago, since this article was written.—EDITOR.

riot, and they were blinded to the glaring extravagance which but too soon stained their labours and rendered their fruits unavailing.

Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo acquired immense yet due approbation for "*Henri trois*" and "*Hernani*," yet, instead of following the same course in the choice of a fable, they looked about for those subjects which from their nature were more than ordinarily atrocious and repulsive. Licence was soon carried to a most objectionable point. No event in history was deemed too monstrous for the purposes of the drama, and their downright effrontery was mistaken for boldness and resolution. The *Romantiques* scrupled not to render their dramas a kind of acted chronicle of human depravity. Victor Hugo, with that waywardness of fancy not uncommon in men of genius, delights in exercising his talents upon the most repulsive and grating subjects. *Marion Delorme* certainly is not a heroine after our taste. But what are we to say to "*Le Roi s'amuse*?" Whatever credit might be given to the author for the purity of his intentions, the good sense of the public in this instance administered a just corrective, and a failure, which would have been more signal but for the uncalled-for interference of the government, gave a salutary hint to M. Hugo for the conduct of his future productions.

The mischief soon grew to an alarming point; writers not endowed with the abilities of their leaders conceived that they might supply any deficiency in point of talent by the accumulation of a greater *quantum* of the horrible and the licentious. Dramas were accordingly brought out, than which nothing can be imagined more depraved in conception, or more objectionable in execution—dramas, indeed, which seemed composed whilst their authors were writhing under the horrors of an intellectual night-mare. Yet those pieces were acted with great applause in Paris, where, not many years since, the productions of Shakspeare were facetiously said to have been suggested by a *bourreau*! Take, for example, "*La Tour de Nesle*," one of the most successful of these *Drames historiques*. What a subject!—a female,—a queen, with whom we always love to associate ideas of gentleness and decorum, watching at her window on the look-out for gallants; she causes these to be introduced secretly into *La Tour de Nesle*, and, when she has fully satiated her passions, she calmly orders them to be hurled into the river! What purpose can be answered by the selecting of such a subject? Does Gaillardet (whose claim to the authorship, however, has lately been contested by Dumas with such acrimony as to lead to a duel between them) intend to convey a moral lesson?—the task was idle; such instances of human depravity are so rare, that society incurs no risk of corruption from their example; bold systematic atrocity,

frantic debauchery, and barefaced unredeemed vice, can excite no other feelings but those of horror and disgust. Then, perhaps, the dramatist intended only to amuse. If so, what amusement! witnessing the degradation of the human species beneath the level of the brute beast; being initiated into the mystery of crimes, for which there can be no shadow of excuse; and becoming acquainted with gratuitous horrors unredeemed by any single touch of the more kindly feelings of human nature!

But this is not the only evil for which the modern school must stand answerable. The *Romantiques*, conceiving, no doubt, that the pages of history would soon be exhausted, or that the subjects derived therefrom were not sufficiently horrible and licentious to meet the exigencies of the times, set their brains actively to work to invent new combinations of monstrous and repulsive depravity. How fully they have succeeded in their exertions is evident from the result of their labours. In the absence of the *drame historique*, the stage was sure to offer another composition of the same class, which, for want of a better term, we shall denominate the *drame horrible*! In this most reprehensible species we must place those dramas of demons which, under the title of "*Antony*" and "*Richard D'Arlington*," were suffered to outrage sober sense and common decency with the most unblushing impunity. The voice of censure cannot be too loudly raised against those productions, and the offensive imitations to which they have given birth. Dumas, no less than Hugo, takes a perverse delight, in encountering those subjects which, from their repulsive nature, would deter less daring, or rather more fastidious, writers.

What a picture is offered in "*Antony*!" The whole structure of the fabric, the conduct of the scenes, and the language employed, all are redolent of an utter contempt for the sanctioned notions of society with regard to principle and morality. Among other scenes there is one in which "*Antony*" drags the heroine (formerly his lady-love, now a married woman,) into a bed-chamber; the style in which the whole affair is carried on is admirably calculated to remove any doubt from the spectator with respect to what is being transacted; but, lest there should be any among the audience afflicted with remarkably dull comprehensions, the heroine herself takes care in a subsequent scene to illumine their minds on the subject by announcing her shame! *Richard d'Arlington*, a monstrous drama, begins with what is called a prologue. The title is "*La Maison du Docteur*;" here a mysterious lady arrives just in time to be delivered of a child, which child turns out afterwards to be the offspring of the public hangman! *D'Arlington*, the fruit of this very interesting connection, arrives in process of time to be one of the most disgusting scoundrels that ever lived. But we will not waste time on a production which, independently of its

offences against decency and taste, possesses the additional demerit of being a most faulty composition in a literary point of view. The construction of the plot is clumsy, and the extravagance of the incidents carried to a point bordering on the absurd. Certainly the old French tragedy, with its cramping rules, was a sad shackle on genius, but, on the other hand, this boundless range, in breaking through every restraint, is very convenient to mediocrity. Another abominable piece of this description is called "*Les six Degrès de Crime*," which, by the by, has been performed in London under the title of "*The five Degrees of Crime*," from which we must infer that the process of arriving at the acme of depravity is quicker in England, since it requires *one* degree less than in France. The *drame horrible* now reigns paramount. Every theatre in the capital considers it a duty to treat the public to a mental dish of such delectable food; the author who contrives to accumulate within the limits of his piece the greatest possible quantity of atrocity and immorality is sure to carry the palm. Assassination and suicide, rape, adultery, and incest; poisoning, sacrilege, parricide;—what a beautiful prospect for the dramatist! Of course he will never be foolish enough to present *one* crime alone, but a skilful combination of several of the most hideous and repugnant. Indeed he has a *carte blanche* to shock the good sense of the men, and outrage the modesty of the women, in all those of the play-going public, who have not relinquished their claims to the possession of those qualities. There is one comfort in all this; these gratuitous monstrosities, these cold-blooded horrors, these rank emanations of a diseased imagination, which seem to imbibe the pestilential air of a charnel-house and a brothel combined, must necessarily be exhausted at last, for, really, when a writer has accumulated into one play, say, for example, a couple of murders, an adultery and incest, a parricide or a suicide, seasoned by sundry lesser beauties of the kind, we cannot see that he can push much further the limits of his interesting lucubrations!

The offences of mediocre talent offend and disgust; those of genius excite a feeling of regret and compassion. In the latter class we reckon Victor Hugo. He, like his brother dramatist, Dumas, has been guilty of the literary 'outrage which we have censured above. This is the more to be deplored, as his surpassing talents besit him for the successful accomplishment of splendid works for the stage. Even in his most faulty scenes we find something worthy of attention. "*Le Roi s'amuse*" was thickly studded with dramatic and poetic beauties of a high order, and one is sorry to find such riches squandered away on so unprofitable a subject, as one would regret to behold a mass of ugliness covered



over with pearls and precious stones. But the work which has raised Victor Hugo to the highest pinnacle of popularity as a dramatist is his play of "*Lucrece Borgia*." The success of this production was almost unprecedented, and may be classed among the triumphs obtained in this country by "*The Beggars' Opera*" or "*Der Freyschütz*." The Paris papers bore testimony to the enthusiasm produced by each successive representation, and, to use the expression of a French critic, we will admit that *Lucrece Borgia* has obtained *un immense succès*.

We cannot but congratulate Victor Hugo on this extraordinary drama, yet with our pleasure must be mingled somewhat of regret; we allude to the selection of the subject. All the mastery which the author has displayed in its treatment, the eloquence of its impassioned scenes, the general excellence in the conduct of the plot, the succession of incidents which alternately excite the most powerful emotions in the breast of the spectator—all this is scarcely sufficient to make the critic forget that Lucretia Borgia was one of those monstrous abortions of human nature, with the history of whose existence it would be desirable that men were never made acquainted.

The author, to be sure, has softened down the extreme asperity of this revolting subject. Among the frightful passions that storm the fiend-like existence of his heroine, he has given her *one* natural feeling, which throws a charm over the play and excites some degree of interest for the wretched being, who, without this, would have been unendurable on the stage—we allude to the skill with which Victor Hugo makes his *Lucrece Borgia* alive to the emotions of a mother, although she is insensible to any other of the better human attributes.

The revolution produced by the *Romantiques* in the drama has had a direct influence on the comic department of it no less than on the serious; still French comedy is in every respect less faulty than tragedy. The *chef-d'œuvres* of Molière and Regnard are relished even in the present day, and must continue to produce a favourable impression. But still the rage for the *drame* has inflicted a severe blow on the comic muse; no five-act comedy of any pretensions has been brought out of late years; indeed, a deplorable dearth of *vis comica* is the prevailing sin of all the French theatres. The *Théâtre Français* is engrossed by the *drame historique*, and the few attempts which it has made to patronize modern comedy have been attended with unsatisfactory results. The last production in this branch of the drama, *Le Bon Presbytère*, of Casimir Bonjour, is a wretched affair, a dull, monotonous *tirade* to inculcate the necessity of marriage among the catholic priesthood. Bishops, and priests, and curates, and

young seminarists, and curates' housekeepers, &c. &c., are not precisely what an Englishman would consider the most available *dramatis personæ* for a comedy. We cannot see the humour that can be extracted from such a subject, unless indeed we descend into the profane. Jokes about religion never tell with an audience, and then again a comedy without jokes is not very palatable. Casimir Bonjour has steered clear of the last danger—his play is perfectly innocent of humour of any kind—but we have instead a good deal of abuse of one priest, and as much praise of a *bon curé*, as the author's great favourite, and whose merits consist in having lived in a state of concubinage with his housekeeper! This, together with a marvellous profusion of stale sentiment, constitutes the staple of what the playbills announced as a "comedy."

The licentious tone which characterizes the serious drama has had a corresponding influence on the comic; nothing can exceed the effrontery exhibited in the production of *La Reine d'Espagne*. What was the subject? the impotence of Charles II., the last king of Spain of the house of Austria! Who were the personages? what the plot? the humour of the composition? Listen and be edified—a French ambassador, on one hand, watching the young queen with a jealous eye, in order to prevent the chance of her committing those indiscretions which might render her a mother; on the other side, the partisans of Austria labouring as zealously to defeat the Frenchman's plans, and to afford the queen those opportunities which the diplomatist dreaded. How was this to be accomplished under such active *surveillance*? Why, simply by the instrumentality of a young friar, whom they select for the queen's confessor: admirable contrivance! Only think, reader, of the French ambassador turned into a watching *dueña*, and a Spanish grandee converted into a pimp! But the public resented the insult offered in this instance at once, and drove the *Reine d'Espagne* from the stage. The *Romantiques* have learnt a lesson from this catastrophe; they must not be prurient and licentious in *fun*—no, they must fight under the protecting shield of the *drame*—for the *drame* is a general passport for any kind of excess and extravagance.

The drooping state of the comic muse is not limited to the higher walks of comedy, but is mournfully visible in all the lighter productions in this branch of the art. Every theatre is now tainted by the prevailing mania. The *drame*, the never-sated *drame*, stalks with oppressive step on all the boards of the Parisian theatres. The *opéra comique*, once the delight and pride of the Paris public, has been in a most languishing state ever since Mr. Scribe, with his *Leocadie*, introduced the *drame* on the stage,

where *Picard et Diego*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, and other amusing productions of the sort used once to put the audience in good humour, and excite good wholesome laughter, instead of a tendency to sleep or a nervous attack. The Feydeau was demolished, and a beautiful theatre in the *Rue Ventadour* was built as a fit dwelling-place for the *opéra comique*; failure, however, attended the undertaking; the lessee was ruined; the theatre closed, and the *opéra comique*, which was comic only in name, remained in abeyance for a lapse of time. It again raised its head in the Parisian theatricals, and the production of a work which met with signal success enabled it to flourish at least for the present. The piece to which we allude is *Le Prê aux Clercs*, the music of which, by the late Herold, has been much extolled; but the piece itself, what is it?—a comic opera? What a question! Of course it is a *drame*—a very lugubrious and interesting *drame*!

One of the most interesting topics connected with our subject is that style of composition, so peculiarly French, which, under the title of “*Vaudeville*,” is so admirably calculated to beguile an hour. But, alas! the ruthless *drame*, which first killed the old tragedy (no harm in that,) and then inflicted a serious blow on comedy, besides turning the *opéra comique* topsy-turvy—the ruthless, insatiable *drame* has also invaded the *vaudeville*, and exercised a most despotic influence over this branch of composition. One would have supposed that the *drame*, in its ambitious flights, would have asserted its dominion over the larger establishments, and passed by the minor theatres without notice; but no—the *drame* would spare no one. Every theatre in Paris, great or small, must submit to its influence. *Le Théâtre du Vaudeville*, that once celebrated temple of Momus, when Desangiers presided over its destinies, is now converted into a field for the exhibition of the stale sentimentality or the crimes of the *drame*. Instead of those light characters and amusing one-act satires, we have three-act and even five-act *dramas*, full of as much pretension as they are destitute of real merit. The *Sans-Gènes*, *Nouveau Pourceaugnac*, *Gaspard S’Avisé*, and other entertaining personages, have been obliged to make way for *Marie Mignot* and *Madame Dubarri*. Indeed the *Vaudeville* ought to efface that line of Beaulieu inscribed on the entrance:

“*Le Français né malin crea le Vaudeville.*”

The *Malin* who created the *vaudeville* would indeed feel much surprise and indignation were he to behold the extraordinary change introduced by the partisans of the *drame*, and more especially by M. Ancelot. M. Ancelot is a man whom we ought to hold in dread for his astonishing facility and unconquerable pen-

*chant* for the commission of *drame*. He perpetrates the offence without the least remorse. The *vaudeville* laboured for some time under the influence which the success of *Madame Dubarri* gave Ancelot a sort of right to exercise over the theatre. *Le Favori*, *Les deux Jours*, and other compositions of the same stamp, were produced. Ancelot is a decided foe to laughter. He seldom attempts a joke, or, if he does, it is invariably a serious one; yet Ancelot is a man of no ordinary talent: he began his dramatic career contemporaneously with Casimir Delavigne. They both made their *coup d'essai* in tragedy. *Louis IX.* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* appeared at the same time, about the end of 1819. Since that period Ancelot has written *Fiesque* and other tragedies, and *L'Homme du Monde*, a comedy, but of late his sympathies have been so exclusively enlisted in favour of the *drame historique* and the *drame namby-pamby*, that he cannot, were it to save his life, abstain from committing a couple of these offences per month.

When the subject of the French *vaudeville* is discussed, the mind naturally reverts to Scribe, who, by the successful cultivation of this branch of the drama, has acquired a reputation and a fortune to which few dramatists can aspire. Scribe has been for a long time an impersonation of the genius of French *vaudeville*, and he has perhaps contributed more than any other man alive to the amusement of the Parisian public, as far as theatrical entertainments are concerned. He has produced a vast number of pieces, of various degrees of merit certainly, but most of them remarkable for a peculiar elegance and *esprit*, and a profound knowledge of stage effect. To Scribe the immense popularity of the *Gymnase Dramatique*, once decidedly the most popular of the Parisian theatres, is mainly, if not wholly, to be ascribed. The *Gymnase* became the *théâtre de bon ton*—a new piece brought out there was almost sure of commanding success. Scribe was indeed a clever as well as prolific writer. Certainly there were some faults to be found with the *Gymnase Dramatique*. The personages there represented were not always in strict accordance with the realities of life; there was too much of artificial society, too much of certain conventional data, upon which the conduct of the *vaudeville* depended. The critical mind grew tired of the rich *financiers* of La Chaussée d'Antin—the young colonels, with the unavoidable *croix d'honneur*—the fascinating *jeunes veuves*—these personages were constantly at their post: then again Scribe was excessively lavish of money; he squandered millions in his *vaudevilles* as if it cost him nothing; indeed one would feel astonished if a computation were to be made of all the wealth which the heroes of the *Gymnase* have been announced to possess.

Now these eternal *financiers* and colonels, with the *croix d'hon-*

neur—and young widows—together with all these millions of money thrown about, *à tout propos*, with a most prodigal, not to say imprudent, hand, tended to give to these pieces a certain family likeness, not perhaps desirable, independently of an air of monotony injurious to the general effect of the compositions. But then by what a *quantum* of real sterling merit were those faults retrieved! One could easily forget blemishes where beauties preponderated and stood foremost in the line.

What a strange contrast between the Scribe of the *Gymnase* and the Scribe of the present day; or, to speak more plainly, what a singular change has the writer undergone since the revolution of 1830! It is indeed from that period that we may date the decline of the *Gymnase*, or *Théâtre de Madame* (as it was then called). It was from that moment that the compositions of Scribe lost their zest. Like the rest of his brother dramatists, he has paid the most assiduous courtship to the *drame*, and the fruits of this affection have been, as usual, a vast quantity of false sentiment—*ennui*—license, and extravagance. Instead of *Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier*—*Visite à Bedlam*—*Vatel*—*L'Heritière*—and other smart and laughable satires, Scribe has been adding the power of his name and talent to the tyrannic rule of the *drame*. Then the *Gymnase* presents us with *Camille* and *Le Serrurier*! which, in spite of their success, we consider unworthy of Scribe. But this is not the worst; Scribe has written *Les dix Années de la Vie d'une Femme*, a more serious offence; not to speak of *Le Luthier de Lisbonne*, in which Don Miguel was introduced and held out to public execration, at the moment that a contest for the throne of Braganza was going on in Portugal. Indeed we know not on what grounds this license and personality can be excused, and we find that nothing stops the headlong career of the modern dramatists. Not long since, Bayard scrupled not to make a domestic catastrophe, which occasioned deep affliction in private life, the groundwork of his piece called *La Grande Dame*—and every one is aware that no sooner did the news of young Napoleon's death arrive in Paris than almost every theatre produced a piece on the subject.

Scribe is indeed sadly altered for the worse in his productions. We find him now busy on every kind of dramatic labour—nothing comes amiss to him: with the single exception of tragedy (in which he shews his sense,) he has produced every sort of theatrical composition, comedy, *drame*, melodrame, *drame historique*, and *drame horrible*, grand *opéra*, and *opéra comique*, *vaudeville*, farce, parody, spectacle, &c. and what not. We expect a ballet from him next. Happy had he adhered to his light, smart, and ingenious *petites comedies*! Happy for the public if he were more frequently busy in

preparing such pieces as *La Grande Aventure*, instead of employing his time in concocting a *Robert-le-Diable*, *Le Serment*, and *Gustave*, in conjunction with Auber, Taglioni, Daguerre, Ciceri, and half a dozen others. But Scribe, besides being a clever writer, is an excellent arithmetician. Not only is he well read in works of genius and imagination, but he possesses a profound knowledge of the science of numbers. He is equally conversant with Molière and Cocker. It is to this fortunate combination of talents, which are seldom united in one individual, that he owes an annual income of thirty thousand francs—the proceeds of the wealth acquired by his dramatic labours! Scribe studies the taste of the age; and, since his *drame* is the order of the day, he wisely says, “Well, you shall have *drame* for your money, since you prefer it.” But perhaps Scribe has lost his former freshness and wit. We say perhaps, as we are always averse to making disagreeable assertions. Indeed, when a writer has produced about *two hundred dramas* of all sizes and denominations, we need not be surprised that his stock of imagination should be somewhat exhausted by such heavy demands.

But here strict justice requires us to make a remark. The reader must not suppose, that every piece to which Scribe has lent his name is from that circumstance his own composition. With many of those, in which it appears in partnership with others, he has probably had little more to do than merely softening some asperities, and suggesting some happy touch from the stores of his long experience. Did our limits not forbid us, we could amuse our readers with many curious anecdotes on the subject. The joint-stock vaudeville-manufactory has been carried to a degree of perfection of which the uninitiated can form but a very imperfect idea.

Having presented a rapid history of the changes, and present condition of the drama in France, it will not be irrelevant to examine the state of it in our own country. The inquiry will prove that errors and abuses are so thickly interwoven with this branch of literary labour, that the indifference of the public for the amusements of the stage ought, in a reflecting mind, to be no longer cause for surprise. We may lament the state of theatricals in France, as far as regards the perversion of taste in the present productions, and we must denounce the wrong bias which has converted salutary reform into license and confusion. But still, the dramatic talent, though enveloped in clouds, lives in France, emitting at intervals those vivid flashes which announce its existence. For the darksome power of storm, though it may obscure, can never extinguish, the light of the sun! Besides, though abuse has crept in, and now lords it over the drama, its laws and

regulations still exist. Those who devote themselves to the task of writing for the stage receive the same protection as before; the system of internal management of the theatre continues the same. In all these points, the French have an undoubted superiority, and afford an example which might be advantageously copied by the English.

Nothing can exceed the deplorable state of English theatricals. The two national theatres have been for a long time well known as ruinous concerns. Successive lessees have squandered away their property on this most ungrateful of speculations, without any further result than the pleasure of hearing themselves styled "spirited lessees," "active managers," "zealous caterers for the public amusement," or the mortification of being abused, in no measured terms, as the violaters of good taste, and the criminal destroyers of the legitimate drama. Of late, the voice of complaint has become both more general and louder; the attempts to convert the classic boards of old Drury and Covent Garden into an arena for the exhibition of foreign singing and foreign dancing, not to say of wild beasts, and all sorts of monsters—the prevalence of spectacle and noise—of scenic effects and pictorial achievements, and the almost total exclusion of dramatic authorship, as far as the higher regions of intellect are concerned, are now so glaringly manifest, that the full chorus of complaint demands speedy and summary redress. At the same time, however, an impartial examination of the subject obliges us to confess, that lessees and managers have been charged with results for which they are not strictly responsible. It is indeed very hard and absurd to tax individuals with those faults and abuses which derive their origin from other and superior sources—the head of the evil is in the government of the public. By a monstrous absurdity, we find that, in a country where the industry of almost every class of producers is protected, the mental labours of the dramatist until lately have been totally overlooked. By another equally strange anomaly we perceive that, among a people famous for their adherence and attachment to established rules and regular proceedings, the management in stage matters has been entirely left to the uncontrolled power of personal caprice.

The French consider the prosperity of their theatre as a matter of importance, as connected with the literary glory of the country. A code of laws and regulations has therefore been provided, which protects the rights of authors, defines the rights, duties, and privileges of persons connected with every department of the theatres, and regulates their internal administration. There are *Inspecteurs des Théâtres* to watch and report their proceedings;

there is a *Comité de Lecture*, to decide on the merits of new pieces. A writer sends his work to the secretary, who enters it in his list; the piece is read in its turn, and accepted or rejected, as the dramatic jury may decide. In the event of the acceptance of his piece, the author troubles his head no longer about its destiny; he knows that it will be produced, and, as regards pecuniary emolument, he feels secure in the provisions made for the protection of his rights. New pieces are brought forward according to the order of priority, subject of course to certain exceptions, founded on reason and utility. For example, what are called *tours de faveur*—these cannot be matter of any great complaint to the dramatic expectants; they are granted to *parodies* and other *pièces de circonstance*, which demand immediate production, to render them at all available; they are also granted in extraordinary cases, such as a new play of surpassing merit, or the long expected work of a great and popular writer. But, even in these cases, the number of *tours de faveur* is subjected to restriction, and a writer can form a tolerably correct calculation as to the time when his piece may come out, and make his arrangements accordingly.

That there are, occasionally, abuses in this, we will not attempt to deny, and a case which occurred not long since might be adduced in point. We allude to that of M. Laverpillière, and his comedy, entitled "*Le Sophiste*." This piece, under various pretexts, had been postponed for thirteen years, to the great annoyance and injury of the author. Tired of waiting, and no longer the dupe of theatrical professions and promises, (which by the by are not always to be considered as gospel,) the writer brought his lamentable case before the commission of dramatic authors, who immediately espoused his interests with such zeal that the *Théâtre Français* was at last compelled to produce the piece. What was the consequence? that M. Laverpillière became the victim of theatrical procrastination. His comedy described manners and satirized follies which had become quite obsolete, and in consequence it turned out an entire failure. Such exceptions, however, do not militate against the force of a general rule. In the instance we have mentioned, the author, at all events, had redress, if he was not bettered in point of profit and fame. Now let us compare this provision as regards new pieces, with what happens in English theatres in similar cases. An author is never certain of the production of his drama, until the day after it has been performed; for the piece may be accepted, the parts distributed, rehearsals may have taken place, nay, it may be announced in the bills, and a day fixed for its appearance, and yet, in spite of all this, it may be doomed never to



have the honour of representation. Examples of this nature are, unfortunately, frequent enough to absolve us from the task of dilating on the subject. But, even if the piece is brought out and succeeds, uncertainty, doubt and fear, continue to perplex the unfortunate dramatist. Even when paid, upon what is considered a most liberal scale, his remuneration certainly falls short of what his talent, industry, and the time he has bestowed upon it, would have procured him if they had been as successfully applied to any other branch of human industry.

The neglect and injustice evident in the case of authors, is one real cause of the decline of the drama. Literary men of high rank in the republic of letters shrink with instinctive horror from the ordeal of the stage; the difficulties which beset dramatic composition, the trials of all kinds which the candidate for theatrical honour is doomed to undergo, bear no just proportion to the end to be obtained, even when that end is most satisfactory and triumphant. How different is this from what we read of former days? Dramatic success was once esteemed the most honourable, as well as the most intoxicating—persons the most distinguished in literature and high station felt a throbbing for a theatrical ovation. It was the ambition of the great Johnson to produce a play; and the charming poems of Goldsmith—his inimitable “*Vicar of Wakefield*,”—his worthy historical labours, in fine, his success in the most varied walks of literature, did not excite one half of the anxiety and interest, the doubts and pleasure, which attended the production of *The Good-natured Man*, or, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Authorship is now considered the last in the list of dramatic items; not only the actor, but the scene-painter, the singer, the musician, the dancer, the property-man, the machinist, &c. &c., are considered of far more importance; and well they may, if we look to the nature of the pieces which are now *got up*, to use the technical phrase. Some critics in the public journals have been exceedingly eloquent in their denunciations of the translations and adaptations and the other *trash* which is now offered on the stage; but what right have they, or that *patron*, the public, to expect more? Of one thing the critics may rest assured, that it is a far more easy and profitable task to supply the papers with trash than the theatres. Of the singular state to which dramatic writing, as it is called, is now arrived, some notion may be gathered from a case mentioned in the papers two or three years ago. A celebrated dramatist, the author of one hundred successful pieces, was described as begging about the streets of London! Curiosity was puzzled to find out this great unknown. The circumstance of his being a successful author was somewhat in

contradiction with his alms-demanding occupation. But it was soon discovered that the individual in question was a young man of some ability, who had been a victim to dramatic composition. He had supplied the Pavilion and other minor theatres with melo-dramas and other pieces at so much a head, either singly or collectively, on the most moderate charges, which, at most, if we are not mistaken, amounted to the sum of two guineas, while many were paid for at a much lower rate.

And here it will not be irrelevant to say a word concerning the "minor theatres;" concerning the hardships and persecutions of which the public compassion has been excited a great deal more than they really deserve. The stream of sympathy has indeed flowed in favour of the said oppressed Minors, and thoughtless people have espoused their cause, from looking upon them as the weaker party, without troubling themselves much about the merits or the strict justice of the case. What is the chief grievance of which their lessees and proprietors complain? Simply, that they are not allowed to represent the master-pieces of Shakspeare and our best authors with a company of actors, whose capabilities of performing those dramas are quite upon a par with those of the audiences to whom they play of understanding and relishing the beauties of those productions. All the minor theatres\* in London are now under the absolute controul of an actor-manager; and, highly as we may appreciate the histrionic abilities of these gentlemen, we cannot persuade ourselves that their judgment is either a safe or infallible one in questions of literature. Their theatrical experience, certainly, may be of use in forming an opinion, but we apprehend that something more is required to entitle a man to sit in judgment on dramatic compositions. Now-a-days, however, an actor who has been fortunate enough to save a little money, feels a craving for the honours and charms of stage-management; if he succeeds in getting a theatre, from that moment, *mirabile dictu*, he becomes (as if by magical process) endowed with every sort of requisite necessary for the undertaking; and it is not long before we hear from those oracles, the journals, that such and such a theatre is conducted with great *respectability*: in what this respectability consists we cannot possibly divine. Is it in having a poor scribbler to supply the theatre with pieces at thirty shillings a-week? or in the system of shilling orders? or in the behaviour of the audience? or in the merits of the dramas produced, and the actors who perform them?

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\* The Haymarket and the English Opera we do not reckon among the Minors.

## *Present State of Theatricals*

The truth must out. The greater number of these interesting "minors" are nothing but a singular medley of noise and confusion—a hot-bed for prostitutes, pick-pockets, and bad characters of all descriptions—an arena for the bandying of oaths and indecent jokes—a mixture of drunkenness and the most offensive exhibitions; the whole seasoned with a compound of the most offensive smells. There are exceptions to this remark: two or three theatres are patronized by a more *respectable* audience, and are frequently visited by the higher ranks; but, in this, as in every thing else, fashion has exerted her capricious power, for, without wishing to speak against the merits of the extolled pieces acted at these theatres, we think it very problematical if the greater part of them would escape condemnation at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

This general decline of the drama, as we have already stated, has given rise to much speculation, and various reasons have been assigned to account for it. Every one knows that the patent theatres have been ruinous concerns for a long succession of years. Every new lessee is compelled to pay an enormous price for the pleasures of management; and year after year we are told that the want of encouragement is such that nothing can prevent those tottering establishments from closing their doors. Among the reasons assigned for this neglect of the patent theatres are the following: 1st. The late hours, not only among the upper ranks, but the middling classes of society. 2d. The growing taste of the public for reading, and the establishment of clubs, which almost supersede the necessity for theatrical pastimes. 3d. The inferior quality of the dramas produced, and the unsatisfactory manner in which they are represented. 4th. The enormous size of these theatres. 5th. The high prices of admission. There can be little doubt that all these causes operate to a certain extent; but it would be an idle attempt to analyze the exact operation of each when the whole system is bad and conducive to inevitable ruin. Besides these we have already mentioned, there are other reasons to which this melancholy state of things is to be ascribed, and among them none exercises greater weight than the discredit into which the theatres have fallen among a vast number of families, who are kept away simply from motives of self-respect and the dread of contamination of their younger members from the scenes which are nightly exhibited there among the audience portion.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the upper parts of the patent theatres are admirably adapted—it would perhaps be more correct to say that they are expressly calculated—to answer the purposes of a market for prostitution.

Connected with this is the half-price admission, which is the signal for a number of drunken clerks and dissipated characters rushing into the theatre for a very different object than witnessing the play. These half-price gentry are become an intolerable nuisance. It is quite useless to pay any attention to the performance if you unfortunately chance to be near them. We put it fairly to the managers, if the money derived from this sort of play-goers and from the pitiable, unfortunate creatures who come nightly to exhibit their marketable charms, can in any way compensate for the loss of that profit which would necessarily accrue from the attendance of the numerous families who are now kept away by this disgraceful abuse? With what face can they presume to call the stage a "school for morals," with such exhibitions staring one in the face? "Necessity" has been always pleaded by ruined or bankrupt managers for the continuance of a system which their better sense condemns. We say it advisedly, that, unless this monstrous nuisance is fairly abolished, the long toleration of which in this "most moral and christian country" fully sanctions the charge of hypocrisy which it has brought upon us from our less straight-laced continental neighbours, among whom no such abuse prevails, the theatre will never become the habitual resort of the respectable middle classes. The half-price ought also to be abolished there, and another and more equitable scale in the prices of admission adopted. Nothing can be more absurd than to demand the same price for the second tier of boxes as for the dress-circle. The profuse distribution of orders ought also to be stopped, or at least restricted within reasonable bounds. Reduce your prices, but still preserve certain localities sufficiently high, for the accommodation of those with whom cheapness is synonymous with vulgarity.

But perhaps, were all these reforms made in the patent theatres they would never become profitable, unless they were relieved from the enormous weight of their *personal* establishments, which are generally twice too expensive both in the number of, and the scale of remuneration to, their actors. To effect this, a system of rigid retrenchment ought to be adopted, the very opposite to that of profusion, which it has been the fashion of late years to incur. Managers have been playing the desperate game of almost ruined gamblers, who double their stakes and hazard their all, with a view to recover their losses. Actors must lower their pretensions; high as their talents may be, there is no earthly reason why, at a time that every other class of the community is compelled to make sacrifices, they alone should be exempted from the general rule. It is a fact, not less curious than true, that they are far better paid now when nothing but ruin hangs over

the stage, than they were in the most prosperous days of the drama. These remarks are not prompted by any feelings of hostility towards the actors, with several of whom we have been long connected by ties of personal friendship,—but, on the contrary, by zeal for the prosperity of the drama, with which their interests are necessarily connected. Without theatres they cannot live, and theatres cannot be supported much longer on the present system.

With regard to the pretended growing distaste of the public for the most rational and intellectual of all amusements, we cannot be made converts to the belief of its existence. At all events, we cannot affront the taste and good sense of our countrymen so far as to suppose that this vast metropolis does not contain a sufficient number of men and women competent and willing to enjoy the beauties of a good tragedy, comedy, or farce, or that a theatre *properly conducted* for such purpose would fail in obtaining success. What may be the result of the present crisis in theatrical affairs we are not presumptuous enough to foretell; but there is one ray of comfort and hope in the midst of the gloom which it inspires—matters cannot possibly be worse; they must either end in dissolution or lead to improvement.

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ART. III.—*Reise zum Ararat.* Von Dr. Friedrich Parrot.  
(Journey to Mount Ararat. By Dr. F. Parrot.) 8vo.

THOUGH this visit to Mount Ararat was undertaken nearly six years ago, and some particulars of the results have at different times transpired, the full account of it, contained in the work before us, was published but a few months since at Berlin.

Twenty years ago Professor Parrot, being on the summit of the mountain Kasbeg, in the Caucasus, beheld in the distant horizon a lofty, isolated, snow-capped summit, which he presumed to be the silvery head of Ararat. From that time he had constantly cherished the wish to undertake a scientific expedition to this mountain, and if possible to reach its summit, which had from time immemorial been deemed inaccessible. But the difficulties of such an undertaking might be considered as nearly insuperable, so long as Ararat was on the frontiers of two great powers, both inimical to Christianity. An important and unexpected change had, however, taken place. The peace of Turkmanchai, between Russia and Persia, was concluded in 1828, the dominion of Christianity extended beyond the Araxes, and Ararat became the boundary of Russia towards Persia and

Turkey; but the predatory Koords still infested the country towards the north and south, when war broke out between Russia and the Porte. The Russian troops crossed the Araxes, and occupied the pashalik of Bayazeed, by which the roving tribes of banditti were driven away; and this favourable opportunity revived the Professor's desire to realize his long-cherished plan. Passing over all the preliminary details, we merely premise that it was arranged that the Professor should be accompanied by Mr. Belagel, a pupil of Professor Engelhardt's, as mineralogist; Messrs. Hehn and Schiemann, two medical students of the University of Moscow; and a young astronomer, Mr. Fedorow, who was studying in the Imperial School at St. Petersburg. The Emperor not only granted his consent, but highly approved the plan, and ordered one of the class called *seld-jägers*, often employed as couriers, to accompany the party on the whole journey. The expedition was recommended to the special protection of Count Paskewitsch.

They set out on the 20th of March, 1829, which was later in the season than might have been wished. As our chief object is the ascent of Mount Ararat, we shall not dwell much on the particulars of the journey. The Professor had intended to go to the Caspian Sea, in order to obtain by actual survey a confirmation of his opinion that the Caspian and Euxine were once united; but in this plan he was disappointed.

We shall make a few detached extracts from the Journal previous to the attempt to ascend the mountain.

"At Wladikaukas we met with the Persian prince Chosref-Mirza, one of the 380 male children and grand-children of the Kadschar Feth Ali, the reigning Shah of Persia, who already in the year 1826 had eighty-one sons and fifty-three daughters, and who is not the first who has had twenty members added to his family in the course of one week. Wladikaukas still continues as heretofore the most important military central station, whither all those flee for refuge, who after dangerous journeys have escaped the pursuit of the Tscherkessians and Kabardinians; and in the environs of this place the old rude mode of life still prevails, so that even the shortest excursion, unless under military escort, is attended with danger, and for this reason strictly prohibited. A short time ago, ninety-five horses were carried off close to the fortress, and, during our stay of only two days, we saw, quite unexpectedly from the walls of the fortress, a large body of Ossetes settled here under Russian protection, who, without any assistance from the military, were driving home before them, with music and loud acclamations, amid the waving of caps and the firing of musquetry, a flock of 600 sheep, which they had taken from their neighbours, the Tschetschenzes, by way of retaliation for their having carried off 400 of their oxen."

On the arrival of the travellers at Tiflis, on the 6th of June,  
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Count Paskewitsch was engaged in the campaign against the Turks, but had recommended the expedition to the military governor-general Stekalow, who did his utmost to promote their object. Professor Parrot, however, instead of being able to proceed to Mount Ararat, was obliged to remain many weeks at Tiflis, because the plague had broken out in Armenia. The time, nevertheless, was well employed in various scientific occupations. The latitude of Tiflis was ascertained with the utmost precision, and the tower of the cathedral found to be  $41^{\circ} 41'$  north; the longitude, according to Birdin,  $62^{\circ} 34'$  east of Ferro. The greatest degree of heat during their stay at Tiflis was  $30^{\circ} 4'$  R. on the afternoon of the 28th July.

It was not till the 1st of September that they were able to leave Tiflis. The distance to Mount Ararat, reckoning all the windings of the road, is about 280 wersts, namely, 230 to the convent of Etschmiadsin, and 50 more to the village of Arguri, which is situated on the northern declivity of the mountain. The road from Tiflis runs through a plain about 600 feet above the level of the Kur, into the valley of the Chram, a shallow but broad stream that runs into the Kur, with a bridge built over it at some ancient but uncertain period. The celebrated convent of Etschmiadsin is the seat of the Armenian Patriarch, of the Synod, and of all the superior clergy of that religion; the central point, to which flows the tribute of gratitude and veneration, from all parts of the world to which it has spread, in such abundance that, for wealth and splendour, this see might well bear comparison with the papal see of Rome, if the sovereigns of Persia had not turned its wealth into a source of revenue. To this burden the Armenians submit, because they thereby obtain toleration for their religion, and a much better lot than that of their brethren in the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor. The present Persian Sardar, Hussim Chan, is said to have taken great pleasure in seeing the Christian churches in good order, and even to have attended divine service with great devotion.

"About thirty-five wersts from Etschmiadsin, I separated myself from the rest of our party, and, attended by only a single Cossack, traversed a district which was formerly infested by swarms of predatory Koords, and had recently been the theatre of those great military movements in which the armies of the Crescent and the Cross contended for the possession of the Fort of Erivan, in sight of the ancient Ararat. Villages and convents were visible in the distance, but there were no traces of agriculture; and an approaching thunder-storm, which had already enveloped Mount Ararat, and was hanging like a heavy canopy over me, had impelled both man and beast to seek shelter. A solitary monk, who, wrapped in his ample talare, endeavoured to escape the rain on his Persian horse, surveyed me with a look of curiosity,

but gave a friendly nod, and pointed to the south, when I called to him in Russian, 'Etschmiadsin Convent, Father Joseph.' The rolling of the thunder did not disturb me; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking; now in deep reflections on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah, whose barren and thirsty soil even now shows indisputable traces of the flood. I was in the valley of the Araxes, on whose banks Hannibal took refuge."

Passing over our author's account of the convent of Etschmiadsin, of his reception there, and his sketch of the modern history of Armenia, we come to his departure for the object of his journey. A young deacon belonging to the convent was allowed, at his own earnest entreaty, to join the company.

"Ararat has borne this name for three thousand three hundred years: we find it mentioned in the most ancient of books, the History of the Creation, by Moses, who says, 'the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat.' In other passages of the Old Testament, written several centuries later, in Isaiah, xxxvii. 38, 2 Kings, xix. 37, we find mention of a Land of Ararat, but in Jeremiah, li. 27, of a Kingdom of Ararat; and the very credible Armenian writer, Moses of Chorene, states that this name was borne by a whole country, and that it was so called after an old Armenian king, Arai the Fair, who lived about 1750 years before Christ, and fell in a bloody battle against the Babylonians on a plain of Armenia, which is hence called Arai-Arat, i. e. the ruin of Arai. It was formerly called Anasia, after the ruler Amassis, the sixth descendant from Japhet, and from him Mount Massis also derives its name. This is the only name by which it is now called among the Armenians, for though the Armenian translation of the Old Testament always calls it Mount Ararat, yet the people (to whom the Bible can be no authority, since they do not read it,) have retained the name of Massis, and do not know it by the other; so that if we were to ask an Armenian, even if he came from the Holy Mountain itself, respecting Mount Ararat, he would be as ignorant as if we were to ask a European respecting Mount Massis as a place of note. To the Turks and Persians the name of Ararat is of course unknown. By the first it is called by the Arabic name Agridagh, i. e. Steep Mountain, and as the Arabic is almost a universal language in those parts, it is known to the Kurds, Persians, and even the Armenians, by this name. It is said that some of the Persians call it Kuhl-Nuh, i. e. Noah's Mountain, but on this I am not competent to decide, as I spoke to only a few Persians, and these invariably called it Agridagh.

"The mountains of Ararat rise at the southern extremity of a plain, which the Araxes traverses in a considerable bend, and which is about 50 wersts in breadth, and more than 100 in length. Ararat consists of two mountains, namely, the Great Ararat, and its immediate neighbour the Little Ararat, the former lying to the northwest, the latter to the southeast,



their summits ten wersts and a half apart from each other in a right line, and the base of both mountains united by a broad level valley. This is occupied by the herdsmen for the pasturage of their flocks, and was formerly used as a safe retreat by the predatory Koords, by which they were enabled to keep up an easy and safe communication between the northern and southern provinces:

"The summit of the Great Ararat is situated in  $39^{\circ} 42'$  north latitude and  $61^{\circ} 55'$  east longitude from Ferro; its perpendicular height is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly 5 wersts, above the level of the sea, and 13,530 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the plain of the Araxes. The northeastern declivity of the mountain may be estimated at twenty, its northwestern at thirty, wersts in length. In the former we recognise at some distance the deep black chasm, which many have compared to an extinct crater, but which has always appeared to me to resemble a cleft, as if the mountain had once been split from above. From the summit, for about one werst in a perpendicular or four wersts in an oblique direction, it is covered with a mantle of eternal snow and ice, the lower edge of which is indented according to the elevation or depression of the ground. On the whole of the north side of the mountains, however, from about 13,300 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the level of the sea, it runs along in one rigid crust, broken but by few projections of rock, up to the summit, over which it extends down to the southern side to a less considerable depth. This is the hoary head of Ararat. The Little Ararat lies in  $39^{\circ} 39'$  north latitude,  $62^{\circ} 2'$  east longitude from Ferro. Its summit is elevated 12,284 Paris feet, rather above  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wersts perpendicular above the level of the sea, and 9561 Paris feet above the plain of the Araxes. Notwithstanding this considerable elevation, it is not covered with perpetual snow, but in September and October, and probably in August or even earlier, it is quite free from it. Its declivities are considerably steeper than those of the Great Ararat; in shape it is almost a perfect cone. Numerous small furrows which radiate from the summit give this mountain a peculiar and very interesting character.

"Although the two Ararats have no appearance whatever of forming a part of any chain, but stand independent, they are not wholly unconnected with other mountains. While the south-western declivity is lost in the Mounts Bayazeed and Diadina, which contain the sources of the Euphrates, the north-western declivity of the Great Ararat is connected with a long chain of hills which runs along the whole of the right bank of the Araxes, and in which some very steep cones strike the eye. The western extremity of this chain winds round the sources of the Araxes, touches Erzerum, and crowns the left bank, in the same manner as the right, with a chain of mountains, some of which, especially in the direction of Kars, must be of a very considerable height, as I saw their summits in October, a time when in general the Great Ararat alone is mantled in the eternal snow, covered to a great depth, and to an extent of about twenty wersts, with a thick layer of snow. These mountains are probably the Saganlûg and a part of the Taurus.

"The impression which the sight of Ararat makes on every one whose mind is capable of comprehending the stupendous works of the Creator

is awful and mysterious, and many a sensitive and intelligent traveller has endeavoured, with glowing pen and skilful pencil, to describe this impression; and in the feeling that no description, no delineation, can come up to the sublime object before him, every one who has made such an attempt must certainly have experienced how difficult it is to avoid, both in language and in sketching, everything that is poetical in expression or exaggerated in form, and to keep strictly within the bounds of truth.

"I find the first views of Ararat in Chardin; that taken from Erivan is a complete failure, while the one from Etschmiadsin is not bad in the outline, and more faithful than many more recent drawings. Tournefort has entered into the subject with spirit, and his drawing is so far accurate, that every feature of his rough sketch may be traced in nature, but with those grotesque exaggerations with which his lively imagination has also hurried him away in the description. Morier has sketched the two Ararats from the east side. In the representation of forms he has not been true to nature, but seems rather to have followed the impression with which his enthusiastic mind was inspired at the sight of this venerable record of antiquity. His Little Ararat is too small, and looks like a mere conical rock; there is also too much regularity in the contours, a circumstance which this traveller regards as the distinguishing beauty of this mountain.

"The intelligent Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting view of the two Ararats, taken from the neighbourhood of Erivan, has exaggerated the steepness of the declivities; he has been particularly unfortunate in giving the conical acumination of the smaller mountain. Sir William Ouseley has given three small drawings, of which I consider the one taken from the plain of Erivan, though it is only two inches broad, and has scarcely any details, to be the best of the sketches that have been hitherto taken. The two mountains are given with perfectly accurate contours and their true relative proportions.

"My desire to approach more closely the venerable summit of this sacred mountain would not suffer me to tarry long in the Convent of St. James. Apprehensions respecting the lateness of the season determined me, as the sky was remarkably clear, to fix my journey to the summit for the following day. To many it may seem strange that in describing this attempt I should speak of the great difficulties which attended it, as my sketch of the mountain might lead them to suppose that the declivities are not so steep, and that the ascent therefore cannot be so arduous an undertaking. This, however, is occasioned by an optical deception, to which every traveller amid mountain scenery should endeavour to accustom his eye, in order to avoid forming erroneous conclusions. Whenever we ascend a mountain and have its acclivity straight before us, the angle of obliquity is estimated much larger than the plummet gives it. It is very common to fix it at twice the amount of the reality. The reason of this is the perspective foreshortening. This image, which has been formed in our mind of the steepness of the ascent, we immediately transfer to our outline, and hence the exaggerated form of all mountains drawn merely by the hand. Were these really so steep as they are gene-

rally represented, but few of them would ever have been ascended; for while we not unfrequently see in drawings mountains, and even those that are really the most easy of ascent, represented with an angle of elevation of  $60^{\circ}$ , the fact is, that a mountain which is at an angle of only  $35^{\circ}$  or  $40^{\circ}$  cannot possibly be ascended but with the assistance of ladders, or when the surface happens to be composed of moderately large angular pieces of rock, forming a sort of steps.

"At seven o'clock in the morning of the 12th September I set out on my journey, accompanied by Mr. Schiemann. We took with us one of our Cossacks and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley, then up its right acclivity towards the spot where there are two small stone houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred. The Armenians assign a very ancient origin to this chapel, call it after St. Gregory, and make frequent pilgrimages to it from distant places. During our stay, there were many Armenians from Bayazet, who came to attend the devotions performed here; after which the pilgrims are accustomed to repair to the neighbouring valley, where they amuse themselves with shooting and other diversions.

"The water of the spring which issues from the rock at this place is very pure and of a pleasant flavour, which alone would render it an object of general estimation, as there are probably very few perpetual springs that rise from Mount Ararat; at least I never met with any in all my excursions on the mountain, neither did I hear of the existence of any other. It may have induced some pious monk of a former time to settle in this neighbourhood as a hermit, whose fame for sanctity may have obtained for the spring the character of some miraculous virtues, till, in the course of centuries and amid the storm of political events, this lone hermit vanished, and only the miraculous spring was left, as an object of universal admiration and blind credulity among the Armenians. The tradition of the wonder-working power of this water is as follows:—the locusts, which sometimes traverse the countries on this and the other side of the Caucasus in incredible swarms, and sometimes in a single day lay waste a whole tract of land, can be neither destroyed nor dispersed, except by a certain bird, which however I never saw, but which, from the description given of it, may be a kind of thrush, though by the Russians who live here it is called a starling. It is not large, of a black colour, and yellowish white on the breast and back; and, at the time the mulberries are ripe, large flocks of them arrive on the Araxes, the people know not whence, and, by destroying all the mulberries, cause much injury to the country: its name in Armenian is Tarm, and likewise Tetägusch. Gusch is a bird in Tartary, and tat is the Armenian for mulberry. If he appears in a neighbourhood where the locusts abound, it may be considered safe, for he pursues them as an inveterate enemy. To entice this useful bird, it is necessary to have some water from this holy spring, and it is sufficient to fill a pitcher or a bottle with it, and carry it to the place which is visited by the locusts, but with the precaution not to set the vessel down by the way, as

the water would immediately evaporate. When however it is put in the open air in the place of its destination, it is said never to have failed to attract large flocks of tetägusch, and by this means to rid the country of the locusts. Not only the common people and Armenians have endeavoured to convince me of the truth of this tradition, but also persons of education, and who were not Armenians, and they even adduced as a proof that a few years ago, the district of Kisljar to the north of Caucasus being visited by the locusts, the country was cleared of them by means of a pitcher of this water, which was fetched in the greatest haste from the holy spring, and which instantly drew together large numbers of those birds. In Ararat and in Tiflis every one knows that the water was fetched, and in Kisljar a confirmation of the result may be obtained, and a portion of the miraculous water seen in a bottle in the church.

"From the chapel we crossed the grassy elevation which forms the right declivity of the cleft: we suffered so much from the heat of the day, that our Cossack, who would probably have much rather been seated on horseback and galloping about on the Steppes for three days than scrambling over the rocks for a couple of hours, was ready to sink from fatigue, and we were obliged to send him back. At about six o'clock in the evening, when we also were much tired, and had almost reached the snowy region, we chose our night's lodging in the clefts of the rocks. We had attained a height of 11,675 Paris feet; in the sheltered places about us lay some new-fallen snow, and the temperature of the air was at the freezing point. Mr. Schiemann and I had provided ourselves tolerably well for such an undertaking; besides the pleasure of the expedition warmed us; but our athletic Jäger, Schak of Arguri (Isaac), was quite dejected from the cold, for he had nothing but his summer clothing; his whole neck, and also his legs, from the knee to the sandal, were quite bare, and his head was only covered with an old handkerchief. I had neglected to think about his wardrobe before setting out, and, therefore, it was my duty to help him as well as I could: but, as neither of us had much clothing to spare, I wrapped up his neck and his bare limbs in sheets of blotting paper, which I had taken with me for drying plants, and this was a great relief to him. At daybreak we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself, and glaciers of great extent. There were several of these rocky ridges and clefts of ice lying between us and the side of the mountain which we were endeavouring to reach. When we had happily surmounted the first crest and the adjoining beautiful glacier, and reached the second crest, Schak had no courage to proceed. His benumbed limbs had not yet recovered their warmth, and the icy region towards which he saw us hastening, did not hold out much prospect of relief; thus one remained behind from heat and another from cold—only Mr. Schiemann, though unaccustomed to these hardships, did not for an instant lose his courage or his desire to accompany me, but shared with alacrity and perseverance all the difficulties and dangers we

had to encounter. Leaving the Jäger behind us, we crossed the second glacier, and gained the third rocky ridge. Then, immediately turning off in an oblique direction, we reached the lower edge of the icy crest at a height of 13,180 Paris feet, and which from this place runs without interruption to the summit. We had now to ascend this declivity covered with perpetual snow. Though the inclination was barely  $30^{\circ}$ , this was a sheer impossibility for two men to accomplish in a direct line. We therefore determined to advance diagonally towards a long pointed ridge which runs far up towards the summit. We succeeded in this by making with our ice-poles deep holes in the ice of the glacier, which was covered with a thin layer of new-fallen snow, too slight to afford the requisite firmness to our steps. We thus reached the ridge, and advanced direct towards the summit by a track where the new snow was rather deeper. Though we might by great exertions have this time reached the goal of our wishes, yet the fatigue of the day had been considerable, and as it was already three o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to think of providing a lodging for the approaching night. We had attained the extreme upper ridge of the rocky crest, an elevation of 14,550 Paris feet above the level of the sea, (the height of the top of Mont Blanc,) and yet the summit of Ararat lay far above us. I do not think that any surmountable obstacle could have impeded our further progress, but to spend the few remaining hours of day-light in reaching this point would have been worse than madness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit which could have afforded us protection during the night; independently of which our stock of provisions was not calculated to last so long. Having made our barometrical observations, we turned back, satisfied from the result that the mountain on this side was not inaccessible. In descending, however, we met with a danger which we had not anticipated; for if in the descent of every mountain you tread less safely than in going up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, when you look down upon such a surface of ice and snow as that over which we had to pass for more than a verst, and where, if we slipped and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the sharp-pointed masses of stone in which the region of eternal ice loses itself. The danger here is perhaps rather in the want of habit than in real difficulties. My young friend, whose courage had probably been proof against severer trials, lost his presence of mind here—his foot slipped and he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to take a sure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while I held the pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing with my left. My position was well chosen, but the straps which fastened my ice-shoes broke, and, instead of being able to stop my friend, I was carried with him in his fall. He was so fortunate as to be stopped by some stones, but I rolled on for half a verst, till I reached some fragments of lava near the lower glacier. The tube of my barometer was dashed to pieces—my chronometer burst open, and covered with blood—every thing had fallen out of my pockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As soon as we had recovered from our fright, and thanked God for our providential escape, we collected the most important of our effects, and continued our journey. We

were soon afterwards delighted to hear the voice of our good Schak, who had very prudently waited for our return. Having made a fire, we passed the night in the grassy region, and on the third day reached the convent, where we were regaled with an excellent breakfast. We however took care not to tell the Armenians anything about our accident, as they would certainly not have failed to ascribe it to a judgment from Heaven for our presumptuous attempt to reach the summit, which they say has been prohibited to mortals by a divine decree since the time of Noah. All the Armenians are firmly persuaded that Noah's ark exists to the present day on the summit of Mount Ararat, and that, in order to preserve it, no person is permitted to approach it. We learn the grounds of this tradition from the Armenian chronicles in the legend of a monk of the name of James, who was afterwards Patriarch of Nissibis, and a contemporary and relative of St. Gregory. It is said that this monk, in order to settle the disputes which had arisen respecting the credibility of the sacred books, especially with reference to their account of Noah, resolved to ascend to the top of Ararat to convince himself of the existence of the ark. At the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and found on awaking that he had been unconsciously carried down to the point from which he first set out. God at length had compassion on his unwearied though fruitless exertions, and during his sleep sent an angel with the message, that his exertions were unavailing, as the summit was inaccessible, but as a reward for his indefatigable zeal, he sent him a piece of the ark, the very same which is now preserved as the most valuable relic in the cathedral of Etschmiadsin. The belief in the impossibility of ascending Mount Ararat has in consequence of this tradition, which is sanctioned by the church, almost become an article of faith, which an Armenian would not renounce even if he were placed in his own proper person upon the summit of the mountain."

After recovering in some measure from the effects of his fall and an attack of fever which ensued, the Professor set out on the 18th September to make a second attempt to gain the summit, taking with him a cross ten feet high, which it was proposed to set up on the top of the mountain, with an inscription in honour of Field Marshal Count Paskewitsch, by whose victories the Russian dominions had been extended to this point. They chose this time the north-east side of the mountain, by which the way was much longer, but not so steep. But as this second attempt also failed, we pass over the account of it, and proceed without further preface to the third, which succeeded. They however erected the cross on an almost horizontal surface covered with snow, at the height of 15,138 Paris feet above the level of the Euxine, or about 350 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

"In the mean time the sky cleared up, the air became serene and calm, the mountain too was more quiet, the noise occasioned by the falling of the masses of ice and snow grew less frequent—in short,

every thing seemed to indicate that a favourable turn was about to take place in the weather, and I hastened to embrace it for a third attempt to ascend the mountain. On the 25th of September I sent to ask Stepan whether he would join us, but he declined, saying that he had suffered too much from the former excursion to venture again so soon; he however promised to send four stout peasants with three oxen and a driver. Early the next morning, four peasants made their appearance at the camp to join our expedition, and soon after a fifth, who offered himself voluntarily. To them I added two of our soldiers. The deacon again accompanied us, as well as Mr. Hehn, who wished to explore the vegetation at a greater elevation; but he did not intend to proceed beyond the line of snow. The experience of the preceding attempt had convinced me that every thing depended on our passing the first night as closely as possible to this boundary, in order to be able to ascend and return from the summit in one day, and to confine our baggage to what was absolutely necessary. We therefore took with us only three oxen laden with the clothing, wood and provisions. I also took a small cross carved in oak . . . . We chose our route towards the same side as before, and, in order to spare ourselves, Abowian and I rode on horseback, wherever the rocky nature of the soil permitted it, as far as the grassy plain Kip-Ghioll, whence we sent the horses back. Here Mr. Hehn parted from us. It was scarcely twelve o'clock when we reached this point, and, after taking our breakfast, we proceeded in a direction rather more oblique than on our former attempt. The cattle were however unable to follow us so quickly. We therefore halted at some rocks which it would be impossible for them to pass—took each our own share of clothing and wood, and sent back the oxen. At half-past five in the evening we were not far from the snow line, and considerably higher than the place where we passed the night on our previous excursion. The elevation of this point was 13,036 Paris feet above the level of the sea, and the large masses of rock determined me to take up our quarters here. A fire was soon made and a warm supper prepared. I had some onion broth, a dish which I would recommend to all mountain travellers in preference to meat broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. This being a fast day, poor Abowian was not able to enjoy it. The other Armenians, who strictly adhered to their rules of fasting, contented themselves with bread and the brandy which I distributed among them in a limited quantity, as this cordial must be taken with great caution, especially where the strength has been previously much tried, as it otherwise produces a sense of exhaustion and inclination to sleep. It was a magnificent evening, and, with my eye fixed on the clear sky and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances. I laid myself down under an overhanging rock of lava, the temperature of the air at 4½°, which was tolerably warm, considering our great height.

"At day-break we rose, and began our journey at half-past six.

We crossed the last broken declivities in half an hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of the increased warmth of the weather, the new-fallen snow, which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen, so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance, and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting-place, as he felt unwell; two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our quarters. Without being disheartened by these difficulties we proceeded, and soon reached the great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow which marks the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a werst, we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th of September, but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black colour, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to find it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction towards the summit, a shorter but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had passed lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit there appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rock, and after this the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment so long as we had all our difficulties in view, and our strength, exhausted by the labour of hewing the rock, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had been already accomplished and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears, and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold air of the summit blew towards us. I stepped from behind one of the glaciers, and the extreme cone of Ararat lay distinctly before my enraptured eyes. But one more effort was necessary. Only one other icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three on the 27th of September, O. S. 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!"

Having thus happily accomplished his fatiguing and perilous enterprise, our author's first wish and enjoyment was repose; he spread his cloak on the ground, and sitting down contemplated the boundless but desolate prospect around him. He was on a slightly convex, almost circular, platform, about 200 Paris feet in diameter, which at the extremity declines pretty steeply on all sides, particularly towards the S. E. and N. E.; it was the silver crest of Ararat, composed of eternal ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. Towards the east, the summit declined more gently than in any other direction, and was connected by a hollow, likewise



covered with perpetual ice, with another rather lower summit, which by Mr. Federow's trigonometrical measurement was found to be 187 toises distant from the principal summit. On account of the immense distances nothing could be seen distinctly. The whole valley of the Araxes was covered with a grey mist through which Erivan and Sardarabad appeared as small dark spots; to the south were seen more distinctly the hills behind which lies Bayazeed; to the N. W. the ragged top of Alaghes, covered with vast masses of snow, probably an inaccessible summit; near to Ararat, especially to the S. E. and at a great distance towards the west, are numerous small conical hills, which look like extinct volcanoes; to the E. S. E. was little Ararat, whose head did not appear like a cone, as it does from the plain, but like the top of a square truncated pyramid, with larger and smaller rocky elevations on the edges and in the middle; but what very much surprised Professor Parrot was to see a large portion of Lake Goktschai, which appeared in the N. E. like a beautiful shining dark blue patch, behind the lofty chain of mountains which encloses it on the south, and which is so high that he never could have believed he should have been able from the top of Ararat to see over its summit into the lake behind it.

Mr. Parrot, having allowed himself time to enjoy this prospect, proceeded to observe his barometer, which he placed precisely in the middle of the summit. The mercury was no higher than 15 inches  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a line Paris measure, the temperature being  $31\frac{1}{6}$  below the freezing point of the centigrade thermometer. By comparing this observation with that which Mr. Federow made at the same time at the Convent of St. James, the elevation of the summit appears to be 10,272 Paris feet above the convent, and, adding to that the height of the latter, the top of Ararat is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly five wersts, above the level of the sea. While the Professor was engaged in his observations, the deacon planted the cross, not precisely on the summit, where it could not have been seen from the plain, as it was only five feet high, but on the N. E. edge, about thirty feet lower than the centre of the summit. The Professor and his five companions, viz. the deacon, two Russian soldiers, and two Armenian peasants, having remained three-quarters of an hour on the summit, commenced their descent, which was very fatiguing; but they hastened, as the sun was going down, and before they reached the place where the great cross was erected, it had already sunk below the horizon.

"It was a glorious sight to behold the dark shadows which the mountains in the west cast upon the plain, and then the profound darkness which covered all the valleys, and gradually rose higher and higher on the sides of Ararat, whose icy summit was still illuminated by the

beams of the setting sun. But the shadows soon passed over that also, and would have covered our path with a gloom that would have rendered our descent dangerous, had not the sacred lamp of night, opportunely rising above the eastern horizon, cheered us with its welcome beams."

Having passed the night on the same spot as on their ascent, where they found their companions, they arrived the next day at noon at the Convent of St. James, and on the following day, Sunday, the 28th of September, O. S., they offered their grateful thanksgiving to Heaven for the success of their arduous enterprise, perhaps not far from the spot where "Noah built an altar to the Lord."

Having thus brought our author to the conclusion of this main object of his journey, our readers will probably be surprised to hear that doubts were soon raised of his having really reached the summit. Many orthodox Armenians had expressed their doubt even before he left the country, and, it being afterwards publicly asserted by a man eminent in the scientific world that it was impossible, the Professor found it expedient to request that all persons in that country who had taken part in the expedition might be examined upon oath, and he has inserted their depositions at full length, entirely confirming his statements.

Besides the account of the ascent of Ararat, to which, as being the most important, we have confined our remarks and extracts, the work contains many interesting observations, especially on the geology of the country, illustrated by a map, and views of Mount Ararat, &c. The second part contains some scientific observations, measurements, &c. Among these papers there is one "On the Difference of Elevation between the Euxine and the Caspian, and the Connection that may have formerly existed between those two Seas," from which, as the point has been considered by geologists as highly important, we extract a few particulars:—

"Since the publication of the result of the barometrical measurement, which I undertook in the year 1811, with M. Engelhardt, on the north side of the Caucasus, between those two seas, it has been pretty generally taken for granted that the level of the Caspian is 300 Paris feet lower than that of the Euxine. But the more interesting this result has become to the science of physical geography, and the more attention and confidence have been given to it by naturalists, the more important has every experiment become to us, the original authors, which seems either to confirm or to contradict this result."

The professor, having observed that some facts which he details had excited in his mind doubts of the correctness of his former conclusions, thus proceeds:—

"I hoped that my journey to Mount Ararat would afford me a fit opportunity for solving those doubts, by means of a barometrical survey

through the steppe north of the Caucasus, along the banks of the river Manetsch, where the two seas are only between 500 and 600 wersts apart. I was assisted in my operation by Mr. Behagel."

Mr. Parrot details very minutely his proceedings on this occasion. He was not able to go the whole way to the Caspian, but he travelled more than half the way, and found his doubts much strengthened. He was therefore very desirous of visiting the country on his return from Mount Ararat. The season was unfavourable; but he obtained a great deal of interesting information, and surveyed a great extent of country, all the particulars of which he gives, and states the result, which we add in his own words:—

"I cannot place less confidence in our measurements than in the survey of 1811, and must therefore consider the position which I formerly laid down, viz. that the Caspian is about 300 feet lower than the Euxine, to be disproved, however flattering it might have been to me to be able to do the contrary. But what higher object can the naturalist, as such, aim at than truth? and what more important duty can he have with respect to the learned world, whose confidence and approbation he desires?"

In an Appendix Mr. Parrot informs us, that, after the Essay on the comparative height of the Caspian and Euxine was printed, he had received a letter from Baron Alexander von Humboldt; in which, considering several new facts and arguments on both sides of the question, he expresses a wish to see the matter more thoroughly examined in a future treatise. Baron Von Humboldt himself, in his journey through Southern Russia to the Caspian, made numerous barometrical observations, with his learned fellow-travellers, Messrs. Rose and Ehrenberg, which, at least, do not indicate a lower elevation of the Caspian than the sea. These doubts are strongly confirmed by the results of the observations of other scientific travellers in those countries. But, notwithstanding these reasons, Mr. von Humboldt, considering the rigorous accuracy which is now justly demanded in such matters, thinks that the result of the survey of 1811, which makes the Caspian 300 feet below the Euxine, ought not to be rejected, till another can be opposed to it which has higher claims to confidence. He therefore thinks it necessary, if the new survey is to be opposed to that of 1811, that the Professor shall enter more fully into details, to show the value of the new operations compared with the former. Mr. Parrot enters into various reflections on the subject, and in the end is induced to infer "that, in the operations of the year 1811, there may have been some defect in one of the two barometers; and, the measurement being also in the open air, at the mean temperature of 16° Reaumur, on our

journey out, and of 5° Reaumur on our return; if the second barometer,—that is, mine,—had a small portion of air in it, it must on the way out have been too low, and on the return too high, (and of this no notice was taken in the calculations); and the termination of the first survey, being the Caspian, would appear too low, and that of the second, being the Black Sea, too high. Three hundred feet divided among fifty stations requires only a constant error of  $\frac{8}{100}$  of a line; and this might occur if the second barometer had a portion of air in it, which at one time was 5° R. above, and at another 5° R. below, the temperature which was fixed upon as the mean difference of the two barometers." Mr. Parrot is positively certain that there was no such defect in the barometers employed in his operations in 1830.

We might have extended our remarks by comparing Professor Parrot's observations with the works of Chardin, Tournefort, Morier, Ker Porter, Kotzebue, Sir William Ouseley, and others; but as none of these ascended, nor, except Tournefort, made any serious attempt to ascend the mountain, they can convey no information on the point to which we have confined ourselves. We must add, to the honour of the Emperor Nicholas, that, on the return of the travellers, he ordered the whole of their expenses to be repaid, conferred on Professor Parrot the order of St. Anne, and gave to Mr. Federow the fine theodolite which he had used in his surveys, with a sum of money, and a diamond ring to the Jäger, whose zeal and activity had been of the greatest service.

We have lately received an account of an ascent of Mount Ararat in the middle of August, 1834, accomplished by a Mr. Antonomoff, a young man holding an office in Armenia, who was induced to make the attempt partly to satisfy his own curiosity, and partly out of regard for the reputation of Professor Parrot; whose having actually reached the summit of the mountain is still obstinately denied, particularly by the inmates of the convent, who fancy that the truth would lower the opinion of the people with regard to the sanctity of their mountain. Mr. Antonomoff succeeded in reaching the summit; the large cross set up by Mr. Parrot was nearly covered with snow; the smaller cross planted on the summit was not to be found, and was probably buried in the snow. One of his guides, who had also accompanied Mr. Parrot, showed him the spot where it had been set up. He asked some persons to look while he was at the top, and try if they could see him. On his coming down, however, nobody would admit having seen him there; they all affirmed that to reach the summit was impossible; and though he and his guides agreed, the magistrates of the village refused not only to give him a certificate of his having ascended the mountain, but even of his guides having declared that he had done so.

ART. IV.—*Johann Keppler's Leben und Wirken, nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet* von G. L. C. Freiherrn v. Breitschwert. (The Life and Labours of John Keppler, written from recently discovered Manuscripts by Baron von Breitschwert.) Stuttgart. Small 8vo.

THE author of this little work thus commences his preface:—

"Great men are in general not comprehended by their contemporaries, over whom they tower too much; nay, they are often persecuted on account of the prejudices which they trample down in their progress. It is a late posterity, which, finding what the great man discovered to be the truth, and enjoying the fruit of his toil, pays him the thanks due to his deserts."

To these just and sensible observations, few, we should suppose, will refuse their assent, and perhaps there is nothing more consolatory to genius, nothing which more fully enables it to bear up against the scoffs and scorn, the opposition or the persecution, which it may encounter in its day, than the certainty that a posterity, even though a late one, will arise, which will be just, which will recognize desert, and award to it its becoming meed of fame. Every day we see examples of this tardy justice, and the words of the indignant satirist—

"See nations slowly rise, and, meanly just,  
'To buried merit raise the tardy bust!"

prove, without his designing it, that justice, here as elsewhere, though it may be slow, is sure. Another poet says,—

"What's fame! a fancied life in other's breath,  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death:  
Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown,  
The same, my friend, if Tully's or your own."

Enduring fame, then, it seems, in his eyes, is nothing; and the man who misses it in his lifetime never obtains it. Nothing can be more disheartening, but, fortunately, nothing is more untrue than this view of the case. Fame, though it may not yet have evinced its existence by outward acts, has begun to exist as soon as the actions which merit it have been performed; and the statesman, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, may enter at once into the enjoyment of it. Though the voice of enmity, jealousy, and opposition be loud and overwhelming at the present, he is in his retirement cheered by the tone of the still small voice which comes out of futurity, assuring him that the storm will pass away, and the sun shine forth which will call his good deeds into new life; in idea he hears his name pronounced with favour and approbation by generations yet unborn; and this enjoyment of fu-

ture fame, though not of so tumultuous a nature, is as real as that of fame actual and present. Were this not so, should we find so many instances of men resigning pleasures, profits, and honours in pursuit of what the poet regards as a mere phantom? But they are impelled by an instinct, "that noblest instinct, love of lasting fame;" and if their deeds merit immortality, of a surety immortality will be theirs.

These reflections rose so naturally in our mind after perusing this life of John Kepler,\* that we could not refrain from giving utterance to them; for here we have an instance of a fame growing brighter and brighter with each succeeding age, and of a man consoling himself in poverty and persecution with the consciousness of a sincere love of the truth, and with the firm conviction that his merits would be one time acknowledged.

How little do we in general know of the great John Kepler! We are doubtless aware that he was the discoverer of the law which regulates the motion of the planets round the sun, and of their orbits being ellipses; that he was astronomer to the emperor of Germany, and compiled from the observations of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Rudolphine Tables: but who knows with any degree of accuracy the progress of his intellectual powers, the public and domestic difficulties that he had to struggle against; who knows that he was persecuted by both Protestants and Catholics on account of the purity and elevation of his ideas on religion; that in his capacity of astronomer royal he had to submit to the drudgery of calculating nativities and announcing what comets portended, though he clearly saw the vanity of the astrologic art; and finally, how many are aware that, in the midst of his sublimest contemplations, he had to devote a large portion of his time and labour to the defence of his aged mother against a charge of witchcraft?

Without knowing these things, we never shall sufficiently understand and admire the character of this great man, and many of them have been first set in a broad light in the volume before us. The author, the Baron von Breitschwert, happened, in his capacity of examiner of the records at Würtemberg, to find, in a bundle of papers containing the proceedings against Kepler's mother, a number of his letters to his friend Mästlin, professor of mathematics at Tübingen, and a few to the Duke of Würtemberg himself. He conceived the design of doing a tardy justice to the memory of his great compatriot, and, as he expresses himself, "by fusing the new which has been discovered with what was already known,

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\* So he spelt the name himself. In Latin he styled himself *Keplerus*, as that language does not admit of the *pp* followed by a consonant.

to give a new and more complete image of this great man, as far as possible, with his own words." The printed works to which he had recourse are, we may observe, most of them scarce, and certainly can be known to but a very small portion of his readers. He therefore may justly claim the praise of being the first to present John Kepler, as he was, to the world.\*

Kepler was born, in the year 1571, at a little village named Magstatt, about three miles from the town of Weil, in Würtemberg. His father, Heinrich Kepler, was the son of the burgo-master of Weil; his mother, Catherine, was the daughter of an inn-keeper of the village of Elringen, in the same neighbourhood. She brought her husband a fortune of 3,000 gulden, which was treble what he was able to contribute to the *ménage*. She was thoroughly illiterate, and her temper was by no means particularly amiable, which was probably the reason that, soon after the birth of her first child, her husband left her, enlisted in the troops which were being raised in Würtemberg for the army of the Duke of Alba in the Netherlands, and though a Protestant, fought against his brethren in the faith—a circumstance, however, by no means uncommon in those days. Catherine soon followed him, leaving her child to the care of her parents, and in 1575 they both came back again. Heedless of King Solomon's warning, Heinrich entered into suretyship, and lost nearly all he had. He then rented an inn somewhere in Baden; but either not finding this to answer, or finding his wife's tongue not endurable, he went a-soldiering once more in the Austrian service, when he fought a more legitimate fight than heretofore, namely, against the Turks, and probably fell in battle, as he was never heard of more.

The children of this ill-matched pair were four in number, John, Christopher, Henry, and a daughter, named Margaret. John, who was the eldest, was a seven months' child, and, probably, in consequence of this, was always small and meagre of person. His temper united firmness and gentleness, and a strong affection always subsisted between him and his sister, who appears to have possessed similar estimable qualities. His imagination was strong and his judgment acute—his heart was, as we shall see, affectionate—and his temper at all times cheerful. The qualities of his mind fitted him for the high destination of extending the bounds of human knowledge—those of his heart won him the affection and regard of all who had intercourse with him.

To finish the family portraits, we will just inform our readers

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\* There is a Life of Kepler in the Library of Useful Knowledge; but it has the usual fault of mixing up an account of his discoveries with that of his life, and is therefore unattractive to ordinary readers. The points, moreover, to which we shall chiefly call the reader's attention, are in it passed over in total silence.

that Christopher, after having learned the mystery of tin-founding, went a-soldiering for a time like his father, then came back, settled at Leonberg, worked at his trade, and at the same time performed the office of drill-serjeant in the local militia. The magistrates gave him the character of an excellent tin-founder and a good citizen. He was a rough rude tradesman, as full of ignorance and prejudice as any master of the craft of his day. As to Henry, he was still more rugged and unmanageable; he ran away from school, enlisted, turned Papist, rose to the rank of serjeant in the imperial service, and came home at last, an invalid, with a whole pack of children at his heels. Such were the father and mother, brothers and sister, of the illustrious John Kepler. Somehow or another, one feels no small degree of pleasure in finding out little particulars of this kind concerning great men. They bring them at once down amongst us, and show that they were veritably of the same flesh and blood with ourselves.

We will here advertise the reader, that as it is the man John Kepler, and not the philosopher, whom we intend to make known to him, we feel ourselves relieved from the trammels of dignified language and philosophic profundity. We write for the many, not for the Herschells, Whewells, and Airies; and, if we know anything of the many, they would rather have anecdotes and incidents than all the philosophy in the world, and if the style be somewhat familiar, they will esteem it no offence.

John Kepler was put to school first at Elmundingen and then at Leonberg; but he was constantly taken away from it to be employed in rustic avocations, driving the plough or tending the cattle we may suppose, for our author does not descend to particulars. His bodily strength not proving adequate to the toils of the field, and his progress in learning being rapid, it was resolved to breed him up to the church, just as a Scotch peasant, when heaven sends him a child of the sort, determines to make a *dominie* of him. Accordingly, having gotten the necessary preliminary instruction at a couple of inferior theological academies, he was, in the year 1589, presented for admission in the theological class at the University of Tübingen, and he obtained the second place out of twenty-five. We may here observe that instruction was given *gratis*, at least in theology, at Tübingen, which now stood high in fame among the Lutheran universities; for here were some of the most able and active champions of the Lutheran doctrine of the omnipresence of the body of Christ, in the celebrated sacramental controversy. Here, for example, was the chancellor, Jac. Andræ, who had disputed for six entire days against the Calvinists at Maulbronn, without either party, as we are assured, getting a hair's-breadth nearer to the other. Whereupon, some time after,



said the Calvinist Elector Palatine to the Lutheran Duke of Würtemberg, not unwisely, "Were it not for the pride of the theologians, we might have come to as godly an agreement about the chief article of the Christian doctrine as at Kilsbach, where there was no theologian present." Here, too, was Jacob Heubrand, a first-rate hair-splitter on this delicate point—a clever, sensible man, however, in other matters, for, in one of his sermons, directed against those who said that high-schools were of no use, he thus expressed himself:—

"Such thoughts come from the suggestion of Satan himself, who is an enemy to schools. If there were no high-schools, the stronger would put the weaker in a sack, and there would be no end of this till people ate one another up. Head-law, and not fist-law, must govern the world; but then men of learning do not grow on the trees, so that one has only to shake them down, and, with reverence be it spoken, put a pair of boots below for them to fall into."

We will not follow our author through his review of the luminaries who shed their light on Tübingen at the time when he, who was to be the brightest star of his country, first made his appearance at it. One, however, must not be passed over in silence—this was Michael Mästlin, the professor of mathematics, Kepler's instructor and future friend. Mästlin, though obliged to teach the Ptolemaic astronomy, did not conceal from his pupils the systems of Tycho and Copernicus, which last he himself regarded as the truth, and to which, our author assures us, he was the means of converting the great Galileo, in a journey which he made to Italy. It is pleasing to see the proofs of the mutual esteem and affection which at all times subsisted between the master and pupil. When, long after Kepler had quitted Tübingen, Mästlin highly commended one of his works, he wrote to him:

"Dearest master, thou art the spring-head of the stream which fructifies my fields."—"If one day teaches the other," replied Mästlin, "why should not we elders praise the works of our juniors, as we wish to be esteemed by them. It is by the descendants, and not by the ancestors, that arts and sciences rise to their summit."

Kepler, who was destined to be a priest in the temple of nature, soon found that there was no place for him in the church of Würtemberg. He would think for himself. "I honour," said he, "in the three professions of Christianity what I find in them agreeing with the word of God; but I protest as well against *new doctrines* as against *old heresies*." Unfortunately, many of the points on which theologians lay great stress are anything but matters of strict demonstration, and those who will think for themselves may not be so lucky as to find the evidence on which they

rest perfectly convincing. So it was with Keppler; he stumbled at the omnipresence of Christ's body, the doctrine in highest favour then at Tübingen. He wrote a Latin poem against it, and also a treatise, and the consequence was, that, when he had completed his studies, he got for a *testimonium* that he had distinguished himself by his oratorical talents, but was considered unfit to be a fellow-labourer in the church of Würtemberg.

Let us hear Keppler's sentiments in his own words in a letter to one of the professors, the mild and amiable Hafenreffer.

"My determination is to follow no human guide but only the Holy Scriptures, to weigh well the connection of every passage, to develop its meaning from what precedes and follows, to compare several passages of the same apostle with one another, then with passages of another apostle, finally with the words of Christ himself. I feel the power of antiquity within my bosom. You are wrong in suspecting me of Calvinism. I would do nothing to justify Calvin, who is a modern, if antiquity did not convince me of it. But antiquity convinces me, when ye are doubtful whether this or that father has erred or not in this or that place, when ye take from his words their usual meaning, when ye set nothing against the sense which is favourable to the Jesuits and Calvinists, but that inference, invented by Luther, and farther embellished by Jacob Andreæ and others, from God's omnipresence and union with the flesh of the omnipresence of Christ's body. The pride of man is such that no one will confess that he has erred, still less when he has for a pretext the defence of the honour of a place, an order, a book, a prince. What stands more in the way of the Romish see than that this see will have the appearance of infallibility? But this one word of Paul takes from me all these delusions—'Every work shall be made manifest, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'"

Again, he writes to the mayor of Baden :

"The evil which oppresses Germany arises chiefly from the pride of some divines, who would rather rule than teach. Certain doctors, who have been called to the office of teaching, wishing to be bishops, seek in their untimely zeal to turn everything upside down, and mislead their princes to overhasty steps. The spirit of unity and mutual love is wanting."

To John Pistorius, a prelate who had gone over to the church of Rome, and who wrote to him, telling him he was dangerously ill, and talking of the vanities of this world, Keppler in his answer says,—

"You will bear me witness, on that great day, that I never had any personal hatred against the pope and the priests, but only zeal for God and his institutions, while I remain in that freedom in which God caused me to be born. Among the vanities of this world I reckon the spirit of persecution which prevails in every religious party—the idea that each

of them has, that their cause is the cause of God—they alone possess a right to happiness—the presumption of the theologians that they have the right to interpret Scripture, and that one must blindly believe them even when their interpretations run contrary to reason—finally, the temerity with which they damn all those who make use of their evangelic liberty.”

“ You know nothing about theology—I will not enter into these matters with you,” was the reply of Pistorius.

“ I have read your *Ephemerides*—I see into your pure soul—I know from what sentiments it flows when you laugh at the janglings and the smoke which the theologians make, but others judge not so. They abuse you as a self-seeker, a hypocrite, a heretic, and an atheist,” wrote Schellenberg to him one time from Tübingen.

Such then were the rational and enlightened views of Keppler on the subject of religion in the sixteenth century, and in the twenty-second year of his age. Throughout life he held and expressed the same sentiments; his piety and his charity never failed; through nature he looked up to nature’s God, and Christianity may number him among the best and the sincerest of her members.

All chances of an establishment in the church being over, Keppler was glad to accept an invitation from the states of Styria to become teacher of mathematics and ethics at the *Gymnasium* of Grätz. For the Archduke Charles of Austria, whose patrimony Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola were, having given liberty of conscience to his dynasts and knights, the consequence was that the greater part of them were become Lutherans, and they usually applied to Würtemberg for pastors and teachers. Keppler exercised no choice in the matter.

“ A hidden destiny,” says he, “ impels one man to this, another to that calling, that they may be convinced that they are under the guidance of Divine Providence. When I was old enough to taste the sweets of philosophy, I embraced all parts of it with great avidity, without applying myself particularly to astronomy. Brought up at the expense of the Duke of Würtemberg, I had resolved to go whithersoever I should be sent, whilst others hesitated out of love for home. An astronomical place first offered itself, into which I was, as one may say, thrust through the high character of my instructors. It was not the distance of the place that terrified me, but the unexpected nature of the invitation, and my little knowledge of this branch of philosophy. I went furnished rather with capabilities for than with a knowledge of this science, and only under the express condition that I did not renounce my right to another course of life which might appear to me more brilliant.”

Keppler, observe, was not two-and-twenty years of age when

he went to Grätz, and he had no patrimony and few prospects. How strong must have been his secret anticipation of future fame!

At Grätz Kepler had to act both as astronomer and astrologer. Of this last occupation we will say nothing at present, as we may soon have occasion to speak more fully of it; as astronomer his first task was the drawing up of the Styrian calendar for the year 1594. As luck would have it, this only served to add fuel to the flames of the wrath of the Würtemberg divines, for the Gregorian reformed calendar was in use in Styria, and that was the work of a pope, and never since the world was created was the *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* in fuller operation than at this very time. Kepler, who, as we have seen, had no antipathy to popes as such, and was willing to take the good without asking whence it came, gladly employed the better measure of time. Not so the sages of Tübingen: and it is really worth while to read their sentiments on this matter. The academic senate thus addressed Duke Louis in the year 1583.

“A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows, that, in reformations of this kind, he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laudably and well-pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church.”

“As the emperor holds the pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar into his hereditary dominions, and sent it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves, like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty knows how to recollect itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that their accommodating themselves to this work will give the highest satisfaction. But the new calendar has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a *cruel, devouring bear-wolf*.\* If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist?—and what concord is there between Christ and Belial? Should he succeed, through the imperial authority, in fastening his calendar about our necks, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horns that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God. The pope hereby grasps also at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to

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\* *Bär-wolf*, perhaps it should be *wür-wolf*, the war-wolf or man-wolf of popular superstition.

ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days farther back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsuntide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James's Day. These are merely the pretexts of people who stroke the fox-tail of the pope, and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church; we will not let him slip in again through his representative, the pope."

Poor Mästlin, *nolens volens*, had to write against the Gregorian calendar, but he had the fate of his predecessor, Apian, before his eyes, who, because he would not without any reservation fall down and worship the image which the Würtemberg theologians had set up, was turned out of his situation and left to starve. Kepler himself, by the way, was indebted to the Catholics alone for the means of living. Mästlin, like a lawyer, wrote with great apparent bitterness against some trifling defects in the Gregorian calendar. Kepler, who knew why he had done so, wrote to him as follows:

"What is the one half of Germany at? How long will it remain separate from the other half of the empire, and from the whole continent of Europe? For these 150 years astronomy has been calling for the improvement of the calendar. Shall we forbid it? How long shall we wait? Mayhap till a *Deus ex machina* enlightens the evangelic rulers. Various amendments have been proposed, still that which the pope has introduced is the best. But, even if one should discover a better, it cannot be brought into use without causing some disorder after this has once been in operation. It is sufficient for the next centuries; we will not make ourselves uneasy about the more distant ones. Uniformity in the computation of time is one of the ornaments of the political state. I think we have proved sufficiently to the pope that we can keep to the old time for our festivals; it were time now to correct what he has corrected. We shall not always enjoy the mildness and lenity of an emperor Rudolf. The evangelic princes inquire of their mathematicians; the emperor puts forth a merely political edict; so it is not the pope's bull, but the advice of his mathematicians which he sanctions. It is a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire."

Long enough, however, was it before common sense could assert its rights in Germany; and even in our own country this paltry, contemptible prejudice continued to exercise dominion till the middle of the eighteenth century. Making every allowance for the times, the state of opinion, and other circumstances, it is impossible to view these Würtemberg popes with any feeling but that of aversion and disgust. They ejected Apian to die of want; they, as far as in them lay, destroyed the prospects of Kepler for life; and all because they would not yield implicit faith to their *transubstantiation*; for surely it was nothing better; at the time

that they denounced the adoption of a correction of the calendar because it came from Rome. One might be almost ill-natured enough to say, that their real apprehension was, that they should lose their power if they suffered men to think for themselves on any subject. One of the happiest circumstances of the present times is this, that the Protestant clergy throughout Europe have seen their proper sphere, and have ceased to arrogate to themselves authority in matters that do not concern them.

Kepler was soon to give the theologians more matter to cogitate on, by the additional proofs which he began to bring forward of the truth of that heresy, the Copernican system of the world. Having discovered some remarkable analogies between the five regular bodies which may be inscribed in a sphere and the spaces between the planets, he laid his discovery, under the title of *Prodromus*, before the senate of the University of Tübingen. Mästlin was directed to examine and report on it. His words were—

“ The matter is so new that it has never yet come into the mind of any one, and so ingeniously developed that it is well deserving of being made known to the learned. Who ever yet conceived the thought, or ventured to attempt to prove *à priori* the number, the order, and the magnitude of the celestial spheres, and to draw forth the cause as it were from the secret counsels of God? This has Kepler undertaken, and happily accomplished. He is the first who has conceived that the distances of the planets from each other are determined by the five regular bodies. By this all appears in such suitable order and perfect connection, that the smallest alteration could not be made without causing the downfall of the whole. Kepler has shown himself to be one of the most learned and acute of men.”

Differ and damn one another as the Popish and Protestant churches might on other points, they were agreed on that of regarding the Bible as a system of physics, in whose correctness all were bound to acquiesce. The Bible said that the sun stood still; and Copernicus, and now Kepler, said that it moved. The senate would, therefore, in all probability, have made short work with the *Prodromus*, had not Kepler prudently secured beforehand the prince's favour. They therefore contented themselves with making Hafenreffer write to warn him.

“ God forbid,” said he, “ that you should endeavour to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scripture. I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the church undisturbed. But whither is my pen, or rather my brotherly love to you, leading me?”

These were surely hard times, when even physical truths could not be announced without peril. Yet, even as a theologian, how

high was Kepler elevated above the doctors at Tübingen, and how they must have stared at such language as this in his reply!

"The Bible speaks to men of things belonging to human life as men are used to speak of them. It is no manual of optics or of astronomy, it has a higher object in view. It is a culpable misuse of it to seek in it for answers on worldly things. Joshua wished for the day to be lengthened. God hearkened to his wish—How? This is not to be inquired after here."

To Mästlin he wrote—

"What is to be done? I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatim*, and be silent in public, that we may not die of hunger. I will make you no enemies on my account. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty, I represented my discovery to the rector of the university as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a greater charge against it than he could have made of its novelty."

It may be asked how it fared with Copernicus, who was a canon of the Church of Frauenburg, in East Prussia? Copernicus then dedicated his work to Pope Paul III., and he, luckily perhaps for himself, died in 1543, the very year he gave it to the light. But it was soon assailed on all hands by astronomers, philosophers and theologians. Even Bacon pronounced, that "though Copernicus' opinion of the system of the earth cannot be refuted on astronomical principles, on the principles of natural philosophy, rightly laid down, it can;" and in 1616 a decree of the sacred college at Rome suspended it till it should be cleared from heresies. Kepler's work, however, was printed at Tübingen in 1596, with a preface and an appendix from the pen of Mästlin, who congratulated the age on the work and the author, and in the spirit of prophecy expressed his conviction that they should soon see the whole system of astronomy unfolded.

The following passage from it will show the elevation of Kepler's mind:—

"As men enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs will aspire heavenward from earth.

Happy! to whom this first was given to see,  
O happy souls! who did to heaven ascend!

He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's works above all things, and in the contemplation of them he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed

after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars, strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world ! what moved thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a God, for he thinks thy thoughts after thee !"

A passage more sublime than this is not perhaps to be found in the whole compass of philosophic literature ! But Kepler's soul was filled with harmony, and his spirit rejoiced in pious meditation ; and if there be any thing that has the power of raising the soul from earth to heaven, causing it to cast away every low and trivial thought, and feel itself now an atom, now a God, it is the contemplation of the celestial bodies as they glide through the regions of eternal space in obedience to the laws of unerring wisdom.

Kepler sent copies of his work to all the great philosophers of the time. The answers which he received were most flattering, particularly that of Galileo. " I congratulate myself," said the great Florentine, " in having found in you an associate in the search after truth, a friend of that truth to which I am attached. Though Copernicus has acquired everlasting fame, yet he appears nought to an infinite crowd—so great is the number of the ignorant." He requested some more copies, and continued through life in intimate relation with the German astronomer. We mention this, as it has been asserted that Galileo thought lightly of him.

Tycho Brahe also praised the work, and expressed his wish that Kepler would join him at Prague, whither he was about to remove, and making use of his observations made during a course of thirty-five years, do for his system the same that he had done for that of Copernicus, from which it differed but little. Kepler wrote on the margin of Tycho's letter, " Every one loves himself;" but the hopes of having the use of Tycho's superior instruments was a strong inducement, as his own were indeed but very indifferent. What would the Troughtons and Dollonds say to the following description given by him to a person who inquired what instruments he used ?

" They are out of the same workshop from which the huts of our first parents came. I am content with a very simple instrument, which does not err more than half a degree either way, and even if I were not content with it, I must still do without a more choice one. I will describe it. Ye friends who may see it do not laugh. As I had no other materials than wood, and all kinds of wood swell, I prepared an instrument whose sides must be kept in equal condition by their length, that is to say, a right-angled triangle of 6, 8, and 10 feet. I hang this triangle up by its right angle, and let fall from it a thread with a plum-



met (*perpendikel*), divided the 10-foot side into the smallest parts, and stuck small quills (*pinnulæ*) in one of the sides about the right-angle. I let the triangle hang freely by the cord by which it is suspended, and by a small weight keep it steady till the star is seen through the holes of the quills (*pinnulæ foramina*). This is my whole apparatus. I can easily wish for more accurate instruments, but I know not how and by what means they are to be got. With the aid of a mason and a Praxiteles, I could construct exceedingly neat and useful ones. For observing the sun, one cannot wish for any thing better than an aperture in the top of a tower and a shadowed place beneath it; for when the round sun-beam falls obliquely on a plane it forms an ellipse, from whose long and short diameters I will deduce more than with the aid of all the quadrants, astrolabes, &c. in the world."

Such was Kepler's transit-instrument. "Three pieces of wood set in a triangle," says a German writer, "were the magic instruments wherewith Kepler drew from the muse Urania secrets unknown to all antiquity, and on which the whole of modern astronomy rests." When we remind the reader that this apparatus was liable to be moved by every, even the smallest, breath of air, and that therefore operations had to be repeated over and over; that Kepler's sight was naturally weak; that there were no logarithms or calculus and little algebra in those days, must we not wonder at the genius, the skill, and the perseverance of him who founded the modern astronomy?

Kepler about this time paid his addresses to Barbara Müller, a lady of one of the noble Protestant families in Styria. She was handsome and young, (only twenty-three,) though Kepler was her third husband; the first had died early, and she had divorced the second. To obtain her hand, he had to prove his nobility, and as it took some time to procure the necessary documents, the lady was very near changing her mind. Marry, however, they did; and, what with her own fortune and what she expected from her parents, our astronomer reckoned that he should be able to live at his ease, devoted solely to his studies.

But Kepler, like so many others, reckoned without his host. Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who had been a minor, was now of age, and was about to take the reins into his own hands. His mother had had him brought up at Ingoldstadt, by the Jesuits, in all the charity and tolerance which distinguished those champions of popery; and the hopeful prince had just concluded a pilgrimage to Loretto, in which he had sworn to the Virgin Mary that he would be her generalissimo, and pluck heresy by the roots out of his hereditary dominions. The Protestants meanwhile, as Kepler tells us, and as to do them justice they were but too apt to do, irritated the Papists by invectives from the pulpit, and by prints ridiculing the pope. Ferdinand, declaring that the peace

had been broken on their side, ordered them to abandon their teachers within fourteen days, and this was succeeded by an order, on the 17th September, to quit the town where they were before sun-set. By the advice of their chiefs, the Protestants retired to the frontiers of Hungary and Croatia. In the course of a month, Kepler, whom the duke's ministry, Jesuits by the way, esteemed and admired, received orders to return. But his situation was unpleasant, as appears from his letter to Mästlin, in the following August.

"I am subject to so many hardships here that I must think of a change of place; I cannot devote myself to the service of the Church, for with my sentiments I could not suffer any greater pain than that of being obliged to take part in the disputes of theologians. I believe I am not unworthy of a place in the faculty of philosophy, but it appears that I have enemies who oppose me. The citizens here are accused of high treason, that there may be a pretext for robbing them. Whoever reads Luther's Bible is guilty of treason and loses his goods. My salary is paid me more out of pity than from any good that is expected from me. Should I have any chance of a situation if I were to go to Tübingen?"

Three months later he wrote to him again:

"I am grieved beyond measure at not getting an answer from you. Gabelkofer, whom the states sent to Prague, has been put to the torture, the secretary of the states has been thrown into prison, the temples which were built a few years ago have been pulled down, the citizens fallen on by armed men. I seek refuge in your counsel."

Would it be believed that the state of their illustrious countryman, suffering for his faith, had no effect on the theologians of Tübingen, nay, that their bitterness was such that Mästlin had not the heart to inform his friend of it? But such they were: no merit could efface the denial of the omnipresence of Christ's body. On the other hand, we have an instance here how historic truth is frequently suppressed. No one knew that the Protestants of Styria had been persecuted; Schiller says, that Ferdinand suppressed the Protestant worship in that country "without noise, nay, one may say, without cruelty." These newly-discovered letters of Kepler, we apprehend, tell a very different story, and of their truth there can be no doubt.

The Jesuits who were about Ferdinand were exceedingly anxious to win such a man as Kepler over to the Church of Rome. The Holy See had given them permission to authorize eminent persons to live in the open profession of heresy, provided they were secretly reconciled to the Church; and they thought, by taking advantage of Kepler's enthusiasm for astronomy, and holding forth a prospect of his being enabled to devote his whole

time to it, to induce him to abandon his faith. But Keppler's faith hung not so loosely about him; it was a portion of his very being; to renounce it was beyond his power. No hopes appearing of his becoming a convert, he was ordered to let or sell his property, and to quit the country within forty-five days. He let his lands at, of course, a very low rent, a tenth of which was demanded by the government, and removed from Styria.

Heaven seemed disposed to reward him for thus suffering for conscience sake. Just at this time Tycho was come to Prague, and he represented to the Emperor Rudolf that the task which had been committed to him of improving Copernicus's Astronomical Tables would be accomplished better and quicker if he were to invite Keppler to spend some years at the observatory. The emperor yielded a ready consent, and Keppler was soon at Prague, then the refuge of the sciences. But great as was the pleasure which the prospect of using Tycho's instruments gave him, it was sadly diminished by the view of the shattered finances and the astrological fancies of the generous well-meaning emperor, and the excessive pride of Tycho. Keppler thus wrote to Mästlin:

"I have found every thing uncertain here. Tycho is a man with whom no one can live without exposing himself to the greatest insults. The appointments are brilliant, but one can hardly squeeze out one half of them. I am thinking of taking to medicine, perhaps then you would give me some small situation. I could never have believed that joy would increase in proportion as persecution augmented. Hence we may see how easy it is to die for religion; I mix the sweet with the bitter. A few months ago I wrote on the action of light; I also observed the last eclipse of the sun."

No answer came, and he was forced to submit to the haughtiness of Tycho, from whom he differed totally in his ideas of astronomy. He even had to receive his salary through him.

"I cannot express to thee how melancholy thy letter has made me," wrote he to Mästlin, who had written to say how little hopes there were at Tübingen for him, "I know not if I shall ever recover; they fear that my tertian may end in a consumption. My wife too is sick, and I feel as much for her as for myself. I stand in need of consolation. I earnestly pray thee if there should be any place vacant in your university to get it for me. Believe me, that several Styrian nobles would come to Tübingen if I were there. I cannot recollect what it was that induced me to write to thee some time ago what thou speakest of (*i. e.* his becoming a physician); I pray thee send me back that letter. Every observation made at the Imperial Observatory is a confutation of the Tychonic and a confirmation of the Copernican system. The more Tycho is annoyed at it, the more rejoiced am I; he thinks an error of a few minutes should be excused in his system."

It is almost amusing thus to observe the enthusiasm of science breaking out, and shame arising at the recollection of having in a moment of depression meditated an inglorious retreat. But Keppler's was no extraordinary case; and we fancy there is no man of a similar temperament devoted to literature or science, and unblessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, who has not a hundred times in his life acted just as he did. To proceed, he and Tycho never could go on together, and Keppler's wife at last brought matters to an extremity. While her husband was away in Styria, looking after their property, this high-born dame, proud as the noble Dane himself, incensed at having to apply to him for money for her housekeeping, roused Keppler to write him a letter of reproach; but a friend interfered and Keppler apologised, and an apparent reconciliation was effected. Six months after, however, (October 24, 1601,) Tycho died, and Keppler was appointed his successor. He asked but 1500 gulden a year, though he had to pay his assistants, and Tycho had had 3000 gold gulden. Even this moderate sum he found it difficult to obtain.

"I stand whole days," says he, "in the ante-chamber, and am nought for study. I keep up my spirits, however, with the thought that I serve, not the emperor alone, but the whole human race; that I am labouring not merely for the present generation, but for posterity. If God stands by me and looks to the victuals, I hope to perform something yet."

This is the feeling, this the way of thinking, that enables a man to rise superior to all impediments, and opens to him the portals of the temple of everlasting fame. Never without it would Keppler have made his discoveries. He who has it not may be assured that his mind is not of the highest order.

It was now that Keppler really began to make discoveries. He selected the planet Mars as the chief object of his observation, and followed him through all parts of his orbit. He wished greatly to be enabled to compare Tycho's observations with his own; but Tycho's heirs refused to allow him, and on his applying to the emperor, they said that he only wanted them for the *useless speculations* in which he wasted the time that he should have devoted to improving the Astronomical Tables. The emperor was induced to direct Longomontanus, the astronomer, a pupil and follower of Tycho, to demand an account of what he had been doing for the last five years. No small portion of the insolence of office was exhibited by the commissioner, and his letter was conceived in the coarsest terms.

"I will answer you as a friend," was Keppler's reply. "I acknowledge that I have occupied myself for the last five years, more than the half of which, however, I was obliged to spend in solicitations at court,

chiefly with physical speculations. For I believe that astronomy and physics are so closely connected together, that the one cannot be perfected without the other. Hypotheses which are not founded in nature please me not. You call these speculations the dung-pits of Augeas. Fair words, doubtless! You make merry at my oval orbits of the planets. I can set against these certain notions of the ancients, which have been revived by Tycho, and which are a hundred times more absurd."

Kepler, however, triumphed; Tycho's papers were confided to him, and in 1609 appeared his *Astronomia Nova*, which contained his two great discoveries of the elliptic orbits of the planets, and of their describing in them equal spaces in equal times. The whole world was soon filled with his fame, and, as perhaps the highest honour, it may be mentioned, that Galileo gave lectures on Kepler's new astronomy at Pavia. The discoveries of Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the ring of Saturn, by this great man, came in confirmation of the new astronomy, but he had even more wilful ignorance to contend with than Kepler, to whom he thus wrote:—

"Thou art almost the only person who gives full credit to my assertions. When I wanted to show the professors at the Gymnasium of Florence the four satellites of Jupiter with my telescope, they would not look at either them or the telescope; they shut their eyes against the light of truth. This sort of men think that we should not look for any truth in nature, but only in *the comparing of the text*—these are their words. Neither giants nor pygmies can fight against Jupiter. What is to be done? Shall we do like Democritus, or like Heraclitus? I think we should laugh at the uncommon stupidity of the rabble. How thou wouldst have laughed, if thou hadst heard how the first among them strove, in presence of the duke, to pull the new planets down from heaven, now with logical arguments, now with magical incantations."

Hard indeed was the struggle which true Philosophy had to make, not merely against absurd theology, but against that false science which had presumed to take her name, and to eject her from her lawful heritage.

We will now take a view of Kepler as an astrologer, for such of necessity was the astronomer-royal of those days. Here too his views were as sound as they were in theology. Even when he published his first *Ephemerides* at Grätz, he saw and expressed his conviction of the futility of that would-be science. In the letter that accompanied the copy which he sent to Professor Gerlach he wrote: "I know that you are engaged in matters of too much importance to have leisure to read *good-for-nothing conjectures*." It is curious enough too, that two of his conjectures in these very *Ephemerides* should turn out prophecies, viz. an insurrection of the peasantry in Austria, and a winter of ex-

trema severity. To awake in the mind of his readers a feeling of the beauty and majesty of nature was the object of most of his prognostications; to this he afterwards united an effort to give a correct mode of thinking on political and theological matters. When some one wrote to ask the meaning of a passage in his *Ephemerides*, he replied—

“ I have purposely ascribed the meanest things to the fiery trignon in order to make people laugh, and to give wholesome admonitions which I dare not speak openly. In the passage which you ask about, I meant to say, so long as those who maintained freedom of conscience were closely united, they were powerful; but as soon as the fear of the Catholics ceased among them, they began to contend among themselves, and thus become more easy to overcome.”

“ Astrology is not worth spending one’s time on, but people have a notion that it is requisite in a mathematician,” is another of his expressions of contempt on this subject. But he was obliged to interpret for the emperor every appearance in the heavens, or he would have lost the use of the imperial observatory for his astronomy. This he gave the public very slyly to understand in a work which he named *Tertius Interveniens*. “ Ye over-wise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not then that she must support her mother by her charms. How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to astronomy if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens?” As in a conjectural art he who has most sense and knowledge will make the best guesses, we need not be surprised to find the reputation of the court-astrologer eclipsing that of every brother of the art in public estimation, and whenever any thing extraordinary appeared in the sky there was no contenting the people till he had given judgment on it. He was tormented too with applications to cast nativities; even Mästlin sent him the horoscope of his new-born daughter, and Prince Julius of Medici, who, when he was at Vienna, procured him the payment of his arrears of salary, requested a similar favour of him. These were applications to which he could not refuse attention, so he treated the matter in as light and jocular a manner as he could. In other cases he gave a positive refusal.

“ I pray you, my friends,” said he, “ condemn me not to calculations, but give me time for philosophical speculations, my only delight. Every one has his hobby; one is pleased with astrology, another with the astronomical tables, I with the harmony in the motions of the celestial bodies, this ornament of astronomy.”

Kepler had in fact a kind of astrology of his own. He was  
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enchanted with his idea of the harmony of the spheres, and he compared their motions, now as conjunctions, now as oppositions, around their common centre, the sun, to the consonance and dissonance of musical tones; so that, as harmony is pleasing, discord displeasing to the ear, the celestial aspects were beneficent or injurious to the earth and to men according as they were harmonious or the reverse. But he rejected all particular influences.

"You err with a great number of learned men," wrote he to a friend, "when you suppose that the course of events flows from heaven. It sends us nothing but light. If its configuration be harmonious, a fair form of mind is the result, and this builds itself a fair dwelling. Meantime strong is born of strong, and good of good. The individual events are in the hand of God, and under the power of the guardian spirit with his permission. If the mind is ill-prepared we must endeavour to improve it.

"Harmony is perfection of the relations. The Infinite alone perceives the harmony of the spheres in its full extent; the earth has only a feeble after-feeling of it. This after-feeling animates the soul of the earth, and makes men fitter for thinking and acting. The clearness of the weather proceeds from the repose of the subterranean ruler. It is his business to set the sweat of the earth in motion that rain may fructify our fields. He is excited to this work by the aspects, the celestial music; should he not labour, the heaven then pipes to rouse him."

Here we have another of Kepler's notions, rank heresy in those days,—accordant, says our author, if properly understood and stripped of the language of figure, with the geologic systems of the present day; for Kepler expressly denied a mind and intelligence to his soul of the earth, and it thus pretty nearly corresponds with the internal power which produces the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, and suchlike agitations of nature.

When the Emperor Rudolph was obliged to resign his crown to his brother Matthias, and all abandoned him, Kepler was faithful and remained with him till his death; and, though he was continued in his office of court-astronomer, he had the magnanimity, when the long-expected Tables appeared at last in 1627, to call them the Rudolphine Tables, instead of seeking the favour of the reigning emperor.

In the year 1613, Kepler, as court-astronomer, appeared before the Diet at Ratisbon, and explained and recommended the general adoption of the Gregorian calendar. But this only augmented the animosity of the Protestant divines; and when, at the invitation of the States of Austria, he took a professorship at the Gymnasium of Linz, the Lutheran pastor there refused to admit him to the communion, on account of his not assenting to the

bodily ubiquity of Christ; and when he appealed to the Consistory of Würtemberg, they called him a wolf in sheep's clothing, and bade him attend to his mathematics, and not meddle with the Holy Scriptures; which he understood, at least as to the spirit, far better than they.

"I can put an end to the whole dispute," wrote he to Mästlin, "if I subscribe all and make no exemption; but it is not given to me to act the hypocrite in matters of faith. I will not share their hate. My conscience permits me not to make myself by my subscription a condemning judge; I condemn not my brethren; whether they stand or fall they are the Lord's brethren and mine."

Here too sweets were mixed with the bitters—Kepler made his second marriage with a lady of the name of Susanna Rettinger. He writes to a friend that he had no less than eleven fair maidens proposed for his acceptance, and he dwells with much complacency on the various perfections of each of the candidates. He wished, he said, to give a mother to his orphans. Susanna, in process of time, added seven to his stock.

In about two years after his union with the fair Susanna, Kepler's peace was disturbed by a letter from his sister, informing him that a charge of witchcraft had been made against their aged mother. Such a charge was no trifle in those days, and her defence occupied a good portion of his time for the next five years. The whole affair, which has been first fully brought to light by Baron Breitschwert, is very curious; and we regret that our limits do not permit us to give an account of it. During this time he also lost his situation as royal astronomer; and what may, perhaps, excite some surprise, the Professorship of Mathematics at the University of Bologna, in the Papal states, was offered him. He, however, dreaded too much the contiguity of the court of Rome, and he declined the proffered office.

But during the time of his mother's danger Kepler had been by no means idle, and in the year 1619 he announced to the world his third great discovery, that the squares of the times of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances. This law was given in his *Harmonices Mundi*,—a work in five books, dedicated to James I. of England. About the same time, from 1618 to 1622, appeared his *Epitome Astronomiæ Copernicanæ*, in four volumes. In these works occur the following novel ideas, viz. the fixed stars are suns, each probably surrounded by a system of planets; the place of our system in the universe seems to be in the neighbourhood of the Milky Way; light does not flow from the sun and stars, but is produced by their revolutions. He also concluded on physical grounds, before Galileo had dis-



covered the spots in the sun, that that luminary revolved on its axis, and he taught that the earth was not a perfect globe; he also held with Tycho and the unfortunate Bruno, who was burnt as a heretic at Rome in 1600, that the stars were inhabited.

Kepler thus concludes his work :—

“I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, that thou hast given me joy through thy creation, for I have been ravished with the work of thy hands. I have revealed unto mankind the glory of thy works as far as my limited spirit could conceive thy infinitude. Should I have brought forward any thing that is unworthy of thee, or should I have sought my own fame, be graciously pleased to forgive it me.”

It is the praise of God alone that he seeks, but he felt that there would be a posterity who would be just and grateful.

“The day,” said he, “will soon break when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition,—when men will recognize truth in the book of nature, as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations.”

We must hasten to close this interesting subject, and we will only add that Kepler was afterwards in the service of the great Wallenstein, and that he died on the 15th November, 1630, at Ratisbon, whither he had repaired to try if he could obtain from the Diet the money that was due to him. His children by his second marriage all died young; a son and a daughter of his first wife grew up and married, but in the next generation his family was extinct; and, as has been the case with so many names renowned in literature and in science, there remains no posterity to claim a descent from John Kepler. It would seem as if exalted genius and a long line of posterity were advantages not to be conceded to the same person—and that a descent from a Newton, a Kepler, a Shakspeare, or a Milton, was too great an honour for any common mortal.

Let no one hastily arraign the judgment of God, and assert that Kepler's life was unhappy. Far was it from being such; his piety and charity were a spring-head from which constantly welled forth streams of the purest enjoyment; the idea of the harmony of the universe, which was ever present to his soul, calmed him in affliction and reduced all troubled thoughts to peace; the favour of the Emperor Rudolph was extended to him for many years; and he had at all times the consolation of knowing that he enjoyed the esteem, the love, and the admiration of all the men of his time who were capable of appreciating him. Finally, the conviction that a posterity would arise to do him justice was so strong as to support him under all difficulties, and, like a vernal sun, to diffuse joy and animation through every

region of his soul. And can we suppose such a man to have been otherwise than happy? A contrary supposition would imply gross ighorance of our nature, and be little less than impiety towards its àuthor.

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ART. V.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake, &c.* 1832. Under the direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York, 1834.

2. *Travaux d'Améliorations Intérieures, projetés ou exécutés par le Gouvernement Général des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, de 1824 à 1831.* Par Guillaume Tell Poussin. Paris, 1834.

THE source of the Missouri, and the source and termination of the Columbia rivers, having been ascertained by Messrs. Lewis and Clark, the government of the United States, immediately after obtaining possession of Louisiana in 1805, sent an expedition under Lieutenant Pike, in order to penetrate to the sources of the Mississippi. Sandy and Leech Lakes however formed the limit of this gentleman's travels, and thus the matter rested till 1820, when Governor Cass, who commanded in the Michigan territory, again attempted to solve this question; and, starting in the month of May, passed beyond Leech Lake into another body of water of 120 square miles, and which has since been named Cass Lake. Here the supplies of the expedition failed, and the water became so low that it was deemed prudent to return forthwith.

Ten years afterwards, Mr. Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian agent stationed at Sault St. Marie, was ordered to proceed with the same inquiry; but, the instructions arriving too late, it was not till 1831 that the new expedition started, entering Lake Superior at St. Mary's. After coasting along the shores of this great basin, they entered Ottawa Lake, and thence proceeded to Chetac, the principal source of the Red Cedar River. This stream expands into four lakes, joins the Chippewa, and flows with it into the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Chippewa the travellers descended to Galena in Illinois, where they divided forces; one party returned by the Wisconsin, and the other crossed the mine country. The year 1832 saw the starting of the expedition of which we have to treat; and which, profiting by past labours, was reorganized and increased to thirty persons, among whom were a surgeon, a geologist, an interpreter, and a missionary. The objects of the expedition were also rendered more impor-

tant; and, besides the mere geographical question, Mr. Schoolcraft was ordered to endeavour to make a lasting peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas, the two principal Indian nations of that part of the country; to ascertain the state of the trade, to collect as many statistical facts as possible, and to spread the benefits of vaccination as widely as circumstances would permit.

The starting point was again St. Mary's, which is situated on the communication which connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior; and on the 27th of June the whole party was in motion. Lake Superior is called Igomi, Chigomi, and Gitchigomi by the Indians, "and lies in a basin of trap rocks, with alternations of the granite and sand-stone series." Its waters, remarkably deep and pure, cover an area of at least 30,000 square miles, and their level is 640 feet above the Atlantic. The shape of the Lake is extremely irregular; it contains several islands, harbours, bays, inlets, &c. and receives a number of rivers. The white-fish, the sturgeon, and the salmon-trout are the most important of its productions, but an extensive trade in furs and peltries is carried on along its shores, the principal American post for which is close to St. Mary's. A mission has lately been established on Magdalene Island, or La Pointe, consisting at first of a Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and a Mr. Ayer; but, as it has encountered no serious obstacle, it has been since enlarged and extended. A daughter of the two former was the first white child born within the precincts of the lake. A rough calculation makes the Indian population amount to 5000, who seem willing to receive the light of Christianity, and do not feel less respect for the mission from its being placed on the spot (according to tradition) where the Mudjikiwis or Waishki of the Chippewas resided, and where their ancient council-fire was situated. The time when these magistrates ruled the nation is always referred to as a period of Indian splendour; the office was hereditary, and the descendants of the last Waishki still pride themselves on their birth. He visited Quebec in the time of Montcalm, and was greatly instrumental in the driving out of his cousins-german, the Foxes, from Chippewa. The present head of the family is named Chi Waishki, or Pizhikée, or the Buffalo; and when invested with a silver medal by an Indian agent, he said, "What need I of this? It is known whence I am descended." To the expedition of which we are now speaking he presented the peace-pipe.

Leaving the shores of Lake Superior, Mr. Schoolcraft and his party, on the 23d of June, entered the river St. Louis, and then crossed over land to the Mississippi, a distance of about 150 miles. At Sandy Lake, general arrangements were made for the rest of the route; and, as the Indians of that place were

mostly absent, it was determined to assemble them at the junction of the Des Corbeaux river, by appointment, on the return of the expedition. The presents intended for these people, and supplies for the homeward route, were placed in trust-worthy care, with orders for their being taken to the Isle des Corbeaux on the 24th of July. These affairs being concluded, the party again pursued its way. At the post of Winnipeg they learned some particulars of the opposition, or Hudson's Bay trade, and, among others, that constant use is made by this company of spirits, which is a forbidden traffic among the Americans. The strength of the spirit is, however, reduced in the proportion of one part to four, in consequence of the maddening effect produced by it on the minds of the Indians.

On the morning of the 10th, the party crossed Lake Winnipeg, and, passing up the Mississippi, reached Cass Lake, which it will be remembered was the remotest point of previous discovery. A band of Indians saluted them, and led the way to their habitations on the large island of Colocaspi. The reception given by them elicits the following remark from Mr. Schoolcraft.

"They came eagerly to the water's edge, giving each one a hand as he alighted from the canoe. He who has formed his estimate of an Indian from the reading of books, in which he is depicted as cruel and morose, without any insight into his social character, need only be ushered into a scene like this, to be convinced that he has contemplated an overshadowed picture. We found these Indians to be frank, cheerful, and confiding."

We also copy Mr. Schoolcraft's description of an Indian town, which, he says, will furnish a model for all others, and in every part of America.

"It is nothing but an assemblage of wigwams, built exclusively to suit the particular convenience of the occupant, without right-angled streets, for which (as they have no carts or waggons) they have no occasion, and they get thereby the additional advantage of having no clouds of dust blown up from the denuded surface. There is (as we should say) a public square, or rather an open grassy spot, where councils and dances are held, and the ceremonies of the wabeno and medicine society performed. Hillocks and elevated grounds are selected for erecting their lodges on, and clumps of small trees and shrubs are sought. Large trees are avoided, for the simple reason, that they often lose a limb during windy weather, and are liable to be blown down by the tempests. But the whole circular opening, constituting a town plot, is surrounded with forest, to shelter them in the summer and winter. Gardens are variously located, and generally without fences, as there are no domesticated cattle."

Final preparations were made at Cass Lake to proceed to the

sources; the Indians furnished maps of the country and canoes, and Oza Windib, the chief of the band in Colocaspi island, with two young men, undertook the office of guides; seven *engagés* and a cook were added to the number, making in all sixteen persons, who proceeded from this spot. The baggage consisted of "travelling beds, provisions for ten days, a tent and poles, oil-cloth, mess-basket, tea-kettle, flag and staff, a medicine-chest, some instruments, an herbarium, fowling pieces, and a few Indian presents." The remainder of the party and equipments were left in charge of a clerk of one of the upper posts, who had joined the expedition at Fond du Lac, and who, during his stay, undertook to procure various points of information. Before starting, the natives crowded round the encampment, and among them were the widow and children of a Chippewa warrior, who had just fallen in a battle with the Sioux. Three scalps had been taken during this engagement, one of which was presented to the widow. The burial-ground of these people was an open space, with a simple bark enclosure. In this was an arch made of bent twigs and saplings, on which were hung the decayed remains of scalps. The fresh scalp was suspended from one of the rods, and the people danced round it, shouting as it waved to and fro in the wind. All seemed deeply interested in what was going forward, and at every interval of the dance, presents for the widow were thrown into the circle. This is called the scalp-dance.

Starting on the 11th, the expedition proceeded in a westerly direction for above an hour, when they, to save distance, carried baggage and canoes, for about fifty yards, over a sandy plain, terminating in a lake several miles in extent, of which they did not learn the name. They crossed it, and re-entered the river on its western side, and thereby entered another lake (for there is no end to lakes in this country) called Tascodiac. About fifteen miles from Cass Lake, the meadow-land ceased, and "boulders of a primitive character lie close to numerous rapids." These rapids appear to bear a proportion of ten to twenty-five miles.

The most northern point of the Mississippi is a large expanse of water called Lac Travers, or Pamitchi Gumaug, lying fifty feet above the level of Cass Lake, twelve miles long from north to south, and six or seven broad, surrounded by high shores covered with trees. On the side opposite to that by which the party had entered, the Mississippi flows into the lake with a stream 150 feet broad, its beach strewn with helices and uniones (snails and horse-muscles), and comes directly from the south. Four miles from this point it presents two branches, the eastern and smaller of which was first ascended by the travellers. This also

expands, at intervals, into three lakes, round which the soil is marshy, but covered with alders, tamaracks, willows (which invariably bring mosquitoes with them), grey pine, &c. Water-fowl alone seem to delight in these gloomy forests, one of which was shot in the act of grasping a musc in its beak. This small branch of the Mississippi receives a tributary called the Naiwa, originating, according to Oza Windib's account, in a lake infested with copper-headed snakes, and, at its junction with the Mississippi, violent rapids obstruct the passage of the canoes. The soil at this place, says Mr. Schoolcraft, "was of a diluvian character, and embraced pebbles, and small boulders of syenite, trap-rock, and quartz, and other debris of primitive and secondary rocks. One of the party picked up a well-characterized piece of zoned agate."

The canoes, &c. were carried the length of the rapids, and on re-entering the river they found it dwindled into a brook of placid current, with marshy shores, and ending in Ossowa Lake, bordered with marshes and aquatic plants, which again receives two brooks, the true sources of the eastern branch of the Mississippi. With difficulty did the party find a firm footing, and a slight elevation, drier than the rest, on which they might breakfast; and after that repast they proceeded a distance of six miles across the land, to the western branch. They crossed part of the series of sand ridges which lie between the Mississippi valley and the Red river, named *Hauteur des Terres*. This ridge forms the tableland between the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and gives rise to the furthest tributaries of the river St. Louis, which, through Lake Superior "and its connecting chain, may be considered as furnishing the head-waters of the St. Lawrence."

When the burdens are carried as we have described, the bearers are often obliged to rest for a few moments, each of which rests is called a *posé*. Thirteen of these *posés* form a portage, which term we shall in future make use of for the sake of brevity. Even here, midway in the portage, they met with a small lake, which they crossed in their canoes; but at last the long-sought goal appeared, and, on turning out of a thicket, a transparent body of water burst on their sight, which proved to be Itasca Lake, the positive source of the noble river they were sent to explore, and lying, according to Mr. Schoolcraft's meagre map, in forty-seven degrees some minutes north latitude, nearly 96° west longitude, 3160 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and 1500 feet above its level.

Before we follow our travellers on their route home, we will give a brief summary of the country through which we have been journeying with them. Its general features seem to be swamps lakes, and marshes; the drier parts covered with several sort

of pines, cedars, elms, maples, ash, alders, willows, tamaracks, a few oaks, rushes, reeds, &c. Water-fowls of various kinds, pigeons, fishes, tortoises, mollusca, and snakes, were the most frequent animals. Deer were occasionally seen; but they do not appear to have been plentiful. For the geology we will let Mr. Schoolcraft speak for himself:

“The boulders of granite and other primitive strata, occurring on the surface, remind the geologist of the original position of these masses in the system of nature, and indicate revolutions affecting the earth's surface, which have widely changed both the position and form of these solid materials. When the soil itself is examined, it adds further evidences of such changes. We may refer its sand to consolidated strata of this mineral, which have been broken down by oceanic action, and distributed in the remarkable ridges and elevations which now characterize the face of the country. In whatever light the subject is viewed, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion, that water has been the cause, under Providence, in effecting these changes, and that the highest grounds in this region have been subjected to the peculiar influence which this element alone exerts in the work of attrition and deposition of strata, solid or diluvial. . . . . The accumulations (of debris, granite, boulders, &c.) are abundantly witnessed in casting the eye down the Mississippi valley, with a measured decrease in the size and weight of the pulverized masses, in proceeding from the head to the mouth of the river. It is thus evident, that the heaviest boulders are found on its upper branches, while they become rare in its central plains, and disappear altogether long before its entrance into the deltas at its mouth.”

Leaving Itasca Lake, the Lac la Biche of the French, the expedition encountered several dangerous rapids, in one of which Lieut. Allen's canoe was upset: with great exertion he saved himself, fished up his fowling-piece, and again got into his canoe, from which the compass only was lost. About fifty miles below the lakes the wild rose, which so plentifully abounds near the north-western streams flowing into Lake Superior, began to be seen; reeds, wild rice, willows, and pines, presented themselves. Deer became more frequent; the swallow-tailed hawk, which had been thought never to go so far north, was observed, and a curious lizard was brought for inspection; it was called by the natives Ocaut Ekinabic, or legged snake, is striped blue, black, and white, and has a very long tail. “Its most striking peculiarity is, its extreme activity and swiftness of motion.”

Hence the river descends in continued steps; the Cano river, from the eastern shore, increases the volume of waters; and several clear and pure springs flow in from various quarters. It may be here remarked that, although the Upper Mississippi receives a number of coloured streams, yet in itself it is pure and limpid; and the same remark may be applied to its larger tributaries, till

it is joined by the Missouri, which changes its appearance. One hundred and four miles below Itasca Lake, the river *Piniddwin* reaches the Mississippi, and at about eighteen miles below this the eastern and western forks unite. The expedition proceeded once more to Cass Lake, where they formed an encampment, in order to give time to assemble the neighbouring Indians, and endeavour to make peace between them.

The aspect of Cass Lake is similar to that of Leech Lake and Winnipeg; its greatest length from north to south is sixteen miles; it has four large islands, of which *Colocaspi*, covered with fine forest trees, is the largest. It is 3000 miles distant from the Gulf of Mexico, 1330 feet above the Atlantic, and 182 miles from the true source of the Mississippi. After holding meetings with the inhabitants, the expedition left the Lake at Pike's Bay, and crossed a plain, where they saw some marks and hieroglyphics on the trunks of pines, which were said to be of great antiquity, and a portage of 950 yards brought them to Moss Lake; but, if our readers are as weary as we are of portages and lakes, it is time for us to omit the details into which we have been entering, and merely notice the principal incidents of the homeward route. The party arrived at their landing-place in Leech Lake in the dark, and the Indians saluted them by firing separately, but in the morning a more regular salute was given. The shape of this lake is the most irregular possible, being a combination of curves, peninsulas, bays, &c.; it contains ten islands, and seven rivers enter into it. The pelican, swan, brant, and cormorant, annually pay it a visit, and the deer and the bear are found on its shores. Beavers formerly abounded there, but have now nearly disappeared, and the musk-rat and the martin afford its principal furs. The population of Leech Lake is computed at about 832 souls, seven-eighths of whom consist of *Muk-kundwais* or *Pillagers*. To these is deputed the defence of the Chippewa frontiers, in which service they have performed prodigies of valour against their great enemies the Sioux, a powerful assemblage of tribes living in plains, but who move about in large bodies, and so incessantly break treaties and harass their neighbours, that it is not to be wondered at that the words of peace should fall nearly unheeded by those against whom they direct their attacks.

When speaking of the *Pillagers*, Mr. Schoolcraft observes, that

“ the domestic manners and habits of a people, whose position is adverse to improvement, could hardly be expected to present any thing so strikingly different from other erratic bands of the north-west. There is indeed, a remarkable conformity in the external habits of all our northern



Indians. The necessity of changing their camps often, to procure game or fish, the want of domesticated animals, the general dependence on wild rice, and the custom of journeying in canoes, has produced a general uniformity of life. And it is emphatically a life of want and vicissitude. There is a perpetual change between action and inaction, in the mind, which is a striking peculiarity of the savage state. And there is such a general want of forecast, that most of their misfortunes and hardships, in war and peace, come unexpectedly. None of the tribes who inhabit this quarter can be said to have, thus far, derived any peculiarities from civilized instruction. The only marked alteration which their state of society has undergone, appears to be referable to the era of the introduction of the fur-trade, when they were made acquainted with, and adopted the use of, iron, gunpowder, and woollens. This implied a considerable change of habits, and of the mode of subsistence; and may be considered as having paved the way for further changes in the mode of living and dress. But it brought with it the onerous evil of intemperance, and it left the mental habits essentially unchanged. All that related to a system of dances, sacrifices, and ceremonies, which stood in the place of religion, still occupies that position, presenting a subject which is deemed the peculiar labour of evangelists and teachers. Missionaries have been slow to avail themselves of this field of labour, and it should not excite surprise that the people themselves are, to so great a degree, *mentally* the same in 1832, that they were on the arrival of the French in the St. Lawrence in 1532."

The latter remark awakens our surprise, for we did not suppose that any spot so accessible as Chippewa, had been left unvisited by missionaries. The Guelle Plat is the ruler of the Pillager band, and invited Mr. Schoolcraft to breakfast; which visit is thus described by the latter :

"Not knowing how the meal could be suitably got along with, without bread, I took the precaution to send up a tin dish of pilot bread. I went to his residence at the proper time, accompanied by Mr. Johnston. I found him (the Guelle Plat) living in a comfortable log building of two rooms, well floored and roofed, with a couple of small glass windows. A mat was spread upon the centre of the floor, which contained the breakfast. Other mats were spread around it, to sit on. We followed his example, in sitting down after the eastern manner. There was no other person admitted to the meal but his wife, who sat near him, and poured out the tea, but ate or drank nothing herself. Tea-cups, and tea-spoons, plates, knives and forks, of plain manufacture, were carefully arranged, and the number corresponding exactly with the expected guests. A white fish, cut up and broiled in good taste, occupied a dish in the centre, from which he helped us. A salt-cellar, in which pepper and salt were mixed in unequal proportions, allowed each the privilege of seasoning his fish with both or neither. Our tea was sweetened with the native sugar, and the dish of hard bread seemed to have been precisely wanted to make out the repast. It needed but the imploring of a blessing to render it essentially a Christian meal."

The Guelle Plat was a shrewd, sensible man, and expressed himself desirous of peace, but said that their enemies "would not let them sit still, and they were obliged to get up and fight in self-defence." For a whole day the Indians continued to pour into the encampment; they were gaily dressed, and walked with a bold free air, which was a strong contrast to that too often seen in the neighbourhood of the posts and settlements, and which latter must be the result of oppression. They were anxious to have teeth drawn, and to be blooded, which is one of their favourite remedies; but Dr. Houghton, the surgeon, was chiefly engaged in vaccinating them. None had previously undergone this operation, but made no difficulty in submitting to it, when they could be convinced of the efficacy of the system, in destroying the disease which they most dread. The tradition of the horrible consequences arising from the appearance of the small-pox among them, in 1782, had predisposed them to receive the virus, and no fear was exhibited, except on the part of the female children. A band of Rainy Lake Indians, headed by a leader, named "The Hole in the Sky," having heard of the arrival of the Americans, took the trouble of coming so far to see them, and of course received some slight presents. The council assembled, the presents for the multitude were distributed, and then the subject of peace was discussed; but the impression made by the civilized part of the assembly seems to have been but feeble, and we fear that, notwithstanding their endeavours in this respect, the expedition met but with little success.

In the Guelle Plat's speech, he complained much of the conduct of those engaged in the fur-trade, and also of the exclusion made by the Americans of ardent spirits in this traffic; but admitted that the latter, having been generally given in exchange for their rice, frequently left them starving during the cold weather. "This Chief," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "appears to be turned of sixty. In stature he is about five feet nine or ten inches, erect and stout, somewhat inclined to corpulency. He is a native of this lake of the totem or coat of arms of the Owasissi, a kind of fish: he had been twenty-five times on war-parties, either as leader or follower, and had escaped without a wound."

Leech Lake has yielded immense wealth in furs and skins, at the time they were abundant; and a prime beaver, called a *plus* by the French, was at one time given for as much vermilion as would cover the point of a case-knife. A good gun, worth ten guineas, would be sold for 120 pounds of beaver. The Leech Lake Indians have always been deemed a turbulent set, as their name of Pillagers betrays; and the use of spirits so maddens them, that they never could be produced till the bargains were made.

"Pride," (we here again have recourse to Mr. Schoolcraft's own words,) "and the desire of personal distinction, as in other tribes which have not the light of Christianity to guide them, may be considered as lying at the foundation of the Indian character; for there are no tribes so poor and remote as not to have pride. And this passion seems always to be coupled with a desire of applause, and with the wish on the part of its possessors to be thought better than they really are. We have found pride in the remotest Indian lodge we ever visited, and have hardly ever engaged in ten minutes' conversation with a northern Indian, without discovering it not only to exist, but, where there was moral energy at all, as constituting the primary motive to action. It has always been found, however, unaccompanied by one of its most constant concomitants in civilized life—namely, the desire of wealth."

Had it not been for the last sentence, we might have been tempted to ask Mr. Schoolcraft to what civilized nation on the face of the earth his observations would not apply, and how he could describe pride as a peculiarity of the Indian race?

The whole of the history of the American Indians proceeds from oral tradition, which is always uncertain, and the remembrance of which must be much weakened by the hardships of their lives. Every tribe gives itself credit for being original, brave, magnanimous, great, and above its neighbours. Their names furnish no clue to their former state, for they are accidental or merely local appellations. The French increased the confusion of these names, by giving a new one to every tribe, every place, and almost every individual. The Chippewa seems to be the court language, being always used on all general and state occasions. None of them have any distinct parts of speech, except the verb, substantive, and pronominal particles. Their words are combinations of ponderous sounds, and of formidable appearance when written; and are still further complicated by inflections for time, person, number, quality, and a variety of circumstances, as if the speaker were desirous of compressing into one word, the meaning of a whole sentence. The third person has only one sex and the singular number, and although there is a positive and a conditional future, the compound tenses of the verbs are defective.

The following remarks are too interesting to be omitted:—

"From this vacillation between barbarism and refinement, poverty and redundancy, a method strictly philosophical or purely accidental, there might be reason to infer that the people themselves, by whom the language is spoken, were formerly in a more advanced and cultivated state; and that a language once copious and exact, partaking of the fortunes of the people, degenerated further and further into barbarism and confusion, as one tribe after another separated from the parent stock. Change of accent would alone produce a great diversity of sound; acci-

dent would give some generic peculiarities; and that permutation of the consonants, which we see among the Algonquin bands, would, in the end, leave little besides the vowel sounds, and the interchangeable consonants, to identify tribes long separated by time and by distance, without means of intercommunication, without letters, and without arts. If compared by these principles, there is reason to believe philologists would find the primitive languages of America extremely few, and their grammatical principles either identical, or partaking largely of the same features. And to this result the tendency of inquiry on this side the Atlantic is slowly verging, however it may contravene the theories of learned and ingenious philologists in Europe. The inquiry is fraught with deep interest to the philosophical mind, and it offers a field for intellectual achievement, which it may be hoped will not be left uncultivated by the pens of piety, philosophy, or genius."

We have been tempted by the hitherto unexplored part of the Mississippi, and by the more serious observations of Mr. Schoolcraft, to a greater length than we had at first contemplated; and our limits will not now allow of our following the expedition to the Des Corbeaux, where they saw the murderer of Governor Semple; nor to the exploring of the St. Croix and Burntwood (or Brulé) rivers. All we can do then is to assure our readers that they reached home in safety, having been entirely successful in the geographical part of their undertaking. We could have wished, however, for some more decided data for the position of the places visited, as we do not in any instance hear of means having been taken for ascertaining their latitudes and longitudes. It was long also before we could accustom ourselves (to reconcile such expressions would be impossible) to the American phraseology, in which the book abounds, such as "a clever brook"—"a man who is called upon to debark"—"being thus rendered tense between bank and bank"—"their medicinism is nothing more"—"not seeing how the meal could be suitably got along with"—the application of the word "essentially," so different from the bearing given it by Europeans, &c. &c. We have heard Americans pride themselves on retaining the English language in its purity, and, if this be true, we rejoice in our corruption. We could further have wished for a little more enthusiasm in Mr. Schoolcraft's description of his journey, which is heavy and monotonous; a little of that heat which carries us along with the traveller; and a little of that graphic power which gives the reader also a peep at the scenes he has it not in his power to visit. A very full appendix, containing statistics, language, official papers, &c., forms nearly half the volume.

We have now a quarto volume before us, consisting of 364 pages, and containing a technical and statistical account of the principal canals, rail-roads, and other public improvements of the

United States, written and compiled by a Monsieur Guillaume Tell Poussin, (a curious combination of names bye the bye,) ex-major in the American Engineers, who it seems was driven from France at the period of her great internal convulsion, and entered the service of the United States. Monsieur Poussin is now returned to his native country, where he has published the work of which we speak. For ourselves, we must confess there is nothing more uninteresting than a canal or a rail-road, and we never hear of our fair fields and green hedgerows being cut up for their formation without a sigh of regret; much to the horror of our utility, time-saving, money-making neighbours, who never will be at rest till they have converted the whole of our lovely, garden-like island into one vast city. However, we have no such regrets respecting Brother Jonathan, who has "ample room and verge enough" for such undertakings. The sole feeling we possess towards his improvements is a sort of half-surprised, half-jealous uneasiness at their magnificence and extent. Our readers will pardon the dry catalogue we here present to them, but the mere enumeration of the works undertaken since 1824, and described by M<sup>r</sup> Poussin, will impress them with some idea of the gigantic labours of a nation to which we are the progenitors.

## CANALS.

1. From Chesapeake to Ohio.
2. .. Chesapeake to the Delaware.
3. .. the Delaware to Rariton.
4. Canal Morris.
5. .. of the Junction of the Mississippi and Pontchartrain.
6. .. of Pennsylvania.
7. .. of Lehigh.
8. .. of Hudson.
9. .. of New York.
10. .. of Champlain.
11. .. of Middlesex.
12. .. of Erie.

## RAIL-ROADS.

1. From Baltimore to Ohio.
2. .. Frenchtown to Newcastle.
3. .. Camden to Amboy.
4. .. Philadelphia to Columbia.
5. .. Philadelphia to Trenton.
6. .. New Brunswick to New York.
7. .. Paterson to New York.
8. .. Baltimore to the Susquehanna.
9. Of Mauch Chunk.
10. .. Roan-Run.
11. .. Carbondale.
12. From the Mohawk to the Hudson.

Besides these, there are projected canals and rail-roads, which we suppose are by this time rapidly advancing; and post-roads, breakwaters, &c. already executed.

It will be recollected that the United States, at a rough calculation, comprehend 57 degrees of longitude, and 27 of latitude, and, according to the estimate of M. Poussin, cover an extent of 2,037,163 English square miles; and to defend the enormous frontiers of such a country, as well as to promote internal communication, many of the above-mentioned labours were performed. A commission was appointed by Act of Congress in 1816. General Bernard (to whom M. William Tell Poussin has dedicated his book) was connected with it, and M. Poussin was attached to him as his aide-de-camp. During the presidency of Mr. James Monroe, in 1824, a law was made to authorize the funds necessary for a supply of plans, and the information required before operations could be commenced; and surveys of the country were instantly taken, which occupied four years. On the results of these all the future plans were based, and the government liberally assisted the various companies that were incorporated. Some obstacles, however, were afterwards raised by those who were not gifted with an equally liberal spirit; but, the love of enterprise being increased rather than diminished, the government was in a manner forced to yield assistance towards rendering several rivers navigable. These, with various improvements on the coasts for the protection of commerce, being considered as a national concern, the proper supplies were annually voted. The canals have been mostly accomplished by companies of individuals, and in some of the states by a general fund established solely for furthering improvements, and administered by a select committee. Pennsylvania, for instance, which contains a population of 1,348,233 souls, spread over a surface of 35,776 square miles, has, in the space of four years, and up to 1833, spent 195 millions of francs in rendering rivers navigable, in the construction of bridges, in macadamized roads, canals and rail-roads. This state has consequently 702 miles of canals and rail-roads completed, traversing it in every direction.

To follow M. Poussin through all the improvements of the United States would not agree with our limits, and we must confine ourselves to one example of the manner in which he has performed his task.

The object of the canal which reaches from the Chesapeake to Ohio, is to form a line of water communication from the Atlantic to the latter; and it has been constructed at the expense of a company, of which the government, the states of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, the corporations of the three towns of

Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown (composing the district of Columbia), and some individuals, are the shareholders.

The eastern division of this canal begins at Georgetown, near Washington, and extends as far as Cumberland, to the mouth of the Savage river, a tributary of the northern branch of the Potomac. It is 186 miles long, and undergoes a considerable difference of level, redeemed by seventy-four locks, which are built of rough pieces of hewn stone, fastened by hydraulic cement, and flows along the left bank of the valley of the Potomac. The difficulties attending this route were very great, for it was necessary to cross a chain of high lands belonging to the Alleghany Mountains; to effect which, excavations were made in the solid rock, and high walls and dykes in many places constructed for supporting the bed of the canal, which was frequently above the bed of the Potomac. The expenses of this part of the enterprise amounted to £1,846,657 sterling.

The central division extends from Cumberland to the mouth of the river Casselman, in the Youghagany, to the west of the Alleghany Mountains. Its length is 70 miles, 1040 yards, and it traverses the high lands by a subterranean passage cut through the rock, a distance of 4 miles and 80 yards. This portion contains 246 locks.

The western division begins a quarter of a mile below the confluence of the Casselman and the Youghagany, and ends at Pittsburgh, at the mouth of the rivers Alleghany and Monongohela, in Ohio. It is 85½ miles long, and has 78 locks. For the first 27½ miles, as far as Connelssville, the land presented the greatest difficulties, in consequence of the narrow defiles to be traversed, the declivities to wind round by a bed cut out of the rock, or immense walls necessary for the support of the body of the canal. The expenses of this division have been estimated at £941,775. The whole of the three divisions will have cost £5,053,117.

We shall not, says M. Poussin, in any country find a work which can be compared to the above canal, either when considered relatively to the labours required in its execution, or to the immense political, commercial, and military advantages which it secures. The districts which it is to benefit contain a population of 1,864,335 inhabitants, and produce coal, lime, building timber and stone, planks, slate, marble, corn, maize, flour, tobacco, hemp, flax, linseed, oxen, pigs, lard, tallow, whiskey, iron, glass, &c.; and M. Poussin calculates, that six years after the opening of the entire canal, the augmentation of the value of these productions, or in other terms, the advantages to those who trade in such commodities, will bear a proportionate value of 1½ to the whole expense of the canal. The population has already in-

creased at an unusual rate, and scarcely was the canal finished, when it was found insufficient for the rapidly increasing commerce, and new projects were started. Its communication with the bay of the Chesapeake adds to its importance; for this bay, by its central position on the shores of the Atlantic, unites the commerce of the north and the south, and in time of war is protected by the fortifications of the Hampton roads.

We must here take leave of the United States, their magnificent country, and their no less magnificent labours. Every inquiry, every chance atom of information, only impresses on us still more forcibly their rising grandeur. It is not into their drawing-room refinements that we must look for their perfections; from them probably, in our high state of civilization, we shall recoil, and be apt to lose sight of the national greatness in our disgust. We can only be just when we reflect on the natural advantages they possess, and the noble manner in which their inhabitants profit by these advantages.

ART. VI.--1. *L'Espagne. Souvenirs de 1823 et de 1833.* Par M. Adolphe de Bourgoing. Paris. Dufart et Delaunay. 1834.

2. *Finances of Spain.* London. Richardson. 1834.

THE City-panic, which occurred only in the last week in May, and which has not yet been allayed, concerning the affairs of Spain, the state of her securities, and her political relations with other powers, renders all information connected with either of these subjects of very great importance. Capitalists, in their eagerness to make investments, have depended, perhaps, too unconditionally on her supposed opulence, and the loyalty and honour so long attributed to the national character. Whatever evils may arise from any misplaced confidence of this kind are tenfold aggravated by the spirit of gambling which ordinarily disgraces the Stock Exchange, and which, in the case of the Spanish securities, is confessed to have been inordinate. Any accident, any event, under such circumstances, is likely to produce the most serious alarm, and to end in fatal consequences. Moreover, the Carlists, according to the perfidious French journals, were annihilated. Sober politicians believed that Don Carlos, with the remnant of his partizans, would be soon compelled to take refuge on the French territory,—and then all of a sudden were startled from their propriety by the report that the position of the Christians had rendered it needful for the Spanish government to make application to the King of the French for assistance. The successes of



Zumalacarreguy, though spread over many months, seem to have been kept a profound secret—the French telegraph was dishonestly worked—and so bent were the interested parties on mystifying and duping the public, that an English reporter who had been despatched to the seat of war from one of our papers, was arrested, thrown into a dungeon at Pampeluna, restrained from the use of pen and ink, and only released alive on the active instance of the British ambassador at the court of Madrid. But it suited certain parties in England to doubt of the rout and defeat of Valdez—anon surprise is expressed that only French interference can prevent the arrival of Don Carlos at Madrid—and behold, the curtain not only drops on many visions of hope, but the *dénouement* of the piece exhibits the departure of fortune once possessed, and of riches that have taken to their wings, as is their wont, and flown away. We write while the event of these circumstances is yet undetermined. We pretend not to be prophets, and accordingly desire rather to retrace the past; to declare the previous occasions, and not the consequences, of the present state of affairs.

Don Carlos, say M. Bourgoing, is the legitimate and direct heir of the throne of Spain, and by right its king. He describes him as a prince surrounded by the love and respect of some, and by the profound hatred of others. Of middling stature, of a physiognomy calm and difficult to impress, cold, grave, not prodigal of useless words, the character of this prince, in his opinion, ought to please Castilians and Spaniards. His enemies, he adds, “have not spared him—they have assailed him without knowing his character—they have attempted to make his silence pass for pride, his calmness for hypocrisy, and his piety for fanaticism—a tactic which had, perhaps, succeeded in any other country; but Spain gives not, unless irrevocably, either its hatred or its love; its just spirit prevents it from surrendering itself without reflexion to sudden prejudices, or to an enthusiasm without motives.”

Some persons had wished to compare the character of this prince with that of the gloomy Philip II., but ere long the idea of this resemblance was found to be false. Don Carlos opposed to this fancied similitude all the virtues of private life. The model for all fathers of families, he lived in the bosom of his own, beloved by all who approached him; and is possessed of a piety which ought to offend no one, for it is for himself alone. He always showed the greatest indifference for everything regarding political questions, even at the moment when his interests were attacked by the caprices of Ferdinand. When despoiled of his rights in his own person, and in those of his children, he protested, indeed, with the respect due to his sovereign, and the

firmness that gives conviction and faith to a good cause. He removed himself without doing injury to the state, without provoking any one in his favour; but when Ferdinand was no more, he appeared armed to protect his right. "If he ascend the throne," concludes M. Bourgoing, "it will be without the intervention and assistance of foreigners."

M. Bourgoing, in his reminiscences, reminds us of the flights of the swallow, when rain is expected on some lovely summer evening, and the instinct of the bird teaches it to skim along only a few feet from the ground, ready to pounce upon worm or grub peeping from its hole to catch the refreshing moisture. He never ascends indeed, but there is a swallow-like grace in his evolutions, and we feel certain kindly sensations in his company. If not a learned, a profound, or a deeply thinking man, he is certainly an amiable one. He has evidently a very high opinion both of the Spaniards and of their country. They are, in his eyes, a beautiful, a valiant, and a noble people. Take them in all the ages of their life, you will find them ever the same—animated with patriotism, and governed by great and sublime ideas.

A young man and a soldier, M. Bourgoing nevertheless seems to have taken but slight interest, whether the white flag which floated in Spain for the succour of the royal Ferdinand (descendant of Louis XIV.), or that of the Cortes, prevailed; during the three years he served in Spain, his head appears to have been filled with anything rather than politics or war; he leaves them, in his own words, to more skilful pens.

His account of the clergy is exceedingly in their favour. So far from being intolerant, the Spanish *curé* lends himself to the innocent enjoyments and diversions of the multitude. In the provinces of the north, we see him descend on the Sunday from the mountains, surrounded with young persons of both sexes, singing their national songs. They dance on the enclosure round the church in the interval between mass and vespers; the priests walking in the midst of the happy crowd, their presence not interfering with the pleasures of the people.

We beg pardon of M. Bourgoing for having said that he never soared; we give the following flight as an exception:—

"I shall consider Spain under two points of view—Spain poetical!—Spain a study for painters!—beautiful by its picturesque sites, its torrents, its chains of mountains, its piquant costumes, and the perfect features of its inhabitants. Poets and artists! take your lyres and your pencils; sing of Grenada and *the Alhambra*. Design here a sea which breaks all foaming against the mighty works by the arch of the Scipios—there a Grenadian enveloped in his mantillo, sighing forth the airs of soft Andalusia under the windows of some fair recluse, some nun—the

beautiful victim of the barbarity of some jealous guardian! Oh! paint and sing of Spain! and your pictures and your strophes shall be renowned and admired!"

Everything seems delightful to the young and buoyant spirit. To M. Bourgoing's perceptions there exists not a village which has not a beautiful church, a vast square or *place*, a fine public fountain, and nearly always an *hotel-de-ville* which would be remarkable in the greatest part of the cities of France, even of the third order. Nay;—in no other country exists there an administration more enlightened, more independent, more paternal, and more careful of the interests which are confided to it. We may say, writes M. Bourgoing—

"We may say that the king of Spain, regarded by most as an absolute monarch, is rather the *protector* than the master of the different parts of his kingdom. This absolute sovereign dares not touch on certain prerogatives; he finds himself more opposed in raising imposts, or creating new charges on the people, than those kings of Europe who, by the deceitful mechanism of a representative government, crush their respective nations under their heavy budgets. \* \* \* The three provinces that compose the seniority of Biscay have peculiar privileges, rights and franchises, which the government dare not invade. They defend their liberties with energy. For them the sovereign is deprived of the title of king to receive that of *senor*, and every year the deputies of the commons of the three provinces unite in full assembly to discuss subjects of public interest."

Some of our readers will probably dispute the opinions of our reminiscents. His facts, however, are not to be despised. When Napoleon obtained a passage for his troops on the Spanish territory, on his route to Lisbon, the weak Charles IV. saw, or feigned to see, in him a faithful ally; whether "aveuglement de ce souverain, soit véritable confiance," in the counsels of Manuel Godoi, whom Napoleon had purchased by the promise of a throne, which had been formed for him in a dismembered province of Portugal,\* or that he felt his total inability to resist the man, before whom the powerful monarchs of the north had trembled. From this time, nothing could exceed the care and attention paid by the Spaniards to the French, treating as friends those soldiers who a short time afterwards imposed upon them a yoke so hard and so humiliating. Volumes would be

\* "Traité de Fontainebleau, conclu entre le maréchal Duroc, au nom de Napoléon, et le conseiller Izquierdo, au nom du roi d'Espagne, le 27 Octobre, 1807.

"Art. 1er. La province de l'Alentejo et le royaume des Algarves seront donnés, en toute propriété et souveraineté, au Prince de la Paix, qui prendra le titre de prince des Algarves.

"Art. 5. La principauté des Algarves sera possédée par les descendants du Prince de la Paix héréditairement et suivant les lois de succession qui sont en usage dans la famille régnante de S. M. le roi d'Espagne."—p. 336.

required, exclaims M. Bourgoing, to recount the motives of the just animosity of the Spaniards against the favourite Godoi; the circumstances, that decided Charles IV. to abdicate in favour of Ferdinand VII.; the revocation of that abdication; the snares spread to catch the young king; the arrival of the old one, at Bayonne; the deplorable scenes that disunited the royal family; and, notwithstanding the most pains-taking researches, we might fail at last in arriving at the precise truth, as it was so closely surrounded by a thick veil, that it is still unknown to many Spaniards, who have never abandoned the party of Ferdinand.

M. Bourgoing's picture of Catalonia is not so highly coloured as that of other parts of Spain. He found indeed the convents abandoned and pillaged; the images of the saints, the protectors of the country, overturned and mutilated. The monks had been the victims of the hatred of the constitutionalists. A chasseur raising the stone from a wall in the court of a convent, saw something which floated in a putrid state on the water; he reached it with his lance, and brought out the head of a monk, from which the body had dropped in a state of putrefaction. At length the deliverance of Ferdinand was effected, and thus was terminated the campaign of Catalonia.

Ten years intervened between M. Bourgoing's visits to Spain. In the year 1833, curious to know what changes ten years of peace had brought about in that beautiful country, he visited it again as a private individual, but with increased experience of life and society.

Peace had already produced immense results. Tranquillity reigned in all the provinces. The public treasure was collected without difficulty; even the revenues of the state, though small, were in his eyes sufficient for its expenses; at any rate the people were not weighed down with imposts. We are however able to correct our tourist here. Documents prove that the ordinary revenues of Spain, for five or six years previously to 1834, have rarely exceeded five millions sterling, upwards of one million being absorbed in the charges of collection alone; leaving, on an average, an excess of expenditure over income of from two millions to two millions and a half a year, including the interest paid on the acknowledged domestic and foreign debt, the whole of which has for several years past been raised by the issue of fresh certificates, either in Madrid or Paris; so that Spain has, in fact, never been able to pay any interest on her debt out of her own resources. The Spanish system of taxation, we are told by other authorities, is not only defective but ruinous to the country, besides being grossly unequal and arbitrary. No one can at any time ascertain what sum he may be called upon to pay. The

whole system is, moreover, so complicated and expensive, that it is the general opinion that nearly one-fourth of the revenues are lost in the collection. Yet "under a proper reform," adds a pamphlet now lying before us, "in the system and administration of the taxes and imposts, there can be little doubt but they might be made to yield nearly double their present returns; and that, rather diminishing than increasing the burdens of the people."

We return to M. Bourgoing. The army of Spain, though small, was to him, who still saw all *couleur de rose*, though years might have sobered his view of things, "*fort belle*," and had been found quite sufficient to occupy all the strong places and maintain peace. The regular Spanish army, compared with what it had been in 1823, was doubtless much improved; and indeed, even only six years afterwards, presented itself to the French officers under an aspect equal to their own. Many of the cities were wonderfully embellished. Vittoria had many elegant houses built around a public square. Florida was still more enlarged; Burgos had added promenades that bordered the stream of Arlançon. Twice a week public carriages went from Madrid for Valencia and Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, Valladolid, Burgos, Bayonne, Badajos, Guadalajara, Aranjuez, Toledo, "et les habitations royales."

Our readers will be interested by some anecdotes of Maria-Christina.

"Naturally diffident, Ferdinand VII. feared that his queen would not intermeddle in the affairs of the state. That young princess did not care to show her desire of occupying herself with politics. A Neapolitan, (she was the daughter of Francis I. king of the Two Sicilies, and sister to the Duchess of Berri,) and adroit, she accustomed the king by her tender cares and constant caresses never to be away from her. At the precise moment when he received his ministers she withdrew, affecting great reserve and a perfect indifference for public affairs. The apartment of the queen was close to the council chamber. At first she left the king alone, but soon, complaining of *ennui*, declared that she could not be so long separated from him. She then entered into the chamber, pretending to say some tender things to him, as if he were fatigued with grave and wearisome discussion; but she left the door of his room open; thus apart retired, without being absent, she shared in all their deliberations. At length she came and assumed her seat in the council, saying she would not quit the king. After this she partook actively in their deliberations, and finished by directing them altogether, or at least her voice was always influential and decisive."

The daughter of this ambitious queen was, by a sort of Salic law, excluded from the throne, and the brother of Ferdinand would become, on his death, the true legitimate heir. This law of exclusion had not operated without interruption, or perpetually.

Up to the year 1713, when Philip V. changed the order of succession, the Castilian law, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, had prevailed. By this law of kindred, females ascended the throne of Spain when called to it by proximity of blood. The opposite agnatic law was enacted in full assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, who had not been for a long time called together before. The new order of succession, thus established by Philip V.—a powerful monarch, having conquered his kingdom after a dozen years of severe warfare—called to the throne the heirs male only, admitting no females except in case of the total failure of heirs male in the royal house. For one hundred and twenty years, the succession has been preserved, passing from male to male, without the accession of a new monarch operating in the least to the disturbance of the state.

“Ferdinand, (exclaims M. Bourgoing,) by his own will alone, without the sanction of the nation, overturned the hereditary law which governed Spain for more than a century. Thrones may be menaced by democratic eruptions, uprooted by political tempests, but that they should be shaken to their foundation by those very persons who have received the commission to watch over their preservation, can only be accounted for from Ferdinand’s having been carried away by a certain obliquity of intellect, which caused him, by his last testament, to bequeath to Spain nothing but endless discord and trouble.”

It has been said, that the king of Spain, in council, has power to make a law, and, in this way, the right of Isabella is sufficiently established. But it is objected that, “instead of the true representatives of the Spanish nation, some few prelates and nobles received an order from Ferdinand to come and take an oath to Donna Isabella. Nearly all these were public functionaries. Ferdinand placed these personages between two fires—their interests and their consciences—the former gained the ascendancy.”

It is between these different statements that the gist of the question lies. The advocates of either have contested their opinions with the sword. Don Carlos has now attained some advantages. Will Louis Philip grant that intervention which is claimed by the Christinos? The French government appears to pause. France remembers that she has allies, and she must consult them. In the mean time, things may attain to a crisis in Spain which will render interference too late.

We write while these matters are in progress. By the day of publication, some event may have occurred which will put the reader in an advanced state of information. One thing is certain, that the French have not confided with that faith in Spanish securities, which so many among ourselves have indulged to their disquiet. The *Bourse* has not partaken the panic of our Stock Exchange.

Whatever may be the result of Spanish contentions, the honour of the nation is nevertheless concerned in coming to an honest arrangement with its creditors. The settlement, as stated in the pamphlet at the head of our article, ought, doubtless, to comprise the whole of its engagements, admitting upon the same footing all debts legally contracted upon the good faith of the nation, no matter under what administration. It seems, however, almost impossible that so large an amount as two millions or two millions and a half sterling, required to pay the interest and sinking fund on her foreign debt, could be annually collected and remitted abroad. The balance of her trade, ever since the loss of her colonies, has been in the ratio of two to one against Spain, whilst the whole value of her exportable produce, even in the most prosperous periods, has not exceeded three millions and a half sterling, now probably reduced very much more than half, since the exports from Spain to England, (almost the only consumer of her fruits, wines, and wools,) have barely averaged, for the last four or five years, one million sterling.

These are facts—we have stated them simply; and brief as this paper is, it will be of great public benefit, if it restrains the working of that spirit of speculation which has been so fatal to many; and above all, if it induces our countrymen to think more soberly on the affairs of Spain than they have been accustomed, but not than they ought, to think.

Another parting word of admonition. We would wish our readers to believe, that it is at any rate just possible that the Carlists may be successful, and that there is considerable doubt whether the people are with the Christinos. Upon this point M. Bourgoing has delivered himself in good set terms, and has closed his work with some remarks, which are, in all points, very spirited, and to a certain extent, indisputably true. They will, not without some grace, serve for an appropriate conclusion to this paper.

“In the midst of the great European movement, which for the last forty years has been stirring under our eyes, in that struggle between order and anarchy, of democracy against aristocracy, of the privileges of kings opposed to those of the people;—when, agitated by certain ideas, that seek to find the day, the age will finish by an important *birth*, a *bringing forth* for the nations of a WISE LIBERTY, which will not be obscured by *license*—and for kings, an uncontested authority, that will not be despotism,—Spain cannot be a long time without following the impulse given from one end of the world to the other. Undoubtedly some abuses will call for a reform, but still the cause will slowly and surely proceed—and reform itself should proceed slowly.

Let Charles V. assemble the Cortes—let the nation speak to the king—let the hands of a legitimacy firm and confident in its re-esta-

blished forces, in the assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, set flowing for the Spanish nation those liberties which she possessed in the most brilliant days of her glory—let Charles V. break off entirely with the *bastard system*, that political fearfulness which would cry out for mercy from all the kings of Europe—let Spain give the lie to her enemies who are obstinate in representing her as subjected to a shameful yoke! *There are more elements of liberty in one single province of Spain, than in all England !!*\* The national spirit of the Spaniard is not brutified by cupidity—it is not a commercial or nomadic spirit. It is for those who govern it, to direct that energy which rests concentrated in itself. With the Spaniard, we can dare all things, in speaking to him of religion and liberty.

“Royalty, in the present age, has been beheld by the people naked, stripped of all its deccits and trappings, with all its miseries and weaknesses. At a time when the people present their open breasts to the ball and the sword, to conquer, kings alone fear to die, to preserve. They veil their heads, they conceal their persons, to avoid seeing and partaking dangers. The age calls aloud, ‘away with weak and timid kings!’ The monarchical age commands that kings should be the bravest and the best informed amongst men—that they should march in the van, and not in the rear—that they should rule, and not be ruled—that they should lead the present generation, and not be driven by it. This generation, eager for true and wise liberty, thus makes a proclamation from the citizens of Arragon.—

“NOS QUE VALEMOS TANTO COMO VOS, OS HACEMOS NUESTRO REY Y SEÑOR, CON TAL QUE GUARDEIS NUESTROS FUEROS Y LIBERTADES : SINO’

ART. VI.—1. *Histoire Critique de la Littérature Anglaise, depuis Bacon, jusqu’au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle.* Par M. L. Mézières. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

2. *Die Schöne Litteratur Europa’s in der neuesten Zeit, dargestellt nach ihren bedeutendsten Erscheinungen. Vorlesungen gehalten vor einer gebildeten Versammlung, von Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor an der Universität zu Jena.* (European Belles-Lettres of the latest times, sketched from the most remarkable Productions; in Lectures delivered to a polished Audience, by Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor in the University of Jena.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1832.

THERE are few kinds of works more entertaining and informing, alike to the philosophic inquirer, to the man of letters, and to the general reader, than sketches or critical histories of the literature of

\* An Englishman can well afford to smile at this sentiment.

† “We, who are your equals, will support our Lord and King, as long as he defends our rights and liberties; if not,—not.”



foreign nations, which, in truth, afford means and opportunity for that enlargement of mind and views, by extension and variety of knowledge, which constitutes the real advantage derived from foreign travel. The interest of such critical histories is, moreover, still somewhat enhanced by the charm of novelty; inasmuch as they may be esteemed a new species of the genus criticism. Half a century ago it was necessary to master a foreign language in order to know whether there existed in that language any books worth reading when the power should be gained. Now, the literature of the world is brought home to the reading public, at least of England, France, and Germany. But different nations achieve the same object in different ways, according to the peculiar varieties of their respective characters; and we have selected for review the two works now before us, as much as specimens of these different ways, as for the sake of the information which they contain.

The French Critical History claims our first notice, both as the larger work, and as being wholly devoted to our own country.

The first remark we have to make upon this work is the very narrow limits within which M. Mézières has confined his Critical History. All the higher and graver branches of literature are excluded from his plan. He rejects philosophy and history; he rejects even pulpit eloquence, one of the glories of that early and splendid period of our literature at which he takes up its history. This, however, it may be said, is only restricting himself to belles-lettres, a very generally acknowledged division of the literature of any country. But we have not completed our list of M. Mézières' exclusions; he rejects that, may we say, highest branch of literature, (it was once so held,) which especially appertains to belles-lettres,—to wit, poetry, including the drama. He restricts his survey to moral essays, novels, and letters—the first being a branch of literature, we shrewdly suspect, pretty nearly obsolete of late years, since the habit of intense political excitement, at home and abroad, has accustomed the English public to such powerful stimulants, that, to the present generation of readers, the simpler literary viands of their grandfathers and grandmothers would appear insipid as the nursery bread and milk to the veteran *gastronome*.

One consequence of this limitation of the History of English Literature to its slightest department, is the rendering the title-page, in some measure, illusory, if not deceptive. In the mind of the English reader, the words, 'from Bacon,' awaken images of his great contemporaries and immediate successors; and *they* are not here,—for they were not essayists, not novelists, not epistlers for the press. The English reader, however, recollects the

reason, and is merely disappointed. A superficial foreigner might be led to suppose that, with the solitary exceptions of Bacon and Temple, our literature dates no higher than the reign of Queen Anne ;—and Bacon himself, be it noted, appears here only as an essayist :—although we do not mean to deny that the attentive foreign reader may discover from this book that Bacon wrote more, that others wrote something, between his days and those of Swift, and that the literary reputation of Pope, Burns, and Cowper, does not rest *wholly* upon their familiar correspondence. With respect to his reasons for thus limiting his survey, we must in fairness allow our author to speak for himself. In his preface he says :—

“ I have chosen the prose writers, who are generally little known on the continent. Most of the great English poets have been repeatedly translated or imitated. \* \* \* Amongst the prose writers I have had again to select ; for the English have been successful in very various careers,—in the domain of philosophy as in that of imagination ; in history, eloquence, and criticism. One species, truly indigenous, impressed with a character altogether local, and which long flourished only on British soil, first engaged my attention. The Moral Essay, created in England about the beginning of the 18th century, has been there cultivated with especial favour, and has exercised a real influence over the national taste, mind, and civilization. The writers of periodical essays, or, as they are commonly designated, the essayists, form a distinct class in English, as the *novellieri* in Italian literature. \* \* \*

“ After the moralists, I chose the novelists, who are much better known in France.”—(A very odd reason, it should seem, for thinking it most urgently necessary to give an account of them.) \* \* \* “ Another branch of literature very successfully cultivated in England, is the epistolary line. The writers of this class are nevertheless nearly unknown in France.”

To our mind a strange, and though not very unusual, yet very incorrect way of speaking of letter-writing. Surely the parent and child, who relieve absence by their private correspondence, can no more be said to cultivate a branch of literature, than they can be converted into authors by the publication of their letters after their death.

We will now turn to the German Professor, who avowedly confines his lectures to belles-lettres, and whose range of subjects might thence be supposed nearly identical with the French critic's. The supposition would be erroneous. Professor Wolff holds nothing but poetry to be *beautiful literature*,—the literal translation of *schöne literatur* ;—but then, according to established German classification, he holds all works of fiction to be poetry. A classification, *soit dit en passant*, by no means consonant with our own opinions, though lately adopted by some

English critics ; but to investigate the propriety or impropriety of which would require a long and complicated discussion, unsuited to this place. Wolff confines his survey of this really beautiful literature, in point of time, to the present nineteenth century, but in point of land and language extends it to the whole of Europe ; allotting upwards of one-half of his volume to the living poetry of France and England, whilst the other half embraces that of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Germany. And let not the reader wonder at the small space allowed to the author's copious fatherland. It arises from his audience needing no specimens, indeed little more than an enumeration, of their compatriot poets.

Pass we now from the selection of subjects to the mode of treating them, in which, as was to be expected, the most striking discrepancy appears between the French and German plans. Both are well adapted to their respective ends ; but those ends, though substantially the same, are modified by the national character as well of the readers and audience addressed, as of the historian and lecturer. The French desire only facts, to afford new topics of conversation, and, perhaps, to increase the knowledge of the studious ; and for this purpose we have seldom seen a better course than that of M. Mézières. He first gives a brief sketch of each author's works of the kinds above enumerated ; then selects passages,—whole papers of the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, &c.—which he translates, and adds the respective opinions of different English critics upon each author's peculiar character, merits, and demerits, with a word or two of general remark of his own. He thus makes his French readers acquainted with English taste and criticism, as well as with English literature of one or two kinds. Had he superadded a ratiocinative French *critique* of these works and their English critics, he would have made his book more complete as a work of art, and have given it value in this country ; since it is always amusing, and often instructive, to learn the opinions of intelligent foreigners upon the productions of our national genius, whether in literature, political institutions, or even more homely matters.

Our author not having done this, we shall merely give a specimen or two of his style, and return to the German—first remarking, that we find among the authors introduced to the French public some names but little thought of here, and miss some we should have expected to find ;—how could French gallantry omit among the novelists Miss Burney and Mrs. Inchbald ?—that, though he professes to exclude *all* living writers, Godwin is one of his list ; and, though he professes to end with the last century, Sir W. Scott is another, because, as he says, he considers him as

the creator of the present school of fiction; an especial reason, we should have thought, for not placing him amongst authors of a bygone age and taste, even had *Waverley* appeared prior to the year 1800.

As M. Mézières sets so high a value upon our essayists, our first extract shall be his concluding remarks upon Addison.

"This long, but still imperfect, examination of the various kinds of merit of the *Spectator* may suffice to show the value of those superficial articles in some journals and reviews, that unhesitatingly rank with, or even above, the *Spectator*, contemporaneous sketches which, though doubtless witty and entertaining, are really as inferior to that immortal work in grace and charm as in depth and philosophy. \* \* \* I have now only to retrace, in a few words, the chief causes of the *Spectator's* superiority to the numerous works of the same kind that have followed it.

"Amongst the first of these must be placed Addison's wonderful aptitude for the line in which he acquired his fame. When we consider that the greater number of these remarkable papers cost him less time than it would require to translate them properly, we feel inclined to believe that he had but to follow his genius in order to excel in the art of the moralist. Indeed, Addison seems to have been born to produce moral essays as much as La Fontaine to produce fables, or Molière comedies. After the lapse of a century, his writings are still the most perfect models in this line, and criticism always chooses them as the standard by which to appreciate the merit of his successors. To say that a moral essay is, as the English express it, Addisonian in its style, is to give it the highest praise to which this sort of composition can aspire.

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"If ever work of morality could boast a visible and lasting influence over the character of a nation, that glory fell to the lot of the *Spectator*. As Addison had foretold, many of the abuses, follies, and vices that he attacks in his papers, have so completely disappeared, that we might doubt their ever having existed. The English even now like to acknowledge the salutary effects of the *Spectator*. To it the taste, manners, and civilization of Great Britain owe some part of their progress; and a contemporary eye-witness of this social reform, said, without exaggeration, 'That all the eloquence of the pulpit had wrought less good in a twelve-month than the *Spectator* in a day.'

As he bestows more labour of thought, apparently for rather national motives, upon the vindication of Lord Chesterfield's parental morality, we are tempted to extract some of his remarks.

"The Earl of Chesterfield is entitled by his wit and elegance to be flatteringly distinguished in the annals of British literature. His predilection for French manners, and his intimacy with many of our great authors, such as Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, give him especial claims upon our good-will: claims enhanced by the severity with which this preference has caused him to be judged by his own countrymen. He moreover belongs to that excellent school of which, since the middle of the last century, but few disciples are to be found in England."

The justification of Lord Chesterfield against the alleged unfair severity of compatriot condemnation is somewhat diffuse, and not very convincing, at least to English intellects. An extract or two will suffice to show its nature; and we will begin with the beginning. His advocate says—

“We must observe, in the first place, that this correspondence was never meant for publication. It would be unjust to seek in it anything but the familiar intercourse of a father with his son, the confidential communications of one man of the world to another.”

Can any human being, who has even a suspicion of the signification of such words as morality and virtue, to say nothing of the existence of the things themselves, consider this as a justification, when he admits, two pages later, that, in this familiar intercourse of a father with his son—

“it is but too true that Chesterfield treats of gallantry with inexcusable playfulness and levity. It may be said that he does not spare his son *peccare docentes historias*; nor is it his fault if he does not make him an accomplished libertine. \* \* \* He quotes the example of the Maréchal de Richelieu, who owed much of his good fortune to his success with women. He frequently alludes to the novels of the younger Crébillon, of which he was a great admirer. It is evident that he had beheld the corruption then existing amongst the higher circles of French society, and had unreservedly adopted their principles.”

And thus M. Mézières thinks to prove that Chesterfield's morality is unfairly censured in England, on account of his partiality to France!—unconscious, it should seem, that these admissions refute the plea upon which he relies, that the father trusted his son stood in no need of moral instruction. From the charge of frivolity, so frequently brought against him, and grounded upon his incessant injunctions to study the graces, his French champion might have vindicated him more successfully, had he been aware of a tradition still preserved in the higher circles of this country, in proof of the degree to which young Stanhope did need instruction in good manners. It is, that the first time the father and son dined together, after all these lessons of politeness and elegance had been penned, and perhaps read, the intended courtly *diplôme*, after eating his portion of cherry pie—cherry pie was not then an impossible apparition at a well-ordered table—fairly lifted his plate to his mouth, and *drank* the remaining juice!

Let us now examine the German's mode of treating foreign literature. His audience would scarcely have thanked him for mere specimens, with accounts of foreign opinions; accordingly, wherever the author is of sufficient genius or reputation to justify the investigation, Professor Wolff enters into a philosophico-critical examination of the character and merits of his works, be-

ginning his sketch of the literature of every separate country with a history or account of the language.

We feel tempted to take this opportunity of affording our readers some idea of the nature of German *aesthetic* criticism, and for this purpose must select Wolff's critique of a single author. We must, at any rate, have confined ourselves to one country, since it is evident that any attempt to compress within our ordinary limits the multifarious mass of information contained in Wolff's Lectures would be impossible, at least in sufficient detail to add any thing to the accounts of the literature of most European countries given in several of our former numbers.

To his critiques upon German authors, we may probably refer on some future occasion. For the present we shall select from the mass English literature, both as being a sort of continuation of M. Mézières' book, which stops where Professor Wolff's begins, and as affording the fairest comparison of French and German taste and criticism. We begin with the sketch of the language; and those readers who are aware of the anxious zeal with which the modern German philologists strive to purify their mother-tongue from all words not of Teutonic origin, rejecting even generally received technical terms of grammar, such as, verbs, nouns, prepositions, &c., will not be surprised to learn that the mingled web of the English language is repugnant to our lecturer's taste. This they would anticipate: but even they, we apprehend, may be startled at discovering that a German, whose national guttural enunciation they have probably been accustomed to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of cacophony, reproaches our speech as singularly and pre-eminently inharmonious. The notion is not, however, peculiar to this author. In many a German book have we met with vituperative sneers at the sound of our vernacular accents, and have found solace only in the soothing counter-declaration of a learned Italian, who averred that our national discourse resembled singing. Wolff thus characterizes English:

"Compounded of such conflicting materials, English had long to struggle with the wilful arbitrament of individuals, and first rejoiced in a beginning of grammatical regularity at the era of the Reformation, principally through the translation of the Bible,\* which first appeared in 1535, and the growing knowledge of the classics, whose writings were repeatedly translated in the sixteenth century. Next, individual poets did much for the cultivation of the language; but it was only in the eighteenth century that, through the exertions of able men, it began

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\* Wolff refers either the fixing, or the first formation, of most modern languages to their several first printed translations of the Bible.

to raise itself to any certain regularity. Since then, having engaged the diligent attention of distinguished scholars, it has gradually attained to a fixed efformation.† If borrowed treasures may tell, English cannot be denied to possess a comprehensive copiousness of expression; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in euphony and variety of intonation. Upon the whole, this language always gives me the idea of a self-willed child, that has learned nothing at school, and only afterwards, constrained by the relations of life, has conformed, though still reluctantly, and escaping whenever escape was possible, to strict general rules and laws."

We omit the general critique of English poetry, which, according to the Professor's system, intervenes betwixt the account of the language and that of its modern poetry, and proceed to the latter. The poet we shall select is Lord Byron, who, to say nothing of his genius, is, from his extraordinary *subjectiveness*, peculiarly adapted to command German admiration, and elicit the appropriate character of German *aesthetic* criticism. The critique is preceded, still according to Dr. Wolff's regular course, by a biographical notice; a useful introduction, no doubt, to foreign readers; but of which we shall only say, that the simple-hearted German seems to have taken every splenetic expression, every poetical license of exaggeration of the gifted peer, as gospel, and to believe that Lord Byron really was most cruelly persecuted by the envious English aristocracy, and actually driven into exile by a puritanical exclusion from patrician, and indeed all reputable, society. We would fain hope the professor may derive comfort from our assurance, that the chief persecution endured by the noble poet consisted in invitations to dinners, balls, and *conversazioni*; and we now proceed to the critique of his poetry, or rather of his genius.

"Byron was a martyr to genius. His character is his poesy, his poesy his character; subjective truth the marked feature of his life, as of his works. All that can be desired in a poet, he possessed; the most glowing fancy, plenitude of thoughts, the deepest sensibility, and a power of eloquence that, needing no previous adjuration, gushed immediately from the soul, an impetuous mountain torrent, ever ready for service, in unvarying plenteousness when his heart was awakened—a power such as mortals have rarely enjoyed. He was, perhaps, the most perfectly developed of human beings; for in him combined and co-existed all the virtues and all the faults belonging to the human race—love and hate, liberalism and despotism, good-nature and harshness, in short, all save vulgarity, for above the whole soared triumphant the essential nobleness of his nature. We are not to measure and weigh him, for where should we find the fitting standard? \* \* \* He is one of the few spirits whom we may regard as the culminating points of our whole race; therefore must we take him as he is, receiving from him what

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\* This unusual and somewhat obsolete word is the only one we can think of, at all answering philosophically to the German *ausbildung*.

may profit us for our delight or our improvement. From his immense wealth, no unprejudiced person will go away empty-handed, since treasures lie stored up there for every constitution of mind, as for every season of life; and even, because he so entirely gave himself as he was, must be awaken in every bosom some kindred tone, for all that can touch the individual he has experienced—he has doubly lived through, in his positive and in his poetical existence. \* \* \* \* Therefore if we cannot always love him, if we sometimes feel resentfully that he offends and hurts us, we must ever admire and venerate in him the nobleness of human nature, as it reveals itself in the richest creative energy of genius. And this is no trifling gain, but a splendid, a beautiful solace for many a troublous hour. A man to whom we are indebted for such a disclosure must rank high, very high, in our estimation."

Our critic eulogizes Lord Byron's smaller lyrical poems, as those which show the poet in the most amiable light; but the remarks on his larger poems are more characteristic, and to them therefore we turn.

"Next in character to the lyrics ranks Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; for it embodies the poet's inmost feelings, as produced by his career of travel, of life,—albeit expressed in the assumed character of an utterly profligate youth, resembling, but in caricature, the noble poet, who has taken his own likeness from a concave mirror. This extraordinarily idiocratic poem cannot be assigned to any of the received classes; it is simply a poetic journal, and, considered in this light, the faults usually laid to its charge disappear, since, from the idea of a journal the writer's *subjectivity* can hardly be dis severed. \* \* \* In the two last cantos we see that the poet's soul had more richly developed itself,—tempered, like fine steel, in the fire of the passions and of destiny. A deeper but nobler melancholy breathes through them; the thoughts are more compressed, more import-fraught; the views of life, although equally peculiar, are not so rugged and extravagant; the fantasy\* is as imperatively prevalent, but its colours are more glowing and enduring."

Our professor next gives us the opinion of a deceased German critic, Wilhelm Müller, of Don Juan, and none can be more characteristic of German *æsthetic* criticism. It is too long to insert entire, but an extract or two will suffice to show its spirit.

"Childe Harold and Don Juan, our poet's most idiocratic and comprehensive productions, are reciprocally antipodean; but, like the dwellers on the light and dark sides of our globe, they revolve around a common, all-sustaining centre. This centre is the intellectual individuality of their author, which, through the intervention, here of a misanthropic pilgrim, there of a joyous reveller, acts in opposite tendencies."

The further description of the opposition between these ten-



dencies we omit, considering the author's conclusion as the most peculiarly German and *æsthetic* part.

"In point of execution, the two poems are alike happy. In the one, deep mental energy and a daring elevation of fantasy are clothed in language that struggles through obsolete forms; in the other, all is colloquial ease; poesy, in the lightest dishabille, pays homage, but in jest, to form; its motto is, 'The pleasing is lawful.' Why Don Juan should be decried as more dangerously immoral than Childe Harold is to us incomprehensible. Don Juan is not a book that can allure the seducible mind of youth; and he who is fitted to appreciate its spirit must be adequate to resist it, if there still be any question of danger from Don Juan. The fantasy and feelings are more easily seduced than the understanding; and therefore, to my mind, the witty immorality of Don Juan is far less unwholesome food for the literary taste than the sentimental misanthropy of the romantic pilgrim."

Upon this, assuredly original, view of Don Juan, as innoxious, in which our professor fully concurs, we shall make no comments, having no disposition to undertake works of supererogation. But we cannot neglect the opportunity of observing, that an Englishman must needs be somewhat astounded by the ease with which Dr. Wolff, addressing a mixed audience, composed of both sexes, either mentions or omits to mention, the immorality or the indecency, even when tolerably gross, of the writers of whom he may have to speak. From him the most offensively licentious novelists and dramatists of the present French school meet with no severer critical reprehension than the following:

"It is surprising that a man of taste, endowed with the sense of moral beauty, should wander into such false paths, should select such subjects.  
\* \* \* \* An uncommonly happy temperament and a healthful cheerfulness are most agreeable qualities, under the influence of which one overlooks in Kock much that might disturb."

Let us not, however, delude our readers into supposing this mode of regarding and treating immorality and indecency to be a proof of grossness or impurity in our professor. It arises solely from the German habit of contemplating poetry under an *æsthetic* aspect. Of this the following criticism on Cain will afford a still more complete illustration.

"Into this matter-teeming poem Byron has poured the whole force of his potent genius. One knows not whether most to admire the creative might of his gigantic fantasy, the great considerateness in the keeping and conduct of the several characters—of which each, as an individual, represents a whole class of beings—or the keen dialectic, with which he has so equipped the evil principle, Lucifer, that he soars victorious over the whole, and, as if with the light movement of an adroit hand, so destroys the elements of positive belief, that, out of the ruins, as from the dust of burnt-down buildings, no consistent whole can ever again be constructed. This last circumstance makes the drama so dangerous and pernicious,

since it annihilates without compensation. \* \* \* \* The Cain is written only for strong minds, and, as is every where evident, only for the sake of the Lucifer. And here, considered as a work of art, lies the fault of the piece; for Cain's orthodox punishment breaks the internal intellectual consequentialness; the idea changes, like an unprepared start from discord to concord in a different key. \* \* \* His crime, albeit a murder, and the first murder upon earth, when contemplated from the exalted position where motives are tried singly and strictly, does not appear so very important."

Can a more hyper-Germanic *æsthetic* view of fratricide be conceived?

This might, perhaps, suffice to illustrate the different critical systems of France and Germany; but, as there is one author, and he of no ordinary celebrity, who, in spite of their different plans, falls within the range of both the works before us, we feel tempted to add some extracts from the several criticisms of M. Mézières and Dr. Wolff on Sir Walter Scott. As before, we begin with the Frenchman, who devotes the last 168 pages of his 3d volume to our great novelist, beginning thus:

"Of all the authors of whom I have hitherto spoken, Walter Scott (N. B. no honorary Sir) is certainly the best known upon the continent, and his brilliant fictions are still impressed on the memory of his many admirers. He enjoyed the privilege of charming and instructing all ages, and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination has delighted Europe during twenty years. Since Voltaire, no author has had such influence in foreign countries. The very popularity of his works, however, renders much of detail unnecessary. What critic could hope, at this time of day, to bring forward observations or discoveries with respect to the genius of Walter Scott, that have not been anticipated in the conversations of the drawing-room, or of the family circle, or in the solitary meditations of the study. \* \* \* Like Richardson he discovered in childhood a lively taste and precocious talent for narrative. Attacked in adolescence by a long and serious illness, he was permitted by the indulgence of his family to give up himself uncontrolledly to his passion for books; and in his own words 'plunged into a vast ocean of reading without compass or pilot.' He thus amassed the rich variety of materials which he afterwards so ably wrought up, and for a long time without betraying a symptom of lassitude or exhaustion. \* \* \* He began his career as a novelist in the full maturity of age and vigour of talent. When, in 1814, he published *Waverley*, he was already one of the most distinguished poets and most learned antiquaries of Great Britain; the predictions of Blair, Burns,\* Lewis, and some others, who had divined his genius and foretold his glory, were fulfilled. The creator of a new species in poetry, the painter of a nature yet virgin and almost unknown, familiarized by his literary studies with all the secrets of the art of writing, he had but

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\* Both Blair and Burns died previously to the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

to pour out the treasures of his memory and his imagination to produce that crowd of master-pieces, which appeared almost without any interval, whilst their rapid succession scarcely satisfied the impatience of the public."

M. Mézières then gives an abstract of the story of Waverley, after which he observes :—

"This novel is altogether of the episodical kind. The scenes follow each other with no connexion save the hero, and the development of the main action is frequently interrupted. Consequently the interest turns more on the details than on the whole. \* \* \* Charles Edward's reception of the hero is a model of address, tact, and propriety. The author has not always succeeded so well in the language and conduct of great personages. (Not of Richard Cœur de Lion? Elizabeth? in a word of all?) \* \* \* He excels in scenes that require warmth, movement and effect. Here, as elsewhere, he skilfully gives a local colouring to accessories of sheer invention; and makes historic accuracy subordinate to general effect."

Then follow a few common-place remarks upon the characters, as that Waverley is weak, irresolute and enthusiastic; Flora Mac Ivor a little romantic, and the like; and the review of this novel thus concludes with an encomium on its style.

"The style is easy, ingenious, picturesque, perhaps occasionally too metaphorical, too much impressed with the forms of poetry. Walter Scott follows no school exclusively. Sometimes he borrows the majestic and symmetrical period of Johnson; sometimes he adopts the elegant simplicity of Mackenzie, to whom Waverley is dedicated; sometimes he comes near the piquancy of Sterne."

M. Mézières selects from the mass of the Waverley novels Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, the Heart of Midlothian, the Bride of Lammermoor, Ivanhoe, the Abbot, and Kenilworth, to treat more briefly after the same fashion: whereupon we shall only observe that the French critic seems not to be aware that Rob Roy, although an outlawed robber, is by birth a highland chieftain, *alias* a petty prince, or that a licensed fool is not necessarily a genuine idiot, very little appreciating Wamba, whom we, for our own part, hold to be the true hero of Ivanhoe. He thus closes his account of Sir Walter and his own book :—

"By a rare privilege, the fictions of the immortal Scotch author purify the soul, whilst they charm the imagination. \* \* \* A magician more potent than Le Sage has wafted his readers into an abode of enchantment; and it would be impossible to reckon the number of the living generation who owe some of their purest and most delicious enjoyments to Walter Scott."

The German professor allots far less space to our admired

countryman, but bestows upon his genius far more critical disquisition, in which much subtle acumen and sound judgment are blended with much unintelligible æsthetic Germanism. The reader will not forget that in German phraseology novels are poetry.

"As a poet, Scott, much as he has in common with his two great countrymen (Byron and Moore), is in this one point directly opposed to them, that in his works he imparts nothing of his own nature, strictly confining himself to the delineation of the world without, to the exclusion of the world within him. He is gifted with an unequalled talent for observation, for apprehension, but he is a mirror giving back only what has first been received. As an *objective* poet he ranks near to Homer, as a *subjective* poet he is insignificant. He succeeds only in painting the extraneous; and of this he appears to have accumulated so much, as to leave him neither time nor care to preserve what is proper to himself. He possesses a high degree of poetic peculiarity; but it consists rather in a certain elasticity of genius—which, as well in the intrinsic as in the form, can bend to necessity, but, like a spring, without losing its strength—than in an intensive power of creation. Scott resembles a masterly portrait-painter; no feature, no line, no wrinkle (why not add, no character of intellect or feeling?) escapes him, and of his portraits we might say with the Irishman, 'They are more like than the originals:' but we every where miss that inmost vitality, without which no poetic creation can permanently captivate us, for no where does the inspiration, does the very being, of the poet shine through; and whilst his figures move before us, we cannot discover the Promethean spark that vivifies them. [So the figures be vivified, the English reader will scarcely think this a fault.] \* \* \* The abundance of his images, the nature and charm of his style, the tone of which is ever in perfect harmony with the subject chosen, the inexhaustible flow of his eloquence, his command over form, are qualities that wonderfully contribute to enhance the value and reputation of his productions. But what gives his poetry its especial witchery, is, that even in the veriest trifle it is national; and that by this, as well as by his peculiar management of his subjects, Sir Walter Scott has, in England, opened a new path to narrative poetry, upon which he has hitherto found no rival, though many an able follower."

We trust Dr. Wolff does not limit these last remarks to England; but will frankly confess that the school of fiction founded by Sir Walter Scott overspreads the continent, and that there likewise, ay, even in Germany, the disciples are immeasurably inferior to their mighty master.

In reviewing foreign works relative to any thing English, the pen cannot be laid down without a word or two respecting mistakes. On the present occasion these are perhaps not very important, but we will mention some that present themselves to our recollection in both works, as much for the sake of pointing out

the danger of hasty judgments upon what is foreign to our habits, as of amusing the reader. The knightly 'Sir' first occurs to us, of which it has been seen that M. Mézières deprives Scott, but by no means him alone; Sir William Temple and Sir Robert Walpole being similarly reduced to the familiar appellations of William Temple and Robert Walpole; but then, in return, Squire Western is gratified with the questionable honour of being designated as Sir Western. Mézières considers Smollett as the novelist next in favour to, if not the rival of, Scott at the present day; his Commodore Trunnion, it should seem, is a faithful picture of the living commodores of England, while his and Sterne's gross indecency is to us inoffensive. One notion, less properly belonging to our subject, we must remark upon, before we turn to the German professor, because it has of late been so incessantly repeated by French writers, that we are weary of passing it by in silent contempt. M. Mézières catches at an assertion of Sir William Temple's respecting English impatience of privation, as confirming General Foy's assertion that the courage of English soldiers depends upon abundance of beef and superabundance of rum. Now we apprehend that even Frenchmen scarcely possess the same physical or mental energies when fainting with inanition as when healthfully fed; indeed we know upon good authority that

" No Tartar e'er was fierce and cruel  
Upon the strength of water-gruel,  
Though nothing can resist his force,  
If first he rides, then eats his horse :"

but we think the battle of Talavera might go far to prove that English soldiers, when nearly starved to death, fight quite as well as other troops in the same condition, and not much worse than well-fed Frenchmen.

Dr. Wolff's mistakes are of a different kind, and with the mention of one or two of them we conclude. This critic, after placing Lady Morgan at the head of English poetesses—above Joanna Baillie, we believe—tells us that her father Mr. Owenson (the actor) ruined himself by his passion for the theatre; that Wordsworth's poetry is admired by "the million" and censured only by superior judges; and that Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* are written in Alexandrines!

ART. VII.—*Vie Politique de Maréchal Soult*, par Alexandre Sallé. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

It is impossible to deny that the French are a vivid people, exhibiting from time to time extraordinary ardour and activity, and

singularly capable of exerting a beneficial, or a hazardous, influence on Europe, according to the direction of those qualities. But it must be owned, that the splendours of the national character are exceedingly *periodical*; that, if one age is dazzled by their cometary brilliancy, or thrown into alarm by their eccentric course, the cometary interval follows, and we have to look long, and long in vain, for the returning effulgence of the phenomenon. To the observer of France at the present day, no trace of the France of the preceding quarter of a century is discoverable. A universal mediocrity has usurped the space once filled by the wild but prominent and powerful forms of public character, under the stimulus of political change. The daring vigour of the Republic is gone, the stern but splendid ambition of her Empire has vanished on the winds. The memorials of both meet the mind in every recollection, institution, and feeling of the people. Yet no existing representative of either is to be detected among the living varieties of the national character. Is France one great *Père La Chaise*, where, in the midst of the monuments of conquerors and legislators, the walks are traversed by holiday groups come to amuse themselves with the sculptures and inscriptions; a region of the dead, where all that is high and historic is dust, and where all that still breathes the breath of life is frivolous, nameless, and formed only to be forgotten?

But, without urging this impression to any extent injurious to the good feeling due to a nation on friendly terms with our own, it is equally undeniable and curious, that, since the war, the production of remarkable public characters in France has been rare; or rather, that all those who can have any hope to be remembered are the fruit of the Republic and the Empire. Political disturbance, public pressure, and, above all, a national war, have been in all lands the great excitors of a national mind. Nature is impartial, and there probably is not much original difference in the abilities and nerve of any people of Europe. All depends on the time, the impulse, and the leader. Italy was once the great warrior of Europe. Spain then entered the field, and was the universal model of arms. Switzerland followed, and for her day was the unrivalled champion. The feeblest states in succession flourished in the front of European history. The languor, effeminacy and ignorance of the Portuguese were once activity, manliness, and knowledge. Under the inspiration of their Henries and their Albuquerques, their land was too narrow for their heroism, and they grasped alike at the empire of India and Africa. The empty and masquerading Venetians were once the lords of European and Asiatic commerce, the boldest navigators, the most enterprising warriors, and the most profound and powerful statesmen

of their age. Even from the fogs and morasses of Holland a spirit rose, which, entering into the sluggish frame of the Dutchman, made him, for the time, the ardent soldier, the unwearied discoverer, and the sagacious and fearless patriot. The days of glory have come, and gone, over all in succession; but not as the sun ascends and goes down on all. A finer and more incalculable influence has regulated the greatness of nations. The shooting of a meteor, stooping suddenly from the depth of midnight, and pouring radiance over some peculiar region below; the sweeping of the gale over some peculiar tract of the measureless ocean, and rousing it in its strength, while none can tell "whence it came or whither it goeth;" the brilliancy of the aurora, at one while flooding the hyperborean world with light and colours dipt in Heaven, at another, deserting the north and kindling the equator with living glories; or any other image of fitful and fantastic power or lustre, that lives and vanishes by moments, awakened from what source we know not, and acting altogether beyond human direction, would be the truer emblems of the great influential causes of national renown.

The life of the eminent French soldier whose name heads this article, is written in the spirit of party, and with the palpable determination to break down, for his offences to party, the reputation which he has earned by a long life of public services. Without feeling any unnecessary respect for the habits, personal or political, of Marshal Soult, we may predict that this attempt will be altogether ineffectual beyond the hour. Party is always either blind or frenzied, either incapable of seeing facts in their true light, or wildly bent on fabricating them into the extravagant shapes, and dyeing them with the glaring and discordant hues, which a disordered imagination loves. But Soult's fame has been built on a foundation which, with every Frenchman on earth, is alone equivalent to immortality. He is the living representative of the glories, sad and fatal as they were, of the conquering time of France. Second was he only, if second, to Napoleon in military skill; and he will no sooner be laid where neither friendship nor enmity can break his slumbers, than all France will be weaving wreaths, sculpturing trophies, and making harangues, over the last and proudest name of her "grand army," the departed Genius of French war.

We shall give, as a matter of curiosity, a sketch of the really extraordinary, indefatigable, and brilliant soldiership of this remarkable personage. The time will come, when details of such a career may form some of the most interesting features of human history. If the world should have the wisdom to make peace the universal policy, the annals of a warrior like Soult will be regarded,

like the annals of a being of another region of existence, some spirit of restless vigour and vividness whose only purpose was to exhibit his faculty of distinction and destruction. Should the world, unwarned by the follies and miseries of the past, again plunge into war, such a career may show how long and how powerfully the glories of the field have been anticipated, and how feebly, after all, they protect their possessor from public ingratitude, and from the keen vexations that beset the declining years of him who has lived only for the breath of popularity. But in whatever point of view they may be taken, there can be but one impressiou of the talent, daring, and intensity of purpose, of which the human mind is capable, and of which the subject of this rapid memoir forms the example.

Nicholas Jean de-Dieu Soult, was born at St. Amand, in the district of Tarn, on the 29th of March, 1769, a year made memorable by the birth of the three greatest generals of modern times; Napoleon having been born on the 15th of the following August; and Wellington, the conqueror of both Soult and Napoleon, being also born in 1769. His origin was humble, but not degrading. He was the son of a steward, or village notary, who had *served*, and who, though he had not risen higher than the rank of a serjeant, seems to have been a man of education and integrity; at least possessing sufficient of both to be taken into the confidential employment of one of the neighbouring nobles, the Marquis de Dulac. Young Soult thus received probably more than the usual advantages of French education; but nature had destined him for a soldier. The army was the favourite path to honours in all times of France. Its popularity had become more striking since the American war, and in 1785 the son of the notary, who if he had remained in his village might have been a notary to this hour, set his foot upon the first step of that ascent which led him to the rank of Marshal of the Empire, Prime Minister, and, more eminent and envied distinction still, fixed him among the names that live in the light of French renown.

The activity and intelligence of the young soldier were no sooner called into exercise than they attracted notice. The war had scarcely commenced, when Soult was raised by Marshal Luckner to the rank of a regimental officer. In 1791, he was appointed second lieutenant of grenadiers in the battalion of the Upper Rhine. All was republicanism at this period, and republicanism was all clubs; the new officer saw his way, flourished in the club of the regiment, and declared his civic opinions in the first-rate common-place of republican oratory. "Let all Frenchmen stand together," was the sentiment, "united by the



bands of the law, and the ties of fraternity. Let us remain under arms to defend the freedom which we have conquered. Let us remember that the tyrants would rivet our chains the faster for our having broken them," &c. concluding, of course, with, "Let us live free, or die for the cause of the country." The sentiment was popular, and it gained its reward. The regiment appointed him, by acclamation, adjutant, which was soon followed by his promotion to a company. Soult now rapidly distinguished himself. His conduct in an affair against the Germans, next year, was so conspicuous that he was put into the temporary command of two battalions appointed to a difficult position in the hill country of the Rhenish frontier. Hache, a man of military genius, had no sooner put himself at the head of the army of the Moselle, than, with an evident sense of his value, he immediately attached Soult to his staff, and employed him to conduct the attack of one of the fortified camps of the enemy. The selection was justified by its success. The lines were stormed, the enemy's colours taken, and the chief part of the opposing corps made prisoners.

The French army had scarcely plunged into the Palatinate, when Soult was raised to a rank not only of the most confidential nature, but giving the fullest opportunity for the display of those talents which were to form the future marshal. He was appointed head of the staff of the advanced guard of the army. A large portion of the first French successes was due to the rapid rise of the officers. Promotion was at once the cause and the effect. Intrepidity, intelligence, and ardour, were sure of their reward. The gallant son of a ploughman might aspire to the highest honours of the most dazzling life that ever inflamed the vanity, ambition, or patriotism of man. The son of the Marquis Dulac's steward was now in sight of the foremost prizes of military fame. Within five years, he had started from the ranks into the command of a division. Within the last of those years, 1794, he was successively lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-general, and colonel. In the celebrated battle of Fleurus, which broke the power of Austria in the Netherlands, the young Colonel made himself remarkable by an instance of that coolness of judgment, which is perhaps the rarest, yet the most important, of all qualities for command. As the day advanced, an Austrian division made a desperate charge on the battalions of the Ardennes, forming the detached corps of Marceau, whose death, some time afterwards, caused such general lamentation. The French gave way, and Marceau, though one of the most gallant men in France, was in consternation. The flight of the battalions had left the flank of the French line exposed, and all was visibly on the point of ruin.

At this moment Soult galloped up to the general, who was doubtful whether he should throw himself into the midst of the enemy's ranks, or die by his own sword. "What are you about, general," he exclaimed, "are you going to die because those fellows run away? Go after them, and bring them back, it will be much better to beat the enemy along with them." Marceau's spirit revived. He took the advice, rallied his battalions, charged the Austrians in turn, drove them before him, and retrieved his share of fame in one of the most memorable battles of the war.

Promotion still followed the career of this son of fortune. In the third year of the republic, (1795,) Soult, at the age of twenty-five, was general of brigade. Jourdan's memorable and unfortunate campaign in the valley of the Danube taught the French the new lesson of defeat. Soult commanded the advanced guard on the invasion, and was perpetually engaged with the Austrians in the retreat. At Duttingen he exhibited his intrepidity at a period when the army seemed to have been in despair. Soult, with some battalions, was posted to cover the retreat. The Austrian cavalry charged, and swept every thing before it. Soult was directed by the general in chief to give up his position and follow the troops. But the perils of a too sudden movement were so forcibly represented to Jourdan, that he listened to his brave general of brigade's entreaties, that he might be suffered to remain. The attack commenced and was resisted till night-fall. The troops lay on their arms; the Austrians renewed the attack at day-break. They were again repelled, and the struggle continued at intervals during the day. The object had been now gained, and, during the second night, Soult quietly withdrew his posts and passed the Danube, without the loss of a man. The prodigious losses of the French troops in the flight before the archduke, which more deserved the name of a massacre than a defeat, placed the merits of an officer like Soult in the most conspicuous point of view. The army, like all armies, possessed an abundance of those headlong and daring spirits, which rush into danger, as the horse into the battle. But now was the time for higher qualities, for deliberate judgment, clearness of view, and that steadiness of military determination, which resists while resistance is possible, and knows nothing of despair. Those admirable qualities for soldiership evidently characterized this great officer from the beginning, and as much signalized even his last disastrous campaign in the presence of the British army and its pre-eminent general, by resolute resistance, and an indefatigable spirit of yielding to necessity alone, as when he was in the full tide of success, driving the Austrians, like deer, through the plains of Germany.

The campaign of 1796 was a campaign of giants; its magnitude of plan, the vastness of the forces employed, its expenditure of national means, and its tremendous succession of slaughters, seem to belong to the age of fable. England commenced the year by a triple alliance with Austria and Russia, and by raising a loan of thirty-one millions sterling, of which three millions were given to Austria to equip her army for the field. France began by sending Hache, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, into the Vendée. Moreau and Jourdan commanded on the Rhine, at the head of 150,000. The Archduke and Wurmser defended the entrance of Germany, at the head of 175,000, of which 40,000 were the first cavalry of Europe. In Italy, Napoleon, with an army of 40,000, was preparing to attack Beaulieu, at the head of 50,000. The first successes of the French were brilliant. They drove all the Austrian corps back from the frontiers, stripped them of their magazines, cannon, and arms, and threatened the hereditary states. Within six weeks from the commencement of the campaign, the Austrians were reduced by a third of their original force, and the French armies covered the country from Stutgard to the Lake of Constance, a line of 150 miles.

But the hour of retribution was at hand. By one of those singular changes of circumstance, which operate so powerfully in war, the French at this moment abandoned the principle on which they had so often conquered—that of combining their attacks upon separate portions of the enemy's army, and thus overwhelming it in detail. The Austrians, at the same moment, abandoned their old principle of concentric movements, combined their forces, and impinged upon the separate corps of the French. The fortune of the campaign instantly and totally changed. The Archduke, in those Memoirs, which so strikingly vindicate the fame of this great warrior, tells us, that the purpose of his plan was "to retreat slowly, disputing every inch of ground, without hazarding a general engagement, until the two retiring armies were so near that he could fall with superior force upon one or other of his adversaries." He put this important principle in action with great skill, and the subsequent conduct of the Austrian staff was a model of strategy. Remaining at the head of the army opposed to Moreau until he had successively led it across the Neckar, and the difficult country between that river and the Danube, he suddenly turned on his antagonist at the passage of the river, and, after fighting a most gallant action, in which he at one time turned the French right, and would have thrown the whole army into confusion, but for the firmness of the centre, he crossed the Danube, and placed his troops in safety.

Here the war paused, for the blow was to be struck in another

quarter. Jourdan had pressed forward along the valley of the Maine, to turn the right of the Germans, under Wartensleben. That officer continued his retreat according to the orders of the Archduke, slowly converging towards his position on the Danube, and followed by Jourdan, with the eagerness of assured victory. But the time for teaching him a fatal lesson was come. On the 20th of August, the Archduke, leaving Latour, with 35,000 men, to defend Austria against Moreau, brought 28,000 into Wartensleben's lines. The united force was near 63,000. The enemy, exhausted by long marches and losses in the field, scarcely amounted to 45,000. The attack was commenced without delay. The great problem of tactics, which consists in concentrating a force against the enemy until the actual inferiority of the assailants is changed into superiority on the point attacked, was completely solved, and the bloodiest and most decisive campaign of the war commenced its most sanguinary scene. Within two days of his arrival, the Archduke gave the order to drive in the French advanced guard, under Bernadotte, posted at the foot of the mountains. The struggle was severe, but, in a few hours, the French were compelled to retire through the gorges of the country in their rear. The Archduke, with a vividness new to the national character, and which he seemed to have learned from the fiery activity of Napoleon, now turned to throw himself, with his victorious troops, on the main body under Jourdan. He found the French general strongly posted; but the confidence of the Austrians in their young general was at its height; they rushed through all difficulties,—the heavy fire of a numerous artillery—the obstructions of a wild and rocky country—and the more formidable obstacles of battalions and squadrons, who felt that retreat through a hostile land was all but ruin. The Germans came up to the charge with shouts and national songs. The enemy, startled at the sudden daring of the men whom they had so long seen only in retreat, made but a feeble resistance; their flank was turned, their centre was forced; the desperate valour of Ney alone, in command of the rear-guard, rescued the army from finding its grave in the memorable position of Amberg. All was now confusion in the French camp. To advance was impossible, to remain was hopeless. The only alternative was to retreat with the greatest speed. Those who have ever accompanied the march of armies, and who know the waste, the tumult, and the spoil, in their movement even through the most pacific country, can alone conceive what must have been the wretchedness of the march which now awaited the unfortunate French army, through the long ranges of mountains covering the country from the Naab to the Maine—the incumbrance of the artillery in

the ravines, the blocking-up of the road by the waggons, the crowd of wounded, who must be carried or abandoned to a miserable death by exposure and hunger, the frantic excesses of the troops, indignant at defeat, and glad to throw off all subordination; the flight all day, the few hours of disturbed rest at night, on the bare rocks, and in the beds of rivulets, that the first cloud which swept across the hills might turn into torrents; the agonies of hopeless famine, thirst, and disease; the fever of unhealed wounds, the fury of intoxication; the letting loose, in those hours of recklessness and despair, every evil passion of the human heart. Of all the scenes of human terror, the scene fullest of the images of wretchedness, guilt, and outrage, is the march of a routed army, with a bold and unsparing enemy at its heels.

During six unspeakable days and nights, Jourdan's army wound its slow way through the mountains, with the Archduke thundering in its rear. On emerging from the mountains at Wurtzburg, Jourdan made an effort to recover the honour of France, by waiting for the Austrian columns advancing from the ravines. The occasion was judiciously chosen, for the pursuers, rushing down from the mountains, were liable to be attacked in their disorder, while the French had time to recover their steadiness, and choose their points of attack. But the Austrians were inflamed with victory, and their shock was irresistible. Superior tactics too were again combined with superior intrepidity. The Archduke outmanœuvred Jourdan, and while the French general was preparing to commence the attack on what he conceived a portion of the antagonist army, he suddenly found himself enveloped in the whole. The French line was assailed at once in front and flank. One of the most desperate battles of cavalry that occurred during the war closed this bloody conflict. Wartensleben, at the head of the Austrian horse, had crossed the river, and was driving the French light troops and cavalry before him. Jourdan saw his retreat on the point of being cut off, and threw forward his whole line of cavalry. The Austrian squadrons were at first brought to a stand by this movement. But the reserve of cuirassiers, rushing down, took the French in the moment of pursuit, broke through them, trampled them with merciless slaughter, and sent the remainder flying for shelter behind the line of infantry. Jourdan now saw that all was lost, and that his only hope was in an instant retreat. The order was given, and the infantry plunged into the shelter of the forest; this battle delivered Germany.

Thenceforward the only hope of the French general was in the rapidity of his retreat. It was made at immense sacrifices. Before he reached the banks of the Lahn, he lost 122 pieces of

cannon captured in the towns on his advance, and 143 of his own. On the Lahn he gladly halted, filled up his broken ranks with 25,000 men under the command of the celebrated Marceau, and was forced to give battle to his pursuers. The Archduke gave a few hours to the arrangement of his assault, attacked him with indefatigable intrepidity, forced the passage of the Lahn, and assaulted him with such desperation, that night alone saved his army. On preparing to renew the attack in the morning, the French position was found abandoned. A remarkably dense fog had covered Jourdan's movements, and saved his retreating columns from havoc, in that most critical and anxious of all manœuvres, a retrograde march in sight of a victorious enemy. The whole Austrian cavalry was instantly pushed forward in pursuit. The French were soon overtaken struggling through the woods, and though the defensible nature of the country protected the retiring army, their retreat was a perpetual battle. Thus harassed for three bloody days, losing troops, cannon, and ammunition at every step, they at length reached Altenburg, a position rendered memorable by the fall of Marceau, in command of the rear-guard. In a bold attempt to face the Austrians, he was wounded and taken prisoner. His gallantry had already obtained the respect of his enemy, and the Archduke paid him the attentions of one brave man to another. But his wound was mortal, and his remains were committed to the earth, amid the regrets of his fellow-soldiers, and the military honours of his victors. A monument was afterwards erected, and still stands on his grave. The routed army now lost all hope, and fled at full speed to the Rhine. They crossed the river at Bonn on the 20th of September, totally dismantled and incapable of moving for the rest of the campaign.

But the glory of the Archduke was to have another accession. During the retreat of Jourdan, Moreau's force, 70,000 of the finest troops of France, was penetrating into the heart of Germany. The alarming intelligence was brought to the Archduke at the moment when he was in sight of the French column. "Moreau has advanced into Bavaria, and threatens to advance still further," was the language of the hurried dispatch. "Let him advance to the gates of Vienna if he will," was the Archduke's prompt and decided answer. "He is undone, if we beat Jourdan." With these words, he continued the pursuit, and gallantly drove the last man of that army from the violated soil of his country. He now turned to vindicate it from the insults and spoil of another still more formidable. Moreau's genius was caution. The fate of the battle of Wurtzburg warned him of his peril, and the advance of Latour's light troops towards his flank at Ulm, was instantly adopted as the signal of retreat—a retreat that was to

be made through 200 miles of mountain and forest, from the centre of Bavaria to the Rhine.

This retreat is still commemorated as one of the finest displays of generalship in modern military history. But, paying due honour to the talents of one of the most consummate tacticians that France herself ever produced, we are not to omit that he possessed the singular advantage of having a compact force of 70,000 troops, totally untainted by disaster, and enjoying the abundance of an unspoiled country; in contrast with an army which amounted to but 63,000, divided into four corps separated from each other by large tracts of country, and wearied with perpetual battle. Near the entrance of the Black Forest, Moreau made the first stand against his vigorous pursuer, Latour, at Biberach. The Austrian general could bring but 24,000 men into the field. The French threw on him such a weight of numbers, that nothing but the most heroic resistance could have saved his army from destruction. Dessaix, heading a French column, fell on his right flank; St. Cyr crowned the heights on his left, and poured down a storm of fire on his line: the position was partially forced, and at nightfall the combat closed, with the loss of 4000 Austrians on the field, and eighteen pieces of cannon in the hands of the French dragoons. Moreau's force now plunged into the Black Forest, in three divisions; the main body marching through the Vallée d'Enfer, and his left and right divisions under Dessaix and Férino clearing the mountains of the enemy's light troops on his flanks. The Austrian detachments in the mountains were few, and unprepared for this extraordinary movement; they retreated before the clouds of tirailleurs which covered the French march. And Moreau, after sixteen days of deliberate manœuvre, in the most perilous passes of the mountains, calmly formed his lines in the valley of the Rhine. He was now less a fugitive than a victor, and the campaign might seem to have been on the point of beginning again, when the presence of the Archduke suddenly changed the face of affairs. Determined to drive the last squadron of France across the Rhine, this gallant soldier collected all his strength, and threw himself upon Moreau. The battle was fought at the foot of the height of Waldkirch, which was in possession of the French. After a long resistance the height was carried by the Austrians under Hanendorf, and the whole French line was finally driven into the forest behind the Elz, with the loss of some thousands. One battle more was to clear the territory. The French General pitched his tent on the rocky ridge of Hohenblau; from this picturesque spot his eye might range at once over the noble river which he had crossed with such strong anticipations of triumph, and over the wide but

magnificent wilderness of forest and mountains which he had so painfully left behind to its former masters. Moreau's position did honour to his military name; it was incomparably chosen. With his left on the Rhine, his centre on a citadel of rocks, and his right embattled among precipices, he might have seemed beyond the reach of attack. But the Germans were in sight of the Rhine! A new spirit of patriotism had sprung up among them; they saw their favourite General at their head; and they were irresistible. Rapidly forming into four columns, they rushed on with huzzas, climbed the precipices, burst their way through the showers of grape and musketry pouring down from the heights; and with the bayonet plunged into the French masses. The struggle was brief, the enemy gave way with terrible slaughter, and were hunted from the hills. At the river-side, an unusual chance saved them. The evening grew suddenly tempestuous, and a storm of rain and wind, memorable for its violence, fell on the combatants. The battle was gradually suspended, amid the roaring of the thunder, and the bursts of whirlwind and rain. Night fell, and Moreau instantly marched for the river, crossed without delay, and at length interposed this famous barrier between himself and his victors.

The counsel of the Archduke was now to smite the French invasion of Italy by throwing an army across the Tyrol, and thus bringing an irresistible superiority of numbers into the field. But the evil genius of Austria prevailed. The Archduke was commanded to assault Kehl, the chief fortress in French hands on the right bank of the Rhine. This siege was one of the most tremendous operations of a war abounding in great displays of military power. The troops appointed for the defence were no fewer than 30,000, with a large reserve in the Rhenish Islands! The besieging force was 40,000, commanded by Latour, with the Archduke's army as a covering force. The place was invested on the 9th of October, and on the 21st of the following month the trenches were opened. From this period all was a succession of sorties and encounters on the largest and most sanguinary scale. Inclemency of weather was added to the difficulties of the besiegers:—the trenches were deluged with rain, the works were constantly overflowed, still the Austrians persevered. On the 1st of January, 1797, the Austrians made a general assault on the entrenchments; they were carried in two successive attacks within a few days. The body of the place was now exposed: the defences were crumbling down under the weight of an artillery which had already poured in the astonishing number of 100,000 cannon-balls, and 25,000 shells. Further resistance was hopeless; and on the 9th of January Dessaix and St. Cyr



surrendered by capitulation. The *tête-du-pont* of Huningue alone remained. It was assailed with the same vigour. From the opening of the trenches the fire was incessant. On the 1st of January it also surrendered; and the liberation of Germany completed the most daring, sanguinary, and splendid, of all the achievements of German arms.

Soult shared the common defeat, but without the common ignominy. His next campaign was fortunate. He commanded as general of division under Massena in the attack on the Austro-Russian army in the memorable battles fought in the neighbourhood of Zurich. On this occasion the general-in-chief gave him the panegyric due to his services. "This general," was the language of his "order of the day," has exhibited the highest military skill; and it must be remembered that his passage of the Linth contributed in the most essential degree to our success along the whole line."

The *locale* of his services was now to be changed, but with an accession of honours. Massena, on being raised to the command in chief of the French army in Italy, accepted the appointment solely on condition of being allowed to take with him Soult, Oudinot, and Brune. Soult was put at the head of the right wing of the army, consisting of three divisions. Napoleon's conquests had been already visited with terrible retribution. The march of the Russians into Italy had been over the wrecks of his army. Suwarrow—who seemed to be thrown forward before the face of Europe for the purpose of heaping double humiliation on the French soldiery, by at once defeating them with the most total and ruinous slaughter, and showing their defeat to be the work of a general and a nation whom they despised as equally barbarian—had torn from the brow of France, in a single campaign, every laurel that she had gathered in the three brilliant years of Napoleon. The old army of Italy was in the grave, or perishing in the sands of Syria. Italy was lost. In this emergency, Massena, whom France pronounced the favourite of fortune, was sent across the Alps to refix the national banners on the Po. But fortune had at length deserted even this "*enfant gâté de la victoire*;" and Massena was finally driven within the ramparts of Genoa. Soult's divisions felt their share in this reverse, but his retreat was signalized by his habitual caution and courage. In the position of Monte Notte, so celebrated as the site of Napoleon's first triumph, he was saved from destruction by one of those efforts of gallantry which throw such personal lustre on a general. Twenty thousand Austrians had assailed his corps, which consisted of less than four thousand men: their position gave them advantages equivalent to numbers; and they long resisted the assault.

But towards evening the rocks were found to be no longer tenable, and an order was given to retreat as expeditiously as possible upon Genoa. The French had suffered heavily during the day, and at the moment of their commencing to move an ammunition waggon blew up. All the columns were thrown into total confusion. The troops were already flying down the hills, where they must have been slaughtered, when Soult rushed to their front, snatched the colours of one of the regiments from the ensign, and, under a storm of fire, firmly planted it on the height which they had just deserted. The action was irresistible. The troops rushed back with shouts, and kept the Austrians at bay until night. Under cover of the darkness, Soult threw reinforcements into the fortress of Savona, and marched for the city. The siege of Genoa was now formed. The Austrians, aware of the preparations of Napoleon to raise the siege, pushed their advances with the most unusual rapidity. Massena, with 25,000 men, soon had no alternative but that of forcing their way through the enemy, or surrendering. Soult in this emergency made a bold effort to act upon the Austrian communications, and open the blockade. The enemy's fortified post on Mount Cremo must be seized, as the first step. Soult's division rushed from its lines, swept the opposing picquets before it, and poured into the Austrian camp. But there the day turned. The Austrians, when they had recovered from their first surprise, poured back upon the French, and a desperate action ensued. The French soldiery are, like the tiger, victorious at the first impulse, or not at all: if they miss their spring, they have no resource but in retreat. They had here missed their spring; they paused,—they then turned. A violent tempest that burst over the combatants increased the confusion. They fought in darkness, illuminated only by the lightning:—the torrents of rain rendered musketry useless:—the columns were beaten down by the fury of the wind. The French gave way, and all was on the point of rout. Soult rushed forward, and was leading them again to the assault, when a ball broke his leg. He fell, and was supposed to be killed. His troops instantly lost all courage, and turned. The general was found lying on the field by the Austrians, and was carried prisoner to Alexandria, where he remained until the final cession of Italy after the battle of Marengo.

High appointments were the natural inheritance of gallantry under a military sovereign. On the coronation of Napoleon Soult was named a marshal, and the force under his command was raised to not less than 80,000 men. The original destination of this force had been a descent on England; but Napoleon was hourly more and more appalled by the infinite difficulties of the

enterprize. While in Paris, surrounded by the plaudits of the multitude, and the panegyrics of the showy slaves of his court, he felt that he had but to speak the word, and England was conquered. But when he arrived at the coast, the delusion was speedily broken;—the rough realities of war were before him;—he saw how totally hopeless all his naval resources were against the few frigates and sloops that lay off the shore merely watching him.

When he saw the shore on which the battle must be fought guarded with a thousand ships of war, and, still more formidable, he saw the unanimity, the boiling courage, and the universal determination of the British heart against the pollution of the soil by a foreign foot, a determination which ranged the astonishing number of 850,000 men under arms within a few months, and on the first moment of actual invasion would have ranged many times the number, Napoleon's sagacity, now undimmed by the clouds of Parisian incense, told him the utter ruin of an attempt to vanquish a whole combined people, and pre-eminently a British people. He had already found them his masters in every exercise of national intellect, vigour, and intrepidity. Their sailors had hunted his navy from the face of the seas; their soldiers, a raw army of 15,000 recruits, had beaten in battle, in march, and in manœuvre, his 25,000 veterans, but three years before, in Egypt; and he was now to calculate the chances, whether his 150,000 men might not find their graves in the bed of the Straits of Dover, or if they eluded the vigilance of the British fleet, they could cope with a million of brave men, and ever bring one of their number back to the French soil. From that moment the dream was done. Reviews and pageants were in abundance, pillars were erected, feasts were given, and healths were drunk to the future conqueror of England. But Napoleon resolved on abandoning an effort wilder than the wildness of romance, and that must leave him a sovereign without an army and a throne, or send his corpse back floating on the bloody waves of the Channel. But, to retire from the enterprize baffled even before he had come into the field—this was unquestionably the true cause of the attack on Austria in September, 1805. The great Thunderer must not move without an attendant storm. Napoleon, returning from the shores of the Channel, like the Roman boaster, with nothing better than his cockleshells to boast of, was terribly in danger of being laughed at, even in the hearing of his own gens-d'armes. But Napoleon, "the vindictive Jupiter," rolling back his tempests on the prostrate thrones of Europe, was not to be laughed at. The French thousands and tens of thousands now suddenly poured upon Austria. The Germans have the faculty of perseverance, but they nationally forget the value of prompti-

tude. They calculated the march of Napoleon at ten miles a day; he marched thirty! Their troops were caught moving, regiment by regiment, from their depôts; they were taken in fragments, enveloped, squadron and battalion, in the rushing masses of the French cavalry. To complete the mischief, a talking tactician, Mack, commanded at Ulm, the advanced post of Austria. Whether iron or gold were the victor on this occasion, the victory was as rapid as the march. Ulm surrendered, with 20,000 troops. Within three months from the declaration of war, Vienna was a French town, the last army of Austria was broken at Austerlitz, and the "German empire" was extinguished for ever.

At this final battle—whose results were 15,000 Austrians and Russians slain, 20,000 made prisoners, 40 standards taken, and the whole Russian and German parks of artillery in French hands—Soult was at the head of the right wing. Napoleon's last words to him, in the midst of the crowd of generals, as they were mounting their horses for the battle, were in the strongest spirit of panegyric. "As to you, Marshal, I have nothing to say further than to bid you do as you have always done." In this battle one of those hideous incidents that render war more like the work of fiends than of men occurred. A division of the Russian army in retreating mistook its way, and was gradually forced by Soult's advance on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at its edge, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Russians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses, and guns, at last gave way under the cannon-balls, and in another moment the whole division was engulfed! To the shame of humanity, Napoleon, who had just galloped to the spot, loudly exulted in this most horrid and appalling spectacle.

In October, 1806, the Prussian war again put the French armies in motion. Napoleon's violence had first forced Prussia into war. His rapidity took her by surprise. His generalship on the fatal field of Jena, in one day deprived her of her independence, her military name, and her throne. If on that day the shade of Frederick the Great had risen from the dead, he would have felt in the blighted glories of the house of Brandenburg the solemn and gory retribution of the infidelity which he had taught to France, and the love of conquest with which he had so long afflicted Europe. In this consummate encounter Soult and Ney commanded the two corps which formed the right wing. In fourteen days from Napoleon's crossing the Rhine, he was sitting victor in the palace of Frederick. Soult pursued the remnants of the Prussian force, and, with Bernadotte, concluded the war and the existence of the army, by the capture of Lubeck and the heroic

Blucher. They little dreamt, in that hour of triumph, how noble and complete a vindication of the fallen honours of his country was yet to be achieved by this gallant old man in the heart of France.

The Russian war instantly began, the most formidable that had ever tried the French intrepidity. They found a bold, vigilant, and desperate enemy. The doubtful battle of Pultusk forced Napoleon into winter-quarters. Beningsen startled the French from their repose by a combined and daring attack on their positions. The battle of Eylau, on the 7th of February, 1807, still more alarmingly tried the strength of France. The slaughter of the French on this day was so prodigious that Napoleon proposed a retreat at nightfall. Soult sagaciously and bravely remonstrated with him on the impolicy of the movement. "It must throw," said he, "into the enemy's hands full 30,000 wounded or fugitives; while, if we persist in keeping our ground, the Russians must retire, and thus leave us the honour of the day." The advice succeeded; the Russians were starving; the country was a desert; Beningsen retired towards Königsberg for food, and Napoleon was suffered to reckon Eylau among his victories. The battle of Friedland finished the war in June, and the peace of Tilsit laid Russia at the mercy of the conqueror. But never was triumph more terribly purchased. France was at last forced to taste of the miseries of military ambition. The Russian campaign cost her *three* conscriptions, each of 80,000 men. Soult's services were too conspicuous to be neglected in the distribution of rewards; he was created Duke of Dalmatia.

There is proverbially a point in the history of the most distinguished favourites of fortune, in which they feel the inconstancy of human fame. With some, their sun loses its splendour by the calm and grand descent of nature; with some, it sinks in clouds and storm; with some, it is stricken in its meridian, and plunged into disastrous eclipse. Napoleon's glory perished at once. The fame of his great companions in arms was to be more slowly undone; but the fated hour came to all.

The Spanish war broke out: Europe has never witnessed a darker outrage on public faith or personal honour. She has never witnessed a more rapid, intense, and sweeping retribution. Begun by Napoleon in a period when all human resistance seemed to be at an end, and he had but to wave his sceptre, and see Europe prostrate before his throne; the assault on the feebleness, confidence, and humiliation of Spain, was retorted with the most condign ruin of any empire since the days of Augustulus. The wielder of the thunderbolt, which had already burned from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, found himself enveloped in his

own clouds, and consumed by his own lightnings. The conquests of the French emperor had more resembled the work of magic than of the sword. But the magician was now to be baffled, not merely by the spirits that he had raised : a stronger power than he had ever known was come to control his art ; he had lived, risen, and triumphed, under the name of the Champion of Republicanism—he was now to be met and crushed by the colossal resistance of the Spirit of Human Nature. In 1808, a year that will be memorable to the latest times, as the beginning of his fall, Napoleon flooded Spain with his armies. Soult, now Colonel-General of the Imperial Guard, was sent across the Pyrenees to command the second corps of the grand army. His march against the Spanish troops was a succession of victories ; but at length an enemy of another rank was to try his powers. The British auxiliary force, under Moore, after waiting in vain the rising of the Spanish population, made the memorable retreat to Corunna, in January 1809. Soult, repulsed in every attack on their wearied and famine-struck battalions, determined to overwhelm them in the moment of embarkation. He attacked them on the 16th of January, in sight of the shore ; but found he had encountered his masters. The British force of 15,000 men, without cavalry, and with but five guns, fought his 25,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery—broke them, drove them from their position with heavy slaughter, and, having thus taught the enemy a lesson which he was never to forget, marched unmolested to the beach, and left the Frenchman to look on at the operation.

Soult had now felt the British troops under a General, brave, but too unprepared for the full display of the qualities that distinguish the British from all other soldiers of the earth. Moore had showed their intrepidity. A great military genius was to arise, who, uniting bravery with the most brilliant conceptions of military science, and vivid and vigorous energy in council with unrivalled skill in the field, had no sooner set his foot on the Peninsula than he changed the whole aspect of the war ; swept away, like so much tinsel, the old glories of his antagonists ; and, delivering Spain and Portugal, opened the barriers of the Pyrenees for the universal “ March to Paris.” Soult was already master of Portugal ; on the 11th of May, Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the head of an inferior force, attacked the French Marshal at Oporto, passed the Douro in his presence, drove his army from height to height, took all his guns, baggage, and ammunition, and finished this gallant enterprize by hunting the last remnant of his broken battalions a three days’ journey into the mountains. This glorious achievement broke the spell of France ; and from that hour it was never restored.

Nothing in human history is more extraordinary than the combination of events which fortune seemed perpetually to play into the hands of Napoleon. Soult's defeat might have been conceived to be among the bitterest strokes of disaster to a sovereign who lived only on the renown of his armies; on the contrary, it was probably welcomed by him with exultation. The French Marshal had become too powerful. He was openly charged with a design of making himself king of Portugal. Those were the days of sudden royalty. Napoleon's brothers were kings,—Murat was on the throne of Naples,—Bernadotte was Crown Prince of Sweden. Soult, inferior to no living French general in fame, and perhaps superior to them all in military conduct, must have felt his claims, and his power to enforce them, at the head of an army in full possession of the country, and with Napoleon a thousand miles distant, battling in the wildernesses of Germany. The actual proof of this hazardous speculation has never been brought forward. It was reported that all was prepared for the assumption of the Lusitanian throne by a new monarch; that the proclamations were ready, and that the House of Braganza was to be excluded for ever, by "Nicholas the First." But Napoleon was vigilant. A despatch from head-quarters informed the troops, that the proceedings not merely of the Marshal, but of all around him, were narrowly watched; and the sentence of immediate execution on an unfortunate man, Argenton, an officer of dragoons, who was supposed to be the principal agent in the transaction, strongly intimated to those of higher rank the danger of provoking the master of them all. The imperial wrath however was prudent. Soult's services were still too important to be thrown away, if his resentment was not too alarming to be roused into resistance. Napoleon wrote to him that "*He remembered* nothing but the day of Austerlitz;" and the bulletin relating the charges against Argenton, concluded with saying, that though "Reports on this occasion had risen injurious to the Duke of Dalmatia, they were hereby declared to be false, and that the Emperor proved his confidence by naming the Marshal Major-General of his army in Spain."

But the question of sovereignty, whether true or false, was speedily brought to a conclusion. The sword of Wellesley saved the Frenchman's character for loyalty; for it drove him headlong out of Portugal. The French flight from Madrid; Massena's Portuguese campaign of 1810, a series of defeats, which stripped that once famous general of all his laurels; the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo in the sight of one French army, and the storm of Badajoz in the sight of another; the total defeat of Marmont at Salamanca; the second flight of Joseph from Madrid; and the

gallant advance of the British into the heart of Spain, all followed in quick succession, and made the year 1811 the most memorable year of Spanish war. The march of the victorious British on Madrid rendered Soult's possession of Andalusia no longer tenable. He was forced to abandon that fine province, which he governed with all but the name of monarch, and hastily effected his junction with the armies of the "Intrusive King."

But a new war burst out in Germany,—the final, fatal war of Napoleon's fortunes. The veterans of France lay entombed in the bed prepared for them by the insane ambition of their great chieftain. A last struggle was to be made, and Soult, baffled by the British General in Spain, was to be summoned for a renewal of his faded laurels, to the army of France in Germany. He crossed the Pyrenees at the head of 4000 men, who were to form the *nucleus* of the imperial guard, frozen in the deserts of Russia. In command of the infantry of the new guard, he was present at the doubtful battles of Lützen and Bautzen. But the day of ruin was approaching with giant strides; Wellington was striking those rapid and impetuous blows at the imperial fame, which were so soon to crumble the throne into dust. Napoleon had scarcely set his foot within the capital of Saxony when he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of Vittoria. His sagacity instantly saw that he had mistaken the true point of danger, and that, while he was fighting drawn battles beyond the Rhine, Wellington was marching to force the Pyrenees. But, to retreat in the presence of the Russian and Prussian armies was ruin. He attempted to negotiate, and in the mean time sent Soult to take the command of the entire remaining French armies in Spain.

A little family scene, long afterwards narrated by Napoleon himself, may form an expressive *home* episode in these annals of comprehensive toil and slaughter. "Soult," said he, at St. Helena, "had his defects, as well as his good qualities. His whole campaign in the South of France (his defence of the frontier against the British) was excellent. But it will scarcely be believed, from his style and manner, both which give the idea of great character, that he was far from being master in his own house. When I heard at Dresden of the defeat of Vittoria, and the loss of all Spain, I looked round me for some one fit to repair so many misfortunes, and I cast my eyes on Soult. He professed himself perfectly ready, but begged of me to speak to his wife on the subject, as she was determined to set her face against it. I desired her to be sent to me. She made her appearance with a hostile front and a high tone, distinctly telling me, 'that her husband should not go back into Spain; that he



had already done enough, and deserved to rest after all that he had done.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'I have not sent for you to listen to your nonsense, *I am not your husband*; and if I were it should make no difference.' These few words confounded her; she became flexible, nay, obsequious, and thought only of adding some conditions. To this I paid no regard, and limited myself to congratulating her on being able to hear reason. 'Madame,' said I, 'in great public emergencies, the business of women is to soften our labours; go back to your husband, and torment him no more.'"

Soult's campaign in the South of France deserved the praise given to it by the great master of modern war. It exhibited indefatigable perseverance, activity, and skill. But he had met with the true antagonists, who were to teach France and her Marshals the frail tenure of human fame. Soult made two desperate efforts to force his way back into Spain, but made them in vain. Wellington, with sixty miles of passes to defend, and liable to be attacked at any of them by the whole strength of his enemy, and so attacked during a long and diversified battle, or succession of battles, for three days, had no sooner assembled his troops on the point of the chief attack, than he drove the assailants before him, and proved in the slaughter of the French battalions the total hopelessness of coping with England on either shore or sea. Wellington now poured down his masses from the Pyrenees, and, like another Hannibal entering Italy, pointed out to his troops, from the summits of the hills, the luxuriant plains of the enemy's country before them. The French army fortified the banks of the Adour, they were forced; made a stand at Orthez, and were defeated; raised entrenchments round Thoulouse, saw them forced on the 10th of April 1814, suffering an acknowledged loss of 4000 men out of 25,000; and, to save the remnant of their troops, retreated in the night. The pursuit was on the point of being followed up, to their ruin, when a courier from Paris announced the fall of Napoleon.

All France was instantly loyal, peaceful, exulting, and *Bourboniste*. Soult was among the first to hoist the white cockade; and published an order of the day, declaring the adhesion of his army to "The Provisional Government for the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the throne of St. Louis and Henri Quatre." Within a few days, he and his companions in arms had a new opportunity of exhibiting their conversion to *Bourbonisme*. The Duke d'Angoulême visited the army. The official report of this scene was romantically tender. The Prince's reception by the troops was described, in the native style, as "a spectacle, at once martial and touching." Everybody wept, as

usual; a thousand shouts, a thousand times repeated, hailed the arrival of the Duke. "All cried, 'Vive Louis XVIII. !' Vive le Duc d'Angoulême !' A universal acclaim of joy, enthusiasm, and homage, burst forth at the presence of a prince worthy to be the descendant of the brave and good Henri. All hearts flew to meet him. His own was deliciously moved. The troops, in seeing him, recognized the blood of their legitimate sovereign; and, marching before him, under the lilies of peace, looked as on a day of victory. The Duke, in the midst of them, looked like a father in the midst of his children." How short a time was to elapse, before this new father was to be turned out of the bosom of his family, and the children to forget this charming reconciliation. In the mean time, loyalty was not to be without its reward. The Marshal was created Chevalier of St. Louis, and appointed to the command of the 13th military division.

The royal proposal to erect a monument at Quiberon to the unfortunate emigrants who fell in 1795 severely tried the marshal's submission. But the draught was swallowed, and the pupil of the republic and prince of the empire signalized his devotion to a king and a Bourbon. The programme was drawn under the marshal's inspection, and pledged him to every thing that a novelist could have written, or a Frenchman sworn to. "Among the ancients," said this classic document, "some vain ceremonies were used to console afflicted shades. But Christianity, all divine, follows its children far beyond the tomb. It places in the first rank of its affections those victims whom a glorious death has carried away in the midst of battles for the altar and the throne."

"The plains of Carnac, the shores of Quiberon, saw legions of those Christian warriors fall. As they died, their last words were devotion to their king, and prayers for their country. To day the king, after a long exile, the country, after a long silence, each answers to those touching farewells." The programme, having thus expressed the principles of the new loyalists, proceeded to direct that a pyramid should be erected at Quiberon and a funeral monument in the Chartreuse, at Auray, with a view of the return of Louis le Désiré on one side, and of the Duc d'Angoulême, paying honours to the dead, on the other. At the obsequies of Louis XVIII. and his unhappy queen, the marshal held a corner of the pall.

These little wanderings from the right line of Napoleonism must be forgiven, or may be forgotten in the multitude of fellow sinners. Loyalty was the universal business. This was the glorious day of the *girouettes*. All France was in a perpetual whirl before the court breeze. But girouettism was soon to flourish on a still larger scale. Formidable news came in the

midst of those days of bowing and smiling, orders of St. Louis, and dinners at the table of *Le Desiré*; Napoleon was on the land of France! The emotion in the streets was strong; at the council-table of the trembling government it was stronger still; but in the breasts of the gallant marshals and generals covered with the Bourbon ribbons and crosses, was strongest of all. They knew that Napoleon had a quick memory and a heavy hand; and the grand question now was, who should first mount the tricolor. The king proposed Soult for the command of the army which was to cut off the invader's march from Lyons. The marshal prudently declined the command, satisfied himself with laughing at Napoleon's temerity, and proposed Ney, a headlong and loose-tongued gladiator, who, in the pride of his new favours, made the showy declaration, "That he would bring M. Le Corse in an iron cage." The Tuileries was still blind beyond the ordinary blindness of thrones, and on the 8th of March, 1815, Soult, as minister of war, published the following order:—

"Soldiers! *That man!* who lately abdicated, in the face of all Europe, a power which he had usurped, and of which he had made so fatal a use, BONAPARTE, has landed on the French soil, to which he ought never to have returned. What does he want? A civil war. Whom does he seek? Traitors. Where are they to be found? Is it among those soldiers whom he has deceived and sacrificed so often. Bonaparte insults us enough to believe that we can abandon a legitimate and beloved Sovereign, to share the fate of a man who is nothing but an *adventurer*. This he thinks, madman! and his last act of madness completes our knowledge of him. Soldiers! the French army is the bravest in Europe, it will be also the most faithful. Let us rally round the banner of the Lily, at the voice of the father of his people, the worthy heir of the virtues of the Great Henry, &c. &c.

(Signed)

*The Minister, Secretary of State for War,  
The Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia."*

But the king grew uneasy at the unlucky defeat of every plan of his minister of war, and dismissed him with a letter overflowing with royal confidence and compliment. Within two months and a day from the date of Soult's address, he was announced, in the Paris papers, as major-general of the empire of Napoleon! (May 9,) and was made a peer!

The famous and abortive *Champ de Mai*, a pantomime in which Napoleon played Harlequin, and the whole generation of *girouettes* danced as Clowns and Pantaloons, made heavy demands on official eloquence, and the major-general again addressed the army. The effusion was not difficult, for he had little more to do than copy his former performance, changing the names.

"The destinies of France," said this new blazonry of a patriot's heart, "are accomplishing, and all the attempts of an impious league cannot

separate the interests of a great people from the *hero*, whom the most brilliant triumphs have made the admiration of the universe! \* \* \* Every man in France is a soldier when the question is of the national honour and of liberty. The obligations which violence imposed upon us are extinguished by the flight of the Bourbons from the French soil, by the appeal which they have made to foreign armies to remount the throne which they have abandoned, and by the unanimous voice of the nation. \* \* \* But a new career of glory opens to the army. The enemy are numerous, they will say; but what is that to us? It will be the more glorious for us to beat them, and their defeat will add only the more to our renown. The struggle is not above the genius of Napoleon, nor above our own strength. The signal will soon be given. Soldiers! Napoleon guides your steps; let us fight for the independence of our fine country. We are invincible.

(Signed)

*The Marshal of the Empire, Major General,  
The Duke of Dalmatia !"*

But the days of the new monarch were numbered, and the triumph of *Girouettisme* was to begin again. The major-general attended Napoleon to Ligny on the 16th, and sent an exulting account of that dubious battle to Paris. His attendance was soon to close: he was at Waterloo on the 18th, and there saw the final fall of his master, the breaking up of the empire, and the extinction of the French army. It is narrated that Napoleon, stupified by the scene of this sweeping ruin, and unable to form any decision, was saved from death or capture by Soult's presence of mind. Towards the end of the battle, when the final advance of the British guards crushed the imperial guard, Napoleon, with Soult, Drouet, Bertrand, and Gourgard, were sitting on their horses under cover of one of the few remaining squares of French infantry. Soult pointed out to him the approach of the British cavalry, who were already within a few hundred yards of the spot. It is said that Napoleon made some exclamation about dying where they were, and finishing their career on the field of battle. But if he ever uttered the words, he was content with the heroism of the speech; Soult seized his horse's bridle, and saying, "Ah, sire, the enemy are fortunate enough already"—a speech which would deserve to be registered in an academy of courtiership in any part of the globe—turned his emperor's face to the rear, and giving his charger the true direction, left Napoleon to his own instincts to make the speediest way he could from the sabres of the British troopers. On the next day, Soult checked his flight at Philippeville, to receive the fugitives, as they came pouring in; while Napoleon hurried on to Paris, to be de-throned.

Another scene, equally characteristic, followed this grand display of imperial discomfiture. Wellington pursued the flying em-

peror and his *braves* to Paris; and there the question was, whether to fight or fly further still. Soult was summoned to the council of generals, for Napoleon was actually under arrest at Malmaison! His opinion was perfectly military and perfectly true. "The left bank of the Seine," said this able tactician, "is totally untenable. The possession even of the right bank, since the capture of Aubervilliers, is extremely dangerous. And if the last hope of the defenders, the line of the canal joining St. Denis to Villette, should be forced, the enemy would have nothing to do but to enter pell-mell with the French into Paris by the barrier of St. Denis." But, to save the "honour of France," an affair of words, which in France are always more important than things, another council was held, next night, at the headquarters of the unfortunate Ney, a bold swordsman, but whose conduct to both parties showed that he knew no more of honour than of Chinese. There the time was wasted in worn-out harangues on the grandeur of despair, the invincible things done by Frenchmen when they were defeated, the terrible treachery by which it was the ill luck of the French armies always to be ruined, and the beauties of a free constitution, under Napoleon! To these were added the fortifications of Paris! and the warlike propensities of the rabble of the Parisian streets. Soult's answer to all this absurdity was practical and irresistible. "You think we can raise the *federés*," said he, "but how are we to give them musquets. You have none. A levy *en masse* is not to be disciplined in a day. Before you can have a single battalion ready, Paris will have before its weak walls 60,000 Bavarians, and 150,000 Austrians more to fight. What will you do then? The affair *must* finish by a surrender, and the blood shed by you will be only so much lost. But will not the enemy make you pay the penalty of your silly resistance. If the allies at this moment think themselves strong enough to refuse you a suspension of arms, what will they not do, when they have on your soil 1,200,000 soldiers? The dismemberment of France, and the pillage and devastation of the metropolis, will probably be the fruits of the giddy attempt which is now proposed to you."

This was plain speaking, without a shadow of that high strain in which the powers and prospects of France were usually blazoned; not a syllable was said about invincibility, the untarnishable glory of the Grande Nation; or the impossibility of taking possession of the last threshold or the last livre of France, by "barbarians," whether from the equator or the pole. The necessity of the case mastered the genius of the metaphor, and the glitter of the allied bayonets along the Seine reduced the established panegyric to common sense. It is true that the mob

orators harangued as long as they thought that they were safe from the cannon-shot of the invaders; that the fugitive troops from Waterloo were doubly indignant at not being suffered to fight; and that the generals, who were glad to escape along with them, boasted fiercely of determining to extinguish Wellington under the walls of Paris. It is true that they all swore, of course, to die on the spot, rather than abandon Paris; and it is equally true that Wellington's advance was a formidable test of the force of all this oratory. The higher personages knew how rapidly these national inspirations might vanish in a struggle with the Cossacks and Hungarians; and while some fled and others went openly to pay the homage of their new-born loyalty to the king, Soult, without noise, gave up the command of the army, and glided away to wait the current of affairs on his estate in Languedoc. Ney capitulated, and the army quietly marched out of Paris, and was sent behind the Loire.

Other hazards now awaited the host of unchangeable warriors, who had alternately hoisted the white cockade, and the traitor Soult was seized on his way through the prefecture of the Lozère, and finally escaped the popular rage only by the direct interference of the Duke d'Angoulême. Ney was shot; and a royal ordonnance of July, 1815, declared the marshal to be among the muster-roll of thirty-eight, who were ordered to quit Paris in three days, to retire to whatever part of France the government should direct, and consider themselves under strict surveillance, until the Chambers should decide which of them were to be sent out of the country, and which given over to the tribunals. Soult published a pamphlet in defence, but the attempt was hopeless. By a decree of January, 1817, he retired beyond the Rhine. In May, 1819, he was suffered to find his way back again, and was received into favour with a large pension.

Religion now was presumed to be the future business of a life spent so long amid the tossings of the world. No man seemed more deeply penetrated with a sense of the vanities of courts, camps, and cabinets. The missionaries rejoiced in their convert. Charles X., himself a devotee of the first magnitude, was charmed with the sudden conversion of the great soldier. Soult walked in procession to Nôtre Dame, carried holy candles, and eclipsed all the religious by the persevering spirit of his piety. The king honoured the saint still more than the soldier, and at his coronation, in 1825, Soult's scorn of the vanities of the world was recompensed by his being appointed chevalier of the royal orders! In two years after he was created a peer.

The later portion of his history may be despatched in a few words. The Révolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe

on the throne, made Soult once more minister of war. Liberty was on every lip, but those who knew more of the liberty of France than the orators in the streets or the scribblers in the journals, knew that the king, who was made by one "July," might be unmade by another. Soult's elevation astonished all the world of France but the king and the marshal. The king, a shrewd, active, and experienced judge of the popular mind of his country, remembered the lessons of his exile, and wisely determined not to leave it in the power of every coxcomb in the Chambers, or rabble leader in the Boulevards, to send him back to America. No Lafayette should tow him out of his palace, and no Brissot should sentence him to the scaffold. He adopted the natural cure for the revolutionary fever. He chose the ablest officer in his kingdom to be his defender, and the result has justified the choice. If Charles X. had done the same, he might have been, every hour since, sitting in the Tuileries, the grand regulator of fêtes and processions, listening to the murmurs of Jacobinism, as a man on shore listens to the growlings of the ocean, food for his complacency; and using the most furious of the journals to light his cigar. Soult's decision in the formidable affair of the funeral of General Lamarque shows the practical value of the man. He felt no sentimental pangs at doing his duty, and rescuing Paris from conflagration and the world from a French Republic. He was as plain, prompt, and decisive, in the streets of the maddened capital, as he had ever been in the front of the charging enemy. He had no more timidity or romantic tenderness in the presence of revolution, than he had when the fate of France depended upon his intrepidity, at the head of his battalions in Germany or Spain; and the result was equally fortunate for France, for himself, and for the general peace of Europe.

This eminent person has again left the French cabinet. Such is the caprice of human fortune, and the fate of statesmen in the moment of their highest importance to the welfare of the state. The causes of this change are lost in the infinite gossiping, chicaneries, and mystifications, that belong to all courts, and *par excellence* to the politics and politicians of France. But in him Louis Philippe has lost the most distinguished military man of France, and we have now to see how he will fight the battles of monarchy by the harangues of the doctrinaires. The condition of that great kingdom, at this moment, is made to baffle the pride of prophecy. Whether it will inflame into a republic within the year, or display to Europe a monarchy growing from strength to strength, casting off the ragged, gory relics of democracy, and assuming the dignity, gravity, and regal port of an established throne, is a doubt which no man living can fully solve. But it

must be acknowledged that Louis Philippe has shown singular fitness for the difficulties of his station. Without unnecessary violence, he has summarily put down all attempts at overthrowing his authority. Without straining the law, he has successively brought all political offenders within the hand of the tribunals; without violating mercy as a man, no monarch has more unhesitatingly executed justice on the disturbers of the state. While *he* lives, it is not improbable that France may remain a monarchy, that it may preserve peace with the Continent, and that it may even present the honourable and gratifying spectacle of a country gifted with the highest bounties, improved by the highest advantages of an active, wise, and paternal government. But when he is called on at length to give up crown and sceptre to the summoner who crushes crowns and sceptres so recklessly into the dust, on whose brow shall the diadem of France fall? or shall the diadem be exchanged for the red cap, or for some still more ferocious badge of some still more ferocious development of human passions, maddened by the sight of possession, drunk with the banquet of national vanity, and burning like the throats of the wolf or the tiger, for more blood at every fresh draught of massacre? The notorious irreligion, the habitual Jacobinism, and the inextinguishable ambition of the spirit of France in this hour of anxiety, fill the future with terrible shapes of evil. But whether the storm, already gathering all round the horizon, is to cast down its especial lightnings on democratic France, while its thunders shake the hearts of all surrounding nations; or whether, after a brief convulsion, the atmosphere is to be cleared, and the retiring tempest only to augment the glories and splendour of the political heaven; we say, "*Long live the king!*"



ART. IX.—1. *Geschichte des Teutschen Volkes*. Von Heinrich Luden. (History of the German Nation. By Henry Luden.) Vol. V.—VIII., 8vo. Gotha. 1830—1833.

2.—*Geschichte der Alten Deutschen, besonders der Franken*. Von Konrad Mannert, Hofrath, &c. (History of the Early Germans, especially of the Franks. By Conrad Mannert, Aulic Councillor, and regular Professor at the University of Munich.) Vol. II., 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen. 1832.\*

IN execution of the purpose intimated when closing our account of the earlier portion of the labours of these able but very dissimilar authors in the field of German History,† we again bring them under the eye of the British public. Mannert has now completed the task which, in the preface to this second volume, he tells us he had assigned himself, to wit, that of affording German readers such a manual of their national history prior to the accession of the House of Hohenstauffen, as may enable them the better to comprehend Raumer's infinitely more detailed development of events, in his History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors.‡ Luden,—whom we take shame to ourselves for not having in the first instance introduced to our readers as Professor of History at the University of Jena,—Luden does not in the four volumes now before us come down quite so low; pausing nearly at the beginning of those violent dissensions between the temporal and spiritual heads of Christendom, that broke out during the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., and the papacy of Gregory VII. These volumes comprise, nevertheless, a period replete with historical interest. They present us with the separation of France and Germany into distinct kingdoms, with the development of the feudal system in Germany, where, in spite of the efforts of such really great emperors as Henry I. & III., Otho I. and Frederic I. & II., it prevented that country from blending into one whole, and thus assuming the station that she was entitled to hold in Europe; with the gradual advance of the Papal power; with the rise or rather perhaps dawn of municipal and commercial freedom; with the devastating predatory inroads of the Northmen, or Normans, and their subsequent establishment, first in France, then in Italy and England; and with the similar inroads of the Magyars, commonly called Hungarians, and their establishment in Hungary, &c. &c. There are topics

\* This volume was somewhat prematurely announced as published in 1831.

† F. Q. R. vol. vii. p. 145.

‡ For Raumer's History of the Hohenstauffens, see F. Q. R. vol. iii. p. 559.

more than enough for one review; and the reign which must occupy most of Luden's next volume opens a new scene of long-lasting importance in European politics. We have therefore thought it advisable, without awaiting this author's further progress, to give our readers some account of his fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes.

Having already spoken fully of the different characters of Luden's and of Mannert's works,\* it will, upon the present occasion, only be necessary to say that we find little or no change therein. Mannert is still wearisomely dry from brevity; a complaint at which the reader may perhaps wonder, conceiving that nearly 600 closely printed octavo pages, devoted to the annals of about three centuries, might afford room for some little of the detail that gives life and animation to history. But Mannert's number of pages must be compared not with the quantity of letter-press of Hume, or of our modern compilers of pocket histories, but with that of his own countrymen; and when we consider that Luden's eight, decidedly thicker volumes, do not contain as many years, by sixty, as Mannert's thinner two, we must allow that the latter work may bear all the characters of brevity, shortness alone excepted, shortness not being a German quality.

This second volume is more in the style of a manual, and therefore yet drier than the first; its general abridgment not being relieved, as before, by occasional detail. We must likewise notice a strange degree of inaccuracy or negligence in minor points, easily discoverable, which tends somewhat, though assuredly very slightly, to shake the confidence we formerly expressed in this writer's correctness upon points where, to ascertain it, a laborious investigation might be required. As an instance of this inaccuracy we may mention his calling Adelheid, the mother of Otho II., his grandmother; and this not once only, going on to say in the next sentence:—

"She arrives; grandmother and grandson fall weeping into each other's arms."

This occurs within a paragraph of Otho II.'s death, and the author was probably thinking of the next reign, when, as grandmother to the young emperor Otho III., Adelheid took an active part in the administration. But other mistakes of the same kind cannot be even thus, not justified, but, explained; as when he speaks of the sons-in-law of the childless Henry V., meaning thereby his nephews, the Hohenstauffen sons of his only sister Agnes. Are such trifles beneath the notice of a philosophical

historian? Or is the professor deficient in the genealogical organ? Perhaps this last conjecture might be corroborated by the great admiration Mannert expresses for the skill with which old chroniclers have recorded genealogies prior to the facilitating device of surnames. One other example, unconnected with genealogies, and we will leave the ungrateful but imperative duty of reviewers, that of pointing out small faults in a valuable work. After relating the election of Lothar II., the immediate successor of Henry V., Mannert says ;—

“Lothar II. immediately solicited from the holy father the confirmation of his election, by a deputation of three highly respected bishops ; this was not the obedience-embassy, usual ever since the time of Henry V.—” Henry V. being the emperor just deceased.

Of Luden, it will be remembered, we formerly said that his pursuit of originality, his love of reasoning out, from the contradictions of his authorities, from the laws of human nature, &c. &c., what the course of events must have been, render him sometimes a little tedious, and oftener not a guide to be unhesitatingly trusted. But he is full of matter, full of detail, full of speculation ; he gives, in copious notes, extracts from those authors whose statements he rejects or amplifies ; and, especially with the straightforward Mannert for a corrective, he is a valuable historian. The glowing zeal of nationality, indeed, that awakened all our sympathies in his former volumes, we miss in these—inasmuch as Luden is a modern liberal, and therefore so bitter an enemy to the feudal system and every thing thereunto belonging, that he writes of the period now before us in a tone of virulent reprobation peculiarly disagreeable in an historian. On the other hand, this is in a great measure counterbalanced by a delightful spirit of optimism, which leads him to regard every event, every calamity, every condition of things, as essential to the development of European nationality, civilization and liberty. Nothing is excepted from these views, we believe, save only feudal institutions and judicial combat ; and we confess ourselves surprised that he should not be softened towards these by observing how useful were the first in preventing European monarchy from degenerating into Oriental despotism, or the tyranny of the Roman emperors ; and that the latter, when judges were as ignorant and barbarous as all men were superstitious, must at least have been nearly as efficacious a way as any other of eliciting truths sedulously concealed by self-interest. For ourselves, we must confess, unphilosophical as it may sound, our suspicion that the great majority of early judicial combats were wont to prove that

“thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

It will be remembered that one of Luden's grand objects in his former volumes was to show how thoroughly the Franks were Germans, how decidedly the sovereignty of both Merovingians and Carolingians over France and part of Germany, was a German sovereignty. As pertaining to, and completing, this subject, we shall now call the reader's attention to the decline, downfall, and severance of the Carolingian empire; which is moreover highly important in some other respects; viz. relatively to our author's development of nationality, to the natural and political relations of the Netherlands, and to that connexion between Italy and Germany, which occasioned so much discord and bloodshed during the middle ages. We will begin with some of our author's philosophical political speculations upon the consequences of Charlemagne's coronation as emperor.

"The importance of the restoration of the imperial title is undeniable; but it regards a later generation. For the moment, the name of Roman Emperor only awoke obscure recollections, which perhaps brought German into some connection with Roman times, which probably generated strange notions of grandeur and supremacy; but these wrought mysteriously as preparations for the future. \* \* \* It increased the movement of life, produced collisions and dissensions, and thus contributed to the development of various relations amongst the nations of the German world. \* \* \* The imperial crown obtained its real importance through the Popes. When the Popes acquired the full consciousness of the power, which, in those ages of vicissitude and tempest, the wants of men had accumulated upon their see,—when in this consciousness they strove to bring the thrones of kings under their controul, in order to rule as absolutely over arms and civil society as over the minds of men and the united church; then did they seek to set up the imperial crown as the centre, as the very source, of all worldly power, in order to have a determinate object against which to direct their efforts, and in order to make their hard-fought victories over the man who wore the imperial crown available as gained over all kings and princes in Christendom. The exaltation of the imperial crown was to serve as a back-ground to the exaltation of the tiara. \* \* \* Thus did futurity fashion itself into a form utterly different from that which, in all likelihood, it wore to the soul of Charles the Great; and the imperial dignity which, according to his views, might be regarded as the means of bringing the Roman see under due subjection to the throne, served only to aggrandize the Popes."

We must here observe that Luden, though, as we believe, a Protestant, esteems the papal authority to have been of inestimable value during the dark ages, as the producer of a degree of union throughout Christendom, indispensable to the promotion of the regular progress of events towards civilization, and its own eventual superfluity, not to say noxiousness.

Adorned with the revived imperial title, whether useful or not, Charlemagne at length effectually conquered and converted to

Christianity the long-struggling Saxons; and his empire, at the close of his reign, extended from Rome and the duchy of Benevento to the North Sea, from the Ebro to the Elbe. To the north and east of the last-named river dwelt the still heathen and independent Danes and Slavonians; the south-eastern provinces of Germany being likewise held by tribes of the latter nation, of whom some few acknowledged a sort of nominal subjection to the Franks.

This enormous empire Charlemagne bequeathed to his only surviving son, Lewis the Pious, a surname given him by contemporary Latin annalists (*Pius*), that the French have been pleased to translate, we know not why, the *Debonnaire*. Lewis was totally incompetent to the office with which the deaths of his elder brothers had burthened him. The great vassals, without denying, disdained his authority; the Slavonians re-asserted their independence; the Danes and Saracens recovered most of the lands conquered from them; the Northmen ravaged the sea-coasts, and penetrated far up the rivers, carrying with them such ruthless and utter desolation, that, as we read, we marvel how any sort of society could continue to exist amidst such murder and destruction of all the *matériel* of life; and the Emperor's sons, to whom he had given portions of his dominions as so many separate kingdoms, rebelled against him. At his death, he left sons and empire in a state of complete anarchy, which terminated temporarily in the tripartite division of the empire, an event which Luden considers as the first step towards nationality; and he therefore rejoices that no second Charlemagne succeeded to hold the discordant parts, with a strong hand, together. Lewis had given Italy, with the title of Emperor, to his eldest son Lothar; Aquitaine to the second, Pippin; and Bavaria to the third, Lewis, afterwards surnamed the German. Pippin died before his father, leaving two infant sons. But the rights of grandsons were in those days little regarded. These lawful heirs were set aside, and Aquitaine was transferred to Charles the Bald, the offspring of Lewis's second marriage. Luden says,—

“ At Lewis's death, his favourite son, Charles, now a youth of seventeen, hated by his brothers, was carrying on hostilities against his nephew Pippin (son of his deceased brother Pippin) in Aquitaine; and the contest gained new vigour from the death of the old Emperor. Lewis King of Bavaria, had retreated before his father, but not laid down his arms, and, upon the tidings of that father's decease, his first care was to gain over the collective German nations, and induce them to take the oath of fidelity to himself as their king and liege lord. Lothar likewise was at the head of an armed force, having been invited by his father to the general assembly appointed to be held at Worms; and, upon learning the

Emperor's death, he hastened over the Alps with enlarged schemes, conceiving that the crown and sword allotted to him by the expiring Lewis the Pious authorized his most ambitious pretensions.

"In fact, Lothar immediately assumed the imperial title, and despatched messengers to all parts of the realm, especially throughout Francia" (the Latin form of Frankland then in use) "to announce his accession to the empire. To all vassals he promised that they should retain the fiefs granted them by his father, and even receive more; he summoned them to meet him, and threatened with the punishment of death all who should hesitate to obey this summons. The Frankland vassals, impelled by cupidity and fear, thronged to meet the new Emperor, and received him with joyous gratulations at the foot of the Alps.

"Lewis meanwhile, full of his old anger against this faithless brother, and provoked anew by the pretensions which he now brought forward, was counter-working Lothar. He had assembled his Bavarians, and gained the Allemans (now Swabians). He had advanced to the Rhine, and there arrayed forces sufficient to foil his brother's attempt. Thence he had himself hastened to Saxony, in order there also to impress a conviction of the necessity that all Germans should hold hard together against the projects of a foreign king. Nor were his labours unavailing. But ere he could return from Saxony, Lothar, with an hourly increasing army, had descended from the Alps and reached the Rhine. The Emperor at the same time sent an embassy to his brother Charles, to cajole him and secure his friendship during his own war with Lewis. He caused the youthful Prince to be assured, that what he had promised their common father, he would perform to him the more faithfully for having presented him to baptism; and entreated, meanwhile, that he, Charles, would spare their nephew Pippin, until they, the brothers, should meet and converse. Lothar desired, in case of need, to preserve in Pippin an ally against Charles."

But to record the vicissitudes of the—shall we say civil or family?—wars carried on amongst the brothers and nephews, would be a uselessly irksome task. Suffice it to state that they lasted for three years, and that Lothar proved himself the falsest of the brothers, Charles the weakest, and Lewis, without any great superiority of head or heart, decidedly the best. In the course of the struggle, Lewis and Charles united against their elder brother. They met at Strasburg, on the 14th of February, 842, and we are told—

"Believing it necessary to give their alliance the greatest publicity and the utmost solemnity, they resolved to ratify it by oath, in the presence of their armies, and to cause them likewise to swear to its observance; so that the oath of the prince might be corroborated by the oath of every individual warrior. The oath was to be sworn by Lewis in the *Romane* language, by Charles in the German, so that no man in either army might entertain any doubt respecting the oath of his foreign ally. The two armies were assembled, and, in the first place, Lewis, as the elder, made the following speech in German."

The speech is a mere longish enumeration of Lothar's offences, and an announcement of the younger brethren's intentions.

"Charles repeated this speech in *Romane*. Nithard, the historian, who most likely was present, has preserved it in Latin. Then the kings swore one and the same oath; Lewis, as the elder, first in the *Romane*, then Charles in the German tongue. Lastly, the armies swore a similar oath, each in their own language. The same historian has transmitted these oaths to us, word for word, in the languages in which the kings and their armies swore them."

As a curious specimen of the languages of the times, we give the oaths of the two armies—the kings' is less remarkable—with a literal translation; but must observe that Luden thinks the German may be less authentic, as to spelling, &c., than the *Romane*, inasmuch as the oldest MS. of Nithard's history extant is of the following century, when his French copyist might not understand German. Nithard himself was a cousin of the two kings, being the son, it is supposed illegitimate, of Charlemagne's daughter, Bertha. The first is the oath of the *Romane* army, the second of the German.

"Si Lodhuwigs sagrament, que son fradre Karlo jurat,  
 "If Lewis the oath, that his brother Charles swears,  
*conservat, et Karlus meos Sendra de suo part non los tanit, si jo,*  
 keeps, and Charles my Lord of his part not it keeps, if I  
*returnar non l'int* pois, ne jo ne neuls cui eo returnar  
 disturn not him-there-from can, nor I nor none whom I disturn  
*int* pois, in nulla adjudha contra Lodhuwig non lui  
 therefrom can, in none aid against Lewis not to-him  
 ier.  
 will-be.

"Oba Karl then eid, then er sineno bruodher Ludhuuige geswor,  
 "If Charles that oath, that he to-his brother Lewis swore,  
*geleistit, indi Ludhuwig min Herro then er imo geswor jorbrihchit,*  
 observes, and Lewis my Lord that he to-him swore breaks,  
*ob ik ina nes iruunden ne mag, noh ik noh thero, noh hein,*  
 if I him not-of-it disturn not can, nor I nor he, nor any  
*then ik es iruunden mag, uuidar Karle imo cc follust ine?*  
 that I of-it disturn can, against Charles to-him of help  
*uuirhchit."*  
 will-be."

Luden expresses his doubts of the French copyist's German, and we suspect that the *ine* which puzzles him, and which he does not attempt to translate, is one of the said copyist's blunders. Should it not stand thus, *follusti ne?* the *i* being the sign of the dative case, erroneously joined to the second *ne*, not?

Lothar at length, growing weary of indecisive and destructive wars, wrote to his brothers, saying:—

“ He wished to send ambassadors to them to treat of peace : where and how should it be done ? The brothers answered that he might send whomsoever he pleased, and could easily learn where they were. At the same time they resolved to march conjointly to Chalons on the Saone. When they reached Meaux, in the neighbourhood of Chalons, they were met by many distinguished men—amongst whom are named Counts Josippo, Eberhard, and Egbert—sent by Lothar, who had advanced to Maçon. The envoys said that Lothar acknowledged his fault towards God and them, and wished not to prolong the contest ; if, for the sake of the imperial title, which he had received from their father, of the imperial dignity, which the realm owed to their grandfather, Charlemagne, they would allow him something above a third of the realm, he would be well satisfied ; if not, let each keep his original share ;—he himself, Lombardy ; Lewis, Bavaria ; Charles, Aquitaine ; and the remainder be divided into three equal shares : then let each govern his own share as well as, under God’s favour, he can, independently of the others ; but each be ever ready kindly to aid the others, and so an eternal peace, grounded upon reciprocity, subsist amongst all three. Of his nephew, Pippin, Lothar said not a word.”

Lewis and Charles accepted the last proposal, but the difficulty was to agree upon the division. Negotiations ensued, and, after much discussion,

“ the envoys of the younger brothers proposed to Lothar that Lewis and Charles should divide the empire into three equal portions, and he, the emperor, should choose amongst the three. To this proposal Lothar agreed. Hereupon the three brothers met in the month of June, in a little island in the Saone, called Ansilla, opposite to Maçon ; when they solemnly swore that an honourable and brotherly peace should henceforward subsist between them. They settled to meet again on the 1st of October, at Metz, when each should name forty of his principal adherents, to effect the equitable partition of the empire ; and the decision of this great body of men was to be final. So they parted in peace and friendship.

“ Each of the three brothers now went his own way, all three proceeding, impelled by wrath and vengeance, to several, but alike horrid, deeds.”

These were to be acted against and upon insurgents. When the time appointed for the next meeting of the brothers approached,

“ Lewis and Charles left their armies at Worms, and repaired to Metz, against the first of October, accompanied by those of their partisans whom they had selected to act for them in the division of the empire. To Metz came likewise Lothar, with his plenipotentiaries. But it appeared that, contrary to agreement, Lothar had brought his army to



Diedenhofen, eight hours' march only from Metz. The vicinity of Lothar's troops appeared dangerous to the younger brothers. \* \* \* \* \* At length, they proposed that the negotiations should be removed to some other place, equi-distant from both armies; in no case would they expose to danger eighty distinguished men, whose loss would be to them irreparable. This was agreed to; and Coblenz chosen as the most convenient place.

" \* \* \* \* \* But reciprocal mistrust and the storm of passion had not yet subsided; and to prevent quarrels it was thought best that the plenipotentiaries of the allied brothers should take up their abode on the right bank of the Rhine, and Lothar's theirs on the left. They held daily meetings in the church of St. Castor. But claims and counter-claims were quickly advanced, rendering accommodation impossible; then followed complaints and counter-complaints, reproaches and recriminations. The plenipotentiaries were to swear that they would, to the best of their knowledge and abilities, divide the empire into three equal parts. But it soon appeared that the plenipotentiaries were inadequately acquainted with the empire. \* \* \* \* \* How could they divide into equal parts a whole imperfectly known to them? Was it not perjury to swear to divide equally that which was unknown? The bishops, to whom these difficulties were submitted, differed in their judgments. Those of Lothar's party thought that the business should be terminated as speedily as possible; that it mattered not though the parts were not quite equal; that he who sinned through his oath might make atonement; and that this would be, at all events, a less evil than the longer sufferance of robbery, incendiarism, murder, and adultery, by the Church of God. Those who were adherents of Lewis and Charles were of opinion, on the contrary, that there was no need of sinning against God; that the existing peace might be prolonged, and the plenipotentiaries meanwhile travel over the empire thus to acquire the requisite information."

This was the measure adopted; but before proceeding to the division, we must extract Luden's sketch of the miseries which the empire to be divided was enduring.

"The hard winter, this year so pernicious to man and beast, had already begun. The distress was everywhere great. Social order was everywhere dissolved in the long-continuing disorder. Whatever the vassals in their criminal expeditions had spared, was plundered and destroyed by bands of robbers, whom the distress had created and supported. In Gaul, which had suffered most from the contentions of kings and vassals, such a scarcity prevailed, that men mingled a little meal with earth, fashioned the whole into loaves, and therewith assuaged their hunger. The south coasts of Italy and of Gaul were hardly ever free from Moors, for no where could those miscreants be repulsed. With like temerity did the Northmen devastate the north and west coast of Gaul, and even as far as the Pyrenees no security against the violence of these adventurous heroes was to be found. If the German coast was spared, it was only because it offered no booty worth taking. In Aquitaine, hostilities were carrying on between Pippin and the partisans of

Charles the Bald. In Saxony, the *Stellinga*"—this was the name assumed by the lower orders of Saxons, who, prior to their subjugation, had been a sort of free yeomanry, in their rebellion against the feudal oppressions of the Frank lords, against the exactions of the Christian priesthood—"the *Stellinga*, driven to madness by Lewis's frightful revenge, had risen anew, to try once more whether it were not possible to regain life's chief blessing, liberty."

At length the plenipotentiaries re-assembled at Verdun, with the requisite knowledge.

"The negotiations at Verdun produced a convention which, in essentials, differed but little from the former proposals of Lewis and Charles: whence it appears that the well-informed plenipotentiaries could not improve upon what the uninformed had planned. The treaty was concluded in August, 843, but has only been handed down to us in general terms. Lewis obtained what he desired, to wit, all the German provinces to the right of the Rhine, and on its left bank the cities and districts of Spire, Worms, and Mainz; in order, in the first place, indisputably, to facilitate his crossing the Rhine in case Charles should need his assistance against the perturbator Lothar; but, in the second place, with a view to what was more important, that the bishops, whose sees were in those cities, might remain attached wholly to the kingdom in which the larger part of their dioceses lay. Charles obtained all the land west of a frontier line, which, beginning from the mouth of the Scheldt, ascended that river, crossed from its source to the Meuse, ran up the Meuse, passed over to the Saone, and finally went down this river to its confluence with the Rhone, and down the Rhone to the sea. Lastly, all the land lying between the allotments of Lewis and of Charles fell to Lothar's share."

Thus it will be observed that Lothar's allotment north of the Alps consisted of the lately constructed and more lately dissevered kingdom of the Netherlands, *minus* Flanders, which was assigned to France, and *plus* the Prussian possessions upon the Rhine, Switzerland, and a large slice of France, including the old provinces of Lorraine, Franche Comté, Alsace, Dauphiny, and Provence. Upon this division Luden remarks:—

"The treaty of Verdun, which founded both a French and a German realm, and gave to Charles the Great's grandson, Lewis, a claim to the surname of the German, was undeniably the work of existing circumstances; but these circumstances had, in the course of events, so fashioned themselves, that the profoundest wisdom of men could hardly have devised or accomplished any thing better. Since Italy, Bavaria, and Aquitaine were considered as kingdoms, of which the sons of Lewis the Pious, having once received them from their father, could not be deprived—and since Lothar convulsively clung to the imperial dignity, of which the title was derived from Rome, and the seat was Aachen (*Gallicè*, and thence *Anglicè*, Aix-la-Chapelle)—it became inevitable that Lothar must choose as his addition to Italy that

portion of the empire which contained Aix. By this choice he certainly constructed a most unnatural empire, the durability of which was impossible; for, beginning from the shores of the German Ocean, betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, and running down Italy, it had no breadth proportionate to its length; except in Italy, it had no assured boundaries; and the long lever, at the two ends of which hung Rome and Aix, instead of being supported and held in equipoise by the Alps, was broken by them into two parts, that had little or nothing in common. \* \* \* But by severing the land betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, Meuse, and Saone, Lothar rendered a service, of which he had no suspicion, to civilization, since he obliged the kingdoms to the east and to the west, that he resigned to his brothers, to develop themselves in their respective nationalities. West of the Meuse and Scheldt, the *Romane* language prevailed; east of the Rhine, German was universally spoken. The transition from one language to the other took place in the provinces between these rivers; there a confusion of tongues prevailed. The previous constant intercourse, and passage of troops from one region to the other, had spread this confusion over Gaul and Germany. Nor were the languages alone thus mingled together, and thereby impeded in their independent formation: equally so were manners, customs, and all the relations of social life. This commingling of languages and manners was now limited by the frontiers of that kingdom; and the Germans were the better secured against the intrusion of *Romane* words and ways, because, in all that portion of Lothar's dominions which bordered upon Germany, life and speech were exclusively German."

But harmony could not be thus introduced into the Carlövinian family, where, as amongst the supplanted Merovingians of yore, guilt and discord reigned. With these matters, however, we need not concern ourselves, but must speak briefly of the subsequent fate of Lothar's unshapely empire. This emperor, at his death, divided his *lengthy* strip of dominions amongst his three sons. The eldest, Lewis, inherited the imperial title, with its then esteemed inseparable adjunct, Italy, or at least Lombardy. Lothar, the second, had the portion north of the Alps, which now received the name of Lotharingen or Lothringen, meaning the possessions of Lothar; a name since Frenchified into Lorraine, and gradually restricted to the single province so called until the French Revolution. From Lotharingen some south-western provinces were severed for the youngest son, Charles, and, upon his untimely death, divided between Lewis and Lothar. In 869, Lothar likewise died without legitimate children, and Lotharingen became the subject of contests and wars, ending in a division; from which, however, the natural heir, Lothar's brother, the emperor Lewis, was excluded, according to Luden, for the following reasons:—

"The unnaturalness of the connexion of the Netherlands with Italy and the severing mountains was generally felt. It was perceived that the Emperor Lewis, who had constantly to struggle and to fight in Italy, could be nothing to the Netherlands unless he deserted Italy, and nothing to Italy should he reside in Lotharingen. Italy, if still to belong to the Carlovingians, must needs have a king of her own; and the vassals seem to have thought themselves at liberty to select any prince of Charles the Great's descendants for their lord.

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"On the 28th of July, the two brothers, (Lewis the German and Charles the Bald,) met at Mersen, and remained together until the 10th of August. In this time they arranged a division of Lotharingen, in great detail, to prevent the possibility of future misunderstandings. Generally speaking, Lewis obtained all the country beyond the Rhine contained within a frontier line, beginning from Basle, and running past Metz, Aix, and Utrecht, which towns were assigned to him; giving Toul, Verdun, and Cambrai to Charles's kingdom, together with all to the west and south, Burgundy and Provence"—

meaning by Burgundy, be it observed, not the province of Burgundy, but the southern kingdom of the old Burgundian kings.

Neither brother seems to have been content with his share in this very reasonable partition, which gave the most German provinces to Germany, the most French to France. The successors of the brothers were still less so; and Lotharingen continued to be, as in truth it has ever since been, the cause and the theatre of constantly recurring wars.

In November, 887, the last legitimate male Carlovingian, Charles the Fat, was deposed, and with him (who died two months afterwards) ended the sort of amity which, amidst all its divisions and subdivisions, had hitherto existed in the empire of Charlemagne, from the rights of mutual succession amongst the several kings. Arnulf, Duke of Carinthia, an illegitimate grandson of Lewis the German, and a distinguished warrior, aspired to the whole empire, and at once possessed himself of the crown of Germany; but whilst he was engaged in securing the submission of the different German nations, (*i. e.*, the Franks, Saxons, Thuringians, Bavarians, and Swabians,) Eudes, Count of Paris, ascended the throne of France, whilst a Duke Rannolf proclaimed himself King of Aquitaine. Lewis, a Carlovingian by the female side, reigned in the kingdom of Arles, as the provinces of Lotharingen lying between the Rhone and the Alps were now called; and Rudolph, another descendant from the daughters of that family, established a kingdom of Upper Burgundy in the Alps, extending northward over more level districts of Lotharingen; the northern provinces of that kingdom being overrun by, and some

actually in the hands of, the Northmen, whilst the Slavonians assailed the north of Germany. In Italy, Berengar, Duke of Friuli, son of a daughter of Lewis the Pious, and Guido, whom both our German authors denominate Wido, Duke of Spoleto, contended for the sovereignty, and were successively and severally crowned by the Pope, as King of Italy, and Emperor. With Eudes Arnulf presently concluded a treaty of mutual acknowledgment and friendship. Lewis of Arles at once owned Arnulf for his *suzerain*, or superior lord, as Rudolph, after a long war and the loss of his lowland provinces, was compelled to do. The Northmen Arnulf defeated and drove out of Lotharingen, which, now wholly German, he gave as a tributary kingdom to his illegitimate son Zuentibald. The Slavonians were again reduced to their usual state of sullen submission, and Arnulf found leisure to visit Italy. Here the struggle was long and arduous, but at length the Emperor Guido died, King Berengar was vanquished, and Arnulf received the imperial crown from the Pope, and oaths of fidelity from the Romans. But with Arnulf died the last gleam of Carolingian splendour. His son and successor, Lewis the Child, died under age in 911, and Germans and Italians were free to choose their sovereigns out of other houses.

The condition of Germany was, at this period, more disastrous than ever. The Northmen devastated the sea-coast, extending their ravages far inland. The Slavonians emulated those ravages on the north-eastern frontier, as did the Magyars, who had recently possessed themselves of Hungary, yet more destructively, in the south-east; whilst the powerful vassals excited and kept up internal broils and disturbances. These last, as well as the absolute inefficiency of the resistance opposed to external enemies, Luden ascribes to the selfish feudal system; and it is certain that this system had all the weakness of a federal government, which it in fact was. We cannot, in this sketch, pretend to unfold the form and effects of feudalism in Germany, but will here extract from Mannert a few statements that may be useful in elucidating the relations of the higher classes amongst themselves:—

“The Count usually took his title from the *Gau*, or district, of which he was governor, and in which considerable *beneficia* (fiefs) were assigned for his maintenance. In his hereditary possessions he was a commander over subjects; in his official situation he administered justice, in the king's name, to the freemen of the province.

“These Counts were the true *Fürsten* (*principes*) or princes, the first amongst the people—a designation which, springing from the forests of Germany, maintained itself through subsequent ages, and has finally assumed the form of a sovereign. The king could undertake nothing without first obtaining their concurrence at one of the

frequent diets; \* \* \* without their solicited support, he could neither wage war nor carry a law into effect.

"The *Dukes* were an excrescence of these counts; they were not those old hereditary lords of the soil who could not bear the title of king because they acknowledged the supremacy of the Franks,\* still less those *duces* who only received the title whilst executing some mission intrusted to them, but the king's lieutenants in some of the principal nations, the union of which constituted the German nation. Necessity was, as we have seen, the creator of these Dukes. Neighbouring enemies frequently harassed the adjacent German nation; and the king, involved in family broils, could not always afford immediate succour. By his order, or without his knowledge, the suffering nation sought to help themselves, placed the most considerable of their counts at their head, and followed his banners. The earliest instance is found in Thuringia, where the adjacent Sorbes and Dalemizians harassed the borders. Here the king named a governor, called sometimes count, sometimes margrave, (march-count, whence marquess,) sometimes duke, and displaced him again at his pleasure. \* \* \*

"Amongst the Saxons, the ducal dignity became perpetual. Here, too, it was the produce of necessity. Bruno, the first to place himself at their head as duke, was, together with many counts and bishops, slain by the Danes. Precautions against future accidents were the more indispensable, as the Obotrites, &c. sought to profit by the disasters of the Saxons. We accordingly find Otho, Bruno's brother, and his son, King Henry I., succeed uninterruptedly as dukes of one family, without opposition, as without support, from the king. \* \* \* Duke Otho took the opportunity to unite many fiefs in his own person, and thence give weight to the dukedom.

"\* \* \* We have called these leaders of their several nations official dukes; and such they were, created by the exigency of the moment, without any view to a continuous dignity. Commonly the exigency proved continuous, and then so did the duke; in other cases it vanished, and with it the duke. \* \* \*

"The most considerable Counts of their several nations, were the original Dukes, and bear, with contemporary writers, now this title, now that. But if a family wished to maintain itself in the new dignity, it was requisite to acquire great additions to its estates, as well as to gain the favour of the people."

To Otho, Duke of Saxony, the mightiest amongst these German dukes, descended in a right line from the old Saxon monarch Witikind, by females from Charles Martel and the Frank Billung, and married to a grand-daughter of Lewis the Pious, the crown of Germany was first offered. He seems to have been little tempted by an exaltation so uneasy; and, excusing himself upon the plea of advanced age, recommended as his sub-

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\* Charlemagne got rid of most of these old hereditary dukes of the several German nations or tribes, as being, from their great power, detrimental to the royal authority.

stitute the Franconian Duke Conrad. Luden, however, doubts Conrad's having come so honourably by the crown, and suspects that he had not only conspired against Lewis the Child, but actually made away with him. We cannot pretend to investigate the fairness of the new king's proceedings, but however he may have obtained the crown, Conrad's reign, in spite of the energies of the man, was neither tranquil nor glorious: Lotharingen revolted and attached itself to France, where an illegitimate Carlovingian, Charles the Simple, now reigned. Bavaria, Swabia, and, after Otho's demise, Saxony, were in constant insurrection; the Sclavonians, who had flung off the little more than nominal yoke, harassed the frontiers; the Hungarians carried their predatory incursions into the very heart of the kingdom, and the new monarch had not a moment even to think of Italy and the imperial crown. Conrad left no children, and at his decease is said to have recommended as his successor, Henry, Duke of Saxony, Otho's son.

Having now reached another bright period, another great family, inferior only to the early Carlovingians, we shall indulge in something more of detail; and, inasmuch as Henry I. appears to us, as well as to the two Professors, Luden and Mannert, really far superior to his son Otho, surnamed the Great, though less celebrated, we propose, alternately abstracting and extracting, according to our usual practice, to give some account of his reign; but must preliminarily observe, *à propos* to the first appearance of a king, not a Frank, that Germany and France were still called East and West Frankland or Francia; and that, all other German nations being deemed of inferior rank to the long-governing Franks, the Saxon duke seems to have been considered as transformed into a Frank, by the very circumstance of his being chosen king. We shall begin with the domestic incidents of Henry's early years, which Luden introduces into the midst of his reign.

"When Henry succeeded his father as Duke of Saxony, he was already six or seven and thirty years of age; and up to this time, with the exception of his expedition against the Dalemizians, above related, the only thing known of him is the following incident, recorded by Dithmar, Bishop of Merseburg\*, but very confusedly, and without any detail. Henry heard of the beauty and opulence of a lady named Hatheburgh or Hatburg. She was daughter and heiress to Count Erwin, chief proprietor of the town of Merseburg; but she was a widow and had taken the veil. For her Henry burned with all the ardour of youthful passion, and found means to prevail upon her to

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\* One of the most valuable annalists of his day.

forget her conventual vow, and become his wife. \* \* At this time Sigismund, a man of great talent and learning, and of zealous piety, was Bishop of Halberstadt; to him the unlawful marriage could not remain unknown. Grieved at the sin committed, he prohibited, under pain of excommunication, all intercourse between the offenders, convoked a synod, and summoned before it the Prince and his nun-bride. Henry, dreading the prelate's wrath, had recourse to Conrad, then king; his revered father likewise applied to the monarch in his behalf, and by Conrad's mediation the threatened blow was averted."

Some years afterwards, when Henry was Duke of Saxony, his opinions or inclinations appear to have undergone a change.

"Henry was now convinced, it is said, that he had deeply sinned in contracting, and persevering in, his illicit marriage, and transferred his love to a virgin named Matilda, the daughter of Count Theoderic by Reinilda, who is believed to have been a descendant from Witikind. Certain it is, that Henry dismissed his first wife, although she had borne him a son, Tammo or Thankmar, and espoused Matilda. This lady, who appears not to have married the Duke without some scrupulous hesitation, was yet more distinguished by talent, high-mindedness, genuine virtue, and exalted piety, than by her beauty. Seldom do we meet with such unanimous and unmingled praise as in all recorded opinions concerning this Matilda."

After the death of Conrad, that king's brother, Eberhard, carried the ensigns of royalty to Saxony; and, as Mannert informs us,

"with his gladsome communication surprised Duke Henry, when engaged in the sport of hawking. This circumstance, mentioned by later writers, does not appear in Witikind and other older annalists; nevertheless, it must not be rejected as fictitious. The tradition was preserved amongst the people, and received from them by the annalists, who distinguished Henry by the surname of the Fowler, for which there must have been some foundation."

Luden, who takes no notice of this little incident, tells us that Eberhard, by Henry's desire—

"convoked an assembly of all the Franks at Fritzlar, for the beginning of the year 919. Thither Duke Henry repaired, accompanied by the princes and lords of the Saxon people, who triumphed in the honour done to their noble Duke. In this assembly, Count Eberhard proposed Duke Henry as king. Franks and Saxons with one accord gave him their votes, and Henry, the first of his name, received the oath of allegiance from all. Hereupon Heriger, Archbishop of Mainz, the first ecclesiastical prince of the empire, offered to place the crown upon his head, and to confer upon him in the church the priestly anointment and benediction. But the new king, wise, experienced and ready-witted, sought to avoid this holy ceremony, and actually did avoid it, concealing his reluctance under a veil of devout modesty.



'Sufficiently glorious for me,' said he, 'sufficient exaltation above my ancestors is it, that, by God's grace and your favour, I am called king—I am king. Let us reserve coronation and anointment for those who shall be worthy of them, which I am not.'

Mannert nevertheless asserts that Henry *was* crowned, and only declined anointment, and in fact the old authorities seem to contradict each other upon this, more curious than important, point. Both Professors, however, agree as to the object of the king's refusal, namely, the holding the crown independently of the clergy.

At the moment of Henry's election, Burkhard, the turbulent duke of Swabia, was engaged in war with Rudolph II. of Burgundy, whom he had just defeated.

"Henry, judging the moment propitious, immediately sent envoys to Burkhard, requiring his acknowledgment of him as king. Burkhard, seeing in Henry only Conrad's successor, rejected the demand. He thought it good, however, to make peace with Rudolph, and the vanquished did not hesitate to accept the fair offers of the victor. Burkhard gave his daughter Bertha to the young king in marriage, and gained, as he hoped, a useful ally in his son-in-law. With heightened confidence did he now fancy he might venture to slight King Henry. But this monarch, meanwhile, was hastening with an army to Swabia, to show the audacious duke the difference betwixt himself and Conrad. When Burkhard saw the united force of Saxons, Thuringians and Franks; when he observed the spirit of joyous harmony with which the combined host followed the standard of the new king, his courage sank, and his stubbornness gave way to prudence; he bowed before the king, and submitted himself and his people."

Henry next turned to Bavaria, where Duke Arnulf was deliberating upon the propriety of acceding to the people's wish, and assuming the title of king of Bavaria. But Arnulf, like Burkhard, at once saw that he was no match for Henry. The king invited the duke to a conference.

"Arnulf accepted the invitation, and issued from the gates of Ratisbon in full armour. The king met him unarmed. This confidence subdued the duke, and his crabbed spirit softened at the words of friendliness. Henry now spoke of the German realm, of the German people and fatherland, of the necessity of union against friends and foes, of the blessings of internal peace, of honour and shame, of renown and infamy, so mildly and impressively, that Arnulf, laying aside his wonted stubbornness, yielded to the king, acknowledged his dependence upon the German empire, and promised to be Henry's vassal for evermore. \* \* \* Henry left the government of Bavaria, with king authority, to the duke."

During these German disturbances, Charles the Simple had invaded and nearly overrun Elsass, the original German name of

Alsace, then, it will be remembered, included in Lotharingen. But in 921, Henry advanced against him with an army; Charles retired before the German monarch, evacuating Alsace; and negotiations ensued.

"At length, in the month of October, an interview took place near Bonn, in a vessel anchored in the mid-channel of the Rhine, on board which the two kings, attended by some of their bishops and counts, with all due precaution, simultaneously repaired from the opposite banks. On board of this vessel peace was concluded betwixt the kings of the West and East Franks, Charles and Henry, according to the form of older treaties, and it was reciprocally ratified by oath, in presence of the bishops and counts. The terms were, that each king should retain the portion of Lotharingen that he possessed before the war."

But soon after this transaction began that French insurrection, which ended in the deposal and imprisonment of Charles the Simple, and the usurpation of one great vassal after another; until, after another Carlovingian interval, Hugh Capet finally fixed himself and his dynasty upon the throne. The attachment of any part of Lotharingen to France was solely loyalty to the very shadow of a Carlovingian; and, now—

"The Lotharingians were divided. One party, headed by Witger, Archbishop of Metz, addressed themselves to Rudolph, the new King of France; another party, whose leaders were Duke Gisibert and Rotgar, Archbishop of Treves, invited the German monarch to take possession of Lothar's realm. Rudolph hastened to Lotharingen, and, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Metz, first turned his arms against Zabern, in Alsace, where Henry had stationed some troops for the protection of the country. He could not vanquish the German warriors, but wrung from them a promise to remain quiet. Henry, on the other hand, did not loiter. In the year 923, he led an army across the Rhine. Immediately, one party of the Lotharingians joined, another opposed him. Hostilities ensued, accompanied by devastation and misery. Henry seems to have been obliged to retreat beyond the Rhine. But he soon returned, probably the following year, pressed irresistibly onward, attacked Metz, and constrained his most violent adversary, the archbishop, to submit. And now all Lotharingen acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Germany.

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"But those Lotharingians who did not speak German were still disaffected. Hence constant disorders, constant confusion. With all his superiority of mind, Henry could never rely upon the Lotharingians. Now he awed them by a display of German forces; now he thought it better to court them by conciliation and kindness, to purchase the fidelity of the great nobles by every sort of favour, and to secure the greatest, Duke Gisibert, now by stratagem, now by the ties of consanguinity, giving him his daughter Gerberga in marriage."

Of the advantages of this last measure, Mannert thinks highly. He says,

"The whole state of affairs henceforth assumed an altered aspect. Gisbert had hitherto been duke in his own possessions; Henry now gives him his daughter Gerberga to wife, names him Duke of Lotharingen, and consequently confers upon him a superintendence over the other nobles. Lotharingen thus rose to the dignity of a national duchy of the realm of the East Franks. In this situation it continued, though in after-times claimed vainly by France. By nature it was and is German, its inhabitants being originally Germans, speaking the German language."

But whilst Henry was recovering the former frontier of his kingdom to the west, his hereditary states, as well as the southern provinces, were suffering grievously in the east.

"The Hungarians were again in Germany. Since Henry's accession, the country had been spared by them, they having found enough to plunder and to do in Italy, where they had fought the battles of the contending kings, readily serving whomsoever would pay them. \* \* \* They now revisited Germany. \* \* \* In 924, whilst Henry was beyond the Rhine, they passed in swarms through the Slavonian territories, conjointly with the Slavonians, burst into Saxony, where they overran the undefended land, and wrought frightful devastation. The following year they again appeared, it should seem, in two bodies. One body fell upon Swabia, not unaware probably of the absence of Duke Burkhard, who had marched into Italy to assist his son-in-law, King Rudolph. Bishop Ulrich's gold saved Augsburg; Constance saw its suburbs in flames; the abbey of St. Gall was visited, and, though found deserted and stripped, was soiled and polluted; and if Count Luitfrid in Alsace repulsed the terrible horde, he did not prevent their penetrating into France, whence they carried off an immense booty. The other body invaded Saxony, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Henry, it is averred, would not risk a pitched battle against the barbarians, because his warriors were unacquainted with their mode of fighting. He therefore patiently awaited a favourable opportunity in the town of Wörla; and not in vain. An Hungarian prince, most likely Duke Zoltan himself, fell into the hands of the Saxons. The Hungarians were in despair at this misfortune. They could not storm Wörla; to return home without their prince seemed an impossibility. They therefore offered the king any ransom for their captive prince. \* \* \* Henry rejected every offer of the kind, and required a lasting peace. The Hungarians were reluctant, but had no choice. They concluded a peace for nine years, not only recovering their prince, but, under the name of a present, obtaining a tribute that was to be paid to them annually. Henry thus procured for his kingdom an interval of repose that had become indispensable, whilst he himself obtained leisure for preparations, institutions, fortifications, that he did not allow to pass unused. And with such advantages, he

might well deem the disgrace, that the payment of tribute must be confessed to have brought upon Germany, excusable."

Henry's internal administration, during this period of not very honourable peace, is but imperfectly known, such matters not being of the kind that interested the old chroniclers. We find, however, that he wisely conciliated the different German nations and their dukes, whose submission he had extorted, thus keeping them ever willing to obey his summons to the field; and that he retained his hereditary duchies of Saxony and Thuringia in his own hands. With regard to military measures, he seems to have thought first of defensive precautions, and directed his attention to the towns, as yet but scarce in Germany, as capable of affording personal security against savage inroads.

"He strengthened and enlarged the fortifications of the existing towns; he provided them with suburbs and churches for the reception of poor people, and for recalling the misled and perverted to quiet and order. He founded new towns, and endeavoured to obtain them a permanent population; he favoured both old and new, and in every way promoted their importance."

He next provided garrisons for his towns.\*

"From amongst all the land-owners who owed vassal-service, or were bound to obey the king's summons to arms, the ninth man was selected to reside in a town. He prepared dwellings for himself and his eight companions in arms, as also store-houses; inasmuch as the other eight were to sow, reap, and harvest for themselves and for the ninth, the townsman, and to convey one-third of the produce into the town, there to be preserved and secured. In case of danger, all were to betake themselves into the town, and there find protection, military resources, and provisions. And now the building of towns was urged on with zealous diligence, by day and by night. Further, what would be needful in war was practised in peace. Lastly, in order to render the towns more agreeable to the Germans, whose free spirit had of old entertained an aversion to walls, the king ordered that all public diets, provincial assemblies and tribunals, ay, all social meetings, should be held in towns only."

Mannert has collected somewhat more information respecting Henry's military preparations; and in the first place offers some remarks touching the ninth men selected for garrison duty.

"Were these levies free men, already experienced in war, or villeins? Boldly may we answer neither. The proper *miles* (warrior) was worthless as a foot soldier, or for the defence of walls, and the villein might not bear arms without his lord's command. Free or partially dependent\* peasants composed the new infantry, which was in fact merely a

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\* This is the sense in which Mannert seems to use the term *hörige*, as describing men who partially sacrificed their independence, for the sake of a great lord's protection.

regular revival of the general call to arms in the times of Charles the Great, when every five men were bound to equip the sixth for war, and to support him. \* \* \* Now, effective men only were raised; they were armed, and their weapons were always the property of the eldest son of the family; they were regularly trained, not only to the defence of fortified towns, but to service in the field. \* \* \*

"A serviceable infantry was thus provided, but the heavy-armed cavalry, constituting the chief force of the kingdom, likewise required improvement. \* \* \* These warriors were exercised in arms from their youth, but in no regular order. As the several bodies, each under its own banner, collected into an army, so they stood ready for the onslaught, and were assuredly superior to the Hungarians, if these could be brought to encounter them. But how rapidly to open and close their ranks, to overtake and compel to pitched battle the Hungarians who evaded their shock, of this they knew nothing. These warriors then required to be exercised in bodies, and were so by Henry in person. \* \* \* One of his orders was, that the warrior who had a good horse must not gallop away before the rest, in order to show his courage, but remain in his place. \* \* \* Light cavalry was still indispensable, to engage the restless Hungarians, and give the heavy-armed time to come up. For this a resource offered, applicable only at that season. We have already seen that great numbers of highway-robbers disturbed the country, under the Carlovingians; their bands had prodigiously increased during the late feeble reigns. \* \* \* Few were ever caught; they found assistance even amongst the nobles. Now appeared the king's proclamation: 'Pardon for the past: the criminal, in expectation of his amendment, shall be fed, and admitted into honourable military service.' By this one measure Henry obtained a numerous light cavalry, Horsemen, and expeditious horsemen they had ever been; for on foot no one could hope to make any progress in his notable handicraft; he would at once have been taken. The robber now followed his trade in honourable guise. His horse he mostly brought with him."

Whether Henry found difficulty in enforcing these innovations, devised by an intellect far in advance of his age, is not known, but Luden is convinced that—

"The beneficial effect of his measures must have been universally felt and acknowledged. \* \* \* The German nations saw in him the first man of his age; the dukes and princes, their pattern, and therefore their king. \* \* \* The king showed himself more and more good and noble, more and more deserving of love and admiration. He practised all the observances of religion with humble piety, and left no fault unexpiated. He was liberal to all, and never refused a request made to him. He loved cheerful jests, but, even amongst his most intimate friends, so maintained his dignity, that no one ever forgot himself in his presence. In bodily exercises he excelled all competitors in strength, quickness, adroitness, agility, and endurance."

The military preparations just recorded were carried on du-

ring the nine years' truce with the Hungarians; but no such armistice existed with the ever-restless Slavonian tributaries, and it should seem that the growing prowess of the troops was often tried against these less formidable enemies, before it was put to the proof against the dreaded Magyars.

"Henry's first enterprise seems to have been against the Havellans, so named by the Germans, probably from their inhabiting the banks of the Havel. These he wearied out in several engagements. Then, in the depth of winter, he suddenly appeared before their town, Brenzaburg, now Brandenburg; encamped upon the ice, and reduced the place, as much by cold and hunger as by the sword. He next turned his arms against the Daleminzians, those old friends of the Hungarians, upon whom he had, in early youth, proved his military talents and valour. They occupied the left bank of the Elbe, not far from the Bohemian borders. He attacked their town, Grona or Grana, and took it by storm on the twentieth day of siege. And cruel was the lot to which this town was doomed. It was given up to be sacked; all adults were put to the sword, and the children carried off as slaves. These horrors seem to have struck all other Slavonian nations with terror. \* \* \* The Bohemians, likewise, had again tried to shake off the German yoke; and had not even been able to quell internal discord. Two brothers, Wenceslaus and Boleslaus, seem at this time to have governed Bohemia, one on either bank of the Elbe; sub-kings held single provinces under them. Wenceslaus was a Christian, and Prague his capital; Boleslaus adhered to the religion of his fathers. If they concurred in wishing to be free from the Germans, difference of religion, jealousy, and other passions prevented a cordial union betwixt them. So much the easier was it for King Henry to reduce part at least of Bohemia to subjection. He advanced with a large army upon Prague, and the king was constrained to surrender. Henry levied a tribute from the Bohemians, and endeavoured to secure their submission by clemency and humanity, in all possible ways favouring King Wenceslaus. He thus confirmed that prince's fidelity for the remainder of his life; but at the same time inflamed the dissension between the brothers to implacable enmity.

"Whilst Henry was engaged in Bohemia the Redarians made another attempt to regain their liberty. They surprised the town of Walisleben, murdered such of the inhabitants as they did not drag away into slavery, and then set the place on fire. At sight of the flames all those Slavonian tribes whom the German arms, or their own fears, had rendered tributary, revolted. \* \* \* Henry sent an army against the Redarians, under Counts Bernhard and Thietmar. \* \* \* The battle was hard fought. (The other Slavonians had joined the Redarians.) \* \* \* The whole Slavonian army was destroyed; two hundred thousand men are said to have fallen. The Redarian town Luncin surrendered,—men, women, and children giving themselves up to slavery. Hereupon the collective Slavonian nations bowed anew to the fate they had proved unable to avert, and the frontiers of the Ger-

man empire were advanced further eastward than those of the Frank empire had ever been.

" \* \* \* Henry now felt himself strong enough to encounter the Hungarians, and resolved no longer to endure the disgrace of paying tribute. The historian Wittikind gives us the following words, as addressed by him to the assembled Saxons, in order to gain their sanction of the intended war, and, simple as they are, they do not ill mark the condition of the times. 'How distracted the empire formerly was, and from what great dangers it is hardly rescued, you yourselves best know, you, who have suffered so much from troubles at home and foreign wars. You now see all quiet and united, through God's mercy, our exertions, and your courage; you see the barbarians conquered and reduced to slavery. But one thing still remains; it is necessary that we rise in common against our common foe the Hungarians. Hitherto I have robbed you and your children to fill the treasury of these Hungarians; henceforward I must rob the churches and the servants of the Church; for to us nothing remains but our lives and limbs. Bethink you what it were best to do. Shall I plunder the churches of their valuables, and give them to God's enemies? Or shall I use the money for the honour of God, that we may be freed through HIM who is our Creator and Saviour?' At these words the people lifted hand and voice to heaven, and swore to assist their king against the savage race."

Luden rejects the old chroniclers' tale of the manner in which Henry refused the accustomed tribute, deeming it unworthy of so great a man. But as we suspect that what appears ungentelemanly to Professor Luden may, in the tenth century, have been thought merely ingenious and spirited, we take the anecdote from Mannert.

"The nine years' truce with the Hungarians had now expired. They sent ambassadors to prolong it, or at least to receive the tribute, as during its continuance. In lieu of tribute they received a dog, whose tail and ears had been cut off. A heinous insult in those days, though not now, when dogs thus mutilated are seen in every street."

It should seem that Henry either was not quite as thoroughly prepared as he should have been at the moment of sending such a message, or had miscalculated the constant state of preparation of the foes he defied, who, living a life of foray, were, like the Napier, Ready, aye ready.\* That same year, 932, the Hungarians poured through the Slavonian territories into Germany; in the first instance defeated Henry himself, and, dividing into two bodies, committed their usual atrocious ravages. One of these bodies, that took a southern course, was afterwards defeated in Thuringia, by the Saxon Counts Sigefrid and Hermann.

"The other body, which had turned to the right, suffered its march to be delayed by lust of plunder. The King had a half-sister, borne to

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\* The motto of the Napier family.

his father by a concubine, and married to a Thuringian named Wido, with whom she dwelt in a town called Widonsburg, which may, perhaps, be the present Wittenberg. The Hungarians had heard of this princess, and of her great wealth in gold and silver. They quitted their direct road, turned towards Widonsburg, and crossed the Elbe, thinking to take the town and carry off the treasure as they passed. They met with a resistance as obstinate as it was unexpected. Meanwhile King Henry was assembling an army, at a considerable distance to guard against interruption. . . . . When assembled, he marched towards the Hungarians."

The Hungarians heard of their comrades' defeat and the King's movements. They raised the siege; but it was to go in search of Henry.

"With their wonted rapidity they reached his neighbourhood before he knew of their march. They pitched a camp in which to secure the booty already collected, and then hastened to the attack.

"Henry led his troops from their camp and drew them up in battle array. He rode through their ranks, and spoke words of encouragement to all. . . . . The warriors shouted their cheerful reply, and the king's anticipations of success were at once fulfilled. The Hungarians fled at the first sight of the Saxon cavalry. . . . . Those left to guard the camp were seized with the general panic; they likewise took to flight, leaving all their booty to the victors. And the victors not only found abundant riches, but had the joy of releasing great numbers of German women and virgins from woful slavery, and restoring them to their families!"

Thus had been rather a casual rout than a thorough defeat, and Henry expected that the Magyars would seek to avenge it, when spring should again favour their predatory inroads. He accordingly established a winter camp in northern Thuringia, and fixed his own residence at Wörla. Towards spring it was known that the Hungarians were in motion, and the note of preparation resounded throughout Germany.

"The Hungarians came on; the king remained quietly in his camp, avoiding a battle. He wished first to accustom his forces, especially those who had joined the army since autumn, to the aspect and ways of the Hungarians. For the same purpose he sent some squadrons of cavalry to skirmish with the Hungarians. At length he led forth his army in battle array. . . . . The battle was long and terrible. Victory more than once fluctuated. The left wing of the Germans, under Count Hoyer, defeated a large body of the barbarians, who fled in the utmost confusion, and were impetuously pursued by the victors, over a disadvantageous country. This threw the Germans into some disorder; and now the Hungarians, suddenly rallying, renewed the conflict with such fury, that the Germans were, in their turn, put to flight. But Henry sent the requisite succours to his hard-pressed troops, and the fight was maintained. At length victory decided for the Germans. It was com-



plete. But the Hungarians fought with the fury of desperation. Hence their leaders fell; their banners were lost; the great majority slain, and few remained unwounded. Their camp, with all its contents, including their booty, fell into the hands of the Germans. The army, as touched with inspiration, hailed King Henry Emperor."

During these wars with the Slavonians and Hungarians, the Danes had invaded and ravaged Saxony. Henry resolved to secure his northern frontier.

"For this great object two things were essential. First, a March or Margraviate must be established beyond the old German frontier, the experience of a century having proved the Eyder and its fortifications to be an insufficient defence: secondly, the Danes must be converted to Christianity; since the incessant opposition between Christianity and paganism suffered no peace to subsist, no social intercourse to arise, between the neighbouring and kindred nations....."

"In the year 934 he undertook this expedition..... He gained a great victory over the Danes, by which he broke their power, and forced them to conclude a peace, ceding to him the country between the Eyder and the Sley. This land Henry erected into a Margraviate, that took its name from Sleswick. The Margrave resided at Sleswick, surrounded by Saxon warriors; and Saxon colonists were established throughout the Margraviate. In the autumn Archbishop Unni, of Hamburg or Bremen, visited Sleswick, that he might not prove inferior in pious zeal to his revered predecessors, but extend, as far as possible, his diocese and episcopal cares. He was followed by great part of the Bremen clergy, and crowds of monks, all actuated by the like zeal, and by veneration for their devout pastor. Gaurm, King of Denmark, with whom Henry had waged war and made peace, was a virulent enemy to the Christian faith. Upon him Unni's eloquence and doctrines proved unavailing, as did Henry's threats. But Gaurm's son Hariold was more docile. With the people the struggle was arduous; but Christian ecclesiastics pressed in, through the doors that Henry's victory had opened, and churches arose here and there. Archbishop Unni named pastors for these churches; and then repaired to Sweden, there also to preach the Gospel....."

"....."It has been said that Henry, when he had vanquished the Slavonians, Hungarians, and Danes, contemplated an expedition to Italy and Rome. But this tale deserves little credence..... Had Henry wished to extend his power further, he might have found a more convenient opportunity nearer home!"

This refers to the then distracted condition of France, which, Luden thinks, Henry might easily have conquered. But he contented himself with such interference as might keep his still fickle son-in-law, Duke Gisibert, steady to his German allegiance.

"But whatever designs Henry might have cherished, he would have had no time to execute any. To him was allotted the happiness of

being called from this life in all the freshness of his glory, that no ill-judged attempt might impair his renown, no imbecility of age obscure the recollection of his days of energy. Already, in the year 935, he had suffered a paralytic stroke. He had recovered from it, and stood with unweakened soul. But a consciousness of his approaching end remained, urging him to pious foundations, to cares for the future weal of the empire and of his own family.....His eldest son was Thankmar, borne to him by Hatburg.....What might be King Henry's feelings towards this child of his impassioned love, we know not. But it is conceivable that Henry should not wish Thankmar to succeed him. An ineffaceable stain rested upon his birth.....Matilda had borne to Henry, besides two daughters, three sons, all distinguished in mind and in person; youths endowed with the fairest virtues, the noblest qualities, who justified the proudest hopes. Their names were Otho, Henry, and Bruno. Bruno's youthful soul early inclined to study and a contemplative life; he was accordingly destined for holy orders; and it might be hoped that, as a prince of the church, he would be able effectually to assist in confirming the greatness of his house. Otho and Henry seemed alike in genius and energy, equally fitted to take their father's place. Otho was the eldest, and the king deemed it proper to respect the rights of primogeniture.....But Henry, who, as the younger, had remained longer with his mother, enjoyed her especial favour; and the queen, with all her high-mindedness, desired to seat her darling on his father's throne. This wish she justified upon the plea, that Otho was born when his father was only a duke, Henry after he was a king....The king invited the princes of the empire, spiritual and temporal, to hold a diet at Erfurt. There he proposed the question, which of his sons would they choose for his successor? No one expressed a doubt but that a son of Henry's must be king, or that the son must be Otho....

"When this great affair was terminated Henry left Erfurt for Memleben on the Unstrut, where he had a palace. Here a second paralytic attack laid him upon his bed. He never rose from it more. When he felt his end approaching, he summoned his consort to his bed-side, spoke long with her in private, and then pronounced the following words in an audible voice: 'I thank my Saviour that I do not survive thee. Never had man a wife of more approved fidelity and piety. Take my thanks. Thou hast tempered my wrath, hast in all things given me profitable counsel, hast kept me steadfast to justice, and awakened in me compassion for the oppressed. I now commend thee and our children, together with my departing soul, to the Almighty God, and to the prayers of God's saints.' The deeply agitated queen, after hearing these words, betook her to the church, and prostrated herself before the altar. At that moment died King Henry. Before Matilda quitted the church, the *Presbyter Adeldag*, a kinsman of her own, was chanting a requiem for the deceased monarch. This was the 2nd of July, 936. Henry was in the seventeenth year of his reign and the sixtieth of his age."

The genius, sound judgment, and exertions of Henry I., bequeathed a splendid inheritance, in dominions, resources, and

fame, to his son Otho, whose coronation, for that reason possibly, offers the first imperfect sketch of the honours subsequently paid to the emperors of the holy Roman empire. The description of the ceremony is on this account curious, and we extract it.

"After Otho had again been acknowledged as king by the united Franks and Saxons, a general diet was convoked at Aix, the consecrated seat of Charles the Great, that the other German nations likewise might pronounce their recognition and assent. At this diet appeared the dukes and princes, the generals and public functionaries, of all the German nations, together with no small multitude of ecclesiastics. They were attended by a numerous escort of vassals.....

"..... The dukes, princes and officials assembled in a large hall adjoining the cathedral built by Charles the Great. The youthful duke Otho appeared in the Frank garb. The princes placed him on a throne, then they and the functionaries of the empire came forward, gave him their hands, and swore to be true to him as their king, and to aid him against all his enemies. Meanwhile the three archbishops of Mainz, Treves, and Cologne, were in the cathedral, with all the clergy and a great crowd of people. A contest had arisen between the archbishops of Cologne and Treves, as to which should perform the priestly office in the ceremony; Aix lying in the diocese of the first, the second asserting that his was the oldest episcopal see, founded by St. Peter himself..... As a compromise, they both resigned the office to Hildebert, archbishop of Mainz.....

"When Otho had received the oaths of the princes and functionaries, archbishop Hildebert invited him into the church. He received him at the door, with his left hand took the king's right, and, bearing his crozier in his own right, led him into the nave of the church, so that he might be seen by all. Then, turning to the people, the prelate said, 'This is King Otho, chosen by God, named by Henry, acknowledged by all the princes. If you are content with the election, hold up your right hands.' At the priest's word all hands were raised, a general cry of joy resounded, and called down the blessing of God upon the new king. After this homage the archbishop led the king to the altar, upon which lay the ensigns of royalty..... Hildebert took the sword and baldric from the altar, delivered both to the king, and spoke thus: 'Take this sword; with it shalt thou, in the authority committed to thee by God, and with the power of the united empire of the Franks, vanquish the enemies of Christ, and the barbarians, and the bad Christians, and establish peace in Christendom.'"

With similar symbolical explanations, the archbishop invested the king with the other ensigns of royalty. Then

"the crowned king was attended by the ecclesiastical princes to a magnificent throne, erected between beautiful marble columns; and whilst he sat there, seeing, and seen by all, a hymn of thanksgiving was sung, and high mass performed.

"When the church ceremony was over, the king repaired to the palace of Charles the Great, where a festal banquet closed the day. . . . The dukes defrayed the cost of the entertainment. . . . Giselbert, Duke of Lotharingen, Otho's brother-in-law, had the ordering of the whole, and, as Aix was in his duchy, furnished all that was needful for the service of the table and for the decoration of the banquet. Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, brother of Conrad I., undertook for the supply of provisions, and Hermann, Duke of Swabia, for that of drink. Lastly, Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, had the care of lodging and feeding the troops of horsemen who were present."

Saxony took no part, as having no other duke than Otho himself, though he speedily transferred that title to Count Hermann Billung. This allotment of the several offices of hospitality has been often considered as, in a manner at least, the original institution of the subsequent great imperial offices of the electors. But this appears to have been a mere arrangement of the princes amongst themselves, for their own convenience in entertaining their king, and as such only was repeated at the coronation of Otho II. Besides, the offices, in our estimation menial, held by the several electors, need no particular origin, the like having usually been held hereditarily by great vassals at all feudal courts. The noblest youth performed such duties during their education in a noble castle. From this practice no sort of degradation could attach to such services.

Otho's government was long disturbed by family broils and civil wars. First, his half-brother, Thankmar, revolted, and his rebellion ended only with his life: he was shot by a soldier through the window of a church in which he had taken sanctuary. Then Otho's full brother, Henry, followed Thankmar's example, and was supported by their common brother-in-law, Duke Giselbert, who aimed at rendering Lotharingen an independent kingdom. This rebellion also was quelled, Henry was pardoned, and Giselbert drowned in his flight after a lost battle. He was succeeded by his infant son, upon whose early death Otho bestowed the duchy, with the hand of his own daughter, Luitgard, upon Conrad, a Franconian count and celebrated warrior. But Henry, who proved himself little deserving of the eulogies previously lavished upon him by Luden, a discrepancy of which, by the way, this author takes no notice, continued at every opportunity to provoke civil war, until, in 947, he was finally conciliated by his nomination as Duke of Bavaria, a dignity conferred upon him to the exclusion of the sons of the deceased Duke Arnulf; but, as a sort of compromise between hereditary right and the king's claim to appoint every new duke, Henry married Arnulf's daughter, Judith.

But if Henry now became a loyal vassal, he did not the less remain his brother's evil genius. He now excited dissensions between Otho and Ludolf, Otho's only son by his first queen, Edid or Edgid, an Anglo-Saxon princess, bearing in her own country the name of Edgitha. These dissensions arose after Edgitha's death, and became more vehement after Otho's second marriage, with the romance of which we shall now endeavour to relieve the painful tale of war and desolation that we have had to relate, and which, if we do not continue to relate, it is to spare ourselves and readers, not from any deficiency of such subjects. But even this fragment of romance will need, to render it intelligible, a brief introductory glance at the internal distractions of Italy.

Even from the time of the emperor Arnulf's death, had that fair but unfortunate peninsula remained a prey to contending kings and emperors, to say nothing of Saracens, nobles, and popes, with whom we have no concern. During the conflicts of the first-mentioned personages, a certain Count Hugh of Vienne,—who, without assuming the kingly title, had, in point of fact, deposed the kings of Arles, or, as it is sometimes called, Lower Burgundy, and possessed himself of their authority,—sold that state to Rudolph, King of Alpine Burgundy, or rather bartered it with him for the title of King of Italy, the mountain sovereign being one of the candidates warring for the peninsular monarchy. Hugh's son, Lothar, married Adelheid, Rudolph's daughter, and for a while maintained the struggle against a second king Berengar, grandson to the first. At length, upon Lothar's untimely, sudden, and, as Luden thinks, suspicious death, Berengar became, and for the moment remained, undisputed King of Italy: and now we proceed to the adventures of Lothar's youthful widow, Adelheid of Burgundy.

“ This beautiful princess, now in the twentieth year of her age, was celebrated as much for her beauty and winning manners, as for her piety, virtue, and understanding. These qualities, and the misfortunes that had befallen her, even in the bloom of early youth, had given her a hold upon the hearts of all men in whose bosoms generous feelings dwelt; and of such men there was no want in those any more than in other times. Berengar, therefore, whether he were or were not the author of her widowhood, dared not hold her cheap. . . . . His wish was to marry the beautiful widow to his son Adalbert, and by this union to gain over to his side not only all those who had been followers of Lothar, but likewise all whom Adelheid had won to her interest since her husband's death, or might still win. But Adelheid, in the depth of her sorrow, rejected Adalbert's suit, whether it were that the young prince himself were disagreeable to her, or that she

could not reconcile herself to the idea of marrying a man, whose father she regarded as the murderer of the husband of her youth, of the father of her infant daughter.

"Adelheid's refusal exasperated Berengar. . . . . He found means to seize her person, and shut her up in a castle upon a rock of the Lago di Garda. Here she was undoubtedly subjected to harsh and unworthy treatment: since she had rejected the tender addresses of a wooer, she must be reduced, by want and privation, to long for that deliverance, which was offered her only on condition of her marrying the detested Adalbert. . . . . But the story of Adelheid's imprisonment, and of the ill usage with which it was accompanied, has been worked up by report, tradition, and poetry, into a fairy tale. The chroniclers took delight in placing the humiliations that the illustrious lady was constrained to endure in glaring opposition to the grandeur and splendour to which she was subsequently raised, in order to enhance the recompense awarded by divine justice to steadfast virtue. The facts seem to be these:—

"Queen Adelheid was released from captivity by a priest named Martin, who managed to elude or deceive Berengar's vigilance. From this moment until she found an asylum, she ran many risks. Attended by a single maid, she lay hidden during the day amidst reeds or in corn, and at night resumed her wanderings. She suffered hunger and thirst; she found refreshment and safety only in a poor fisherman's hut. Meanwhile her situation was made known to Adelhard, bishop of Reggio, her devoted and trusty adherent. The bishop consulted with Marquess Azzo, who held the castle of Canossa, in vassalage of the church of Reggio. This castle stood on a steep solitary rock; Azzo's skill had aided nature, and Canossa was deemed impregnable. Queen Adelheid was secretly introduced into this rock-fortress, and here she first found solace under her afflictions."

But the marquess and bishop could not rely upon their own force to protect the persecuted widow, and perhaps were unwilling to brave king Berengar, without some effective support. They despatched the priest Martin, Adelheid's deliverer, to solicit the aid of the most potent monarch of his day, Otho I., who, by this time (951) had subdued all his domestic foes, and quelled an insurrection of tributary Sclavonians. It is by no means unlikely that Azzo and Adelhard may have offered the hand of the beautiful widowed queen to the widower king, as the price of his services; and Berengar's very persecution of Adelheid showed the political importance of the offer; but we fully adopt the opinion of our two authors, that, if the princess herself wrote to Otho, it could only be to ask his gratuitous protection. Otho, whether impelled by chivalrous gallantry or by ambition, at once resolved upon an expedition to Italy; and, to save time, whilst he was assembling his more northern forces, he first sent forward his brother and son, the dukes of the southern duchies of

Bavaria and Swabia, with their troops. Ludolf had been invested with the latter duchy, upon marrying the only daughter of the deceased Duke Hermann.

"Henry crossed the Carinthian Alps, conquered Aquileia, and penetrated further into Italy. . . . . When the Swabian army, under its duke, descended from the Ræhtian Alps, and entered Italy, Ludolf found every city closed against him, every where met with unexpected obstruction, and vainly did he call upon the Italians to submit to his father. The young prince, whose first essay in arms this was, who was bent upon gratifying his parent, and upon showing the world that the genius of his father and grandfather was not wanting in him, fell into the greatest embarrassment."

This, Luden, as it should seem upon Ludolf's authority, imputes to the artifices of Duke Henry. What is certain is, that Henry retained his conquests, and that Ludolf retreated into Germany; afterwards returning southward with his father, who now advanced at the head of a powerful army.

"By his very arrival every thing was at once decided. Berengar, terrified at the might of the king, formerly his protector, fell back, and retreated into the western mountains. The cities opened their gates without resistance; even Pavia, then considered as the capital of Lombardy, peacefully admitted the German army. Milan alone seems to have been carried at the point of the sword." . . . . .

"But along with this prosperity, discord entered the German host, and there found abundant food. The king had not seen his son's failure without annoyance. He might probably ascribe it to imprudence and inexperience, and therefore look less kindly upon his son. Ludolf endeavoured to throw the blame upon his uncle; but Otho would not listen to him \* \* \*. Ludolf, who thought his father unjust, became shy and mistrustful. And whilst he was brooding over his anger, Queen Adelheid came, upon Otho's invitation, from Canossa to Pavia. At her approach the king sent his brother Henry with a guard of honour to escort her. Her reception at Pavia was most ceremonious, most magnificent. And quickly was every thing settled; the widower king was to marry the widowed queen."

This projected marriage excited the most violent jealousy and resentment in Ludolf; and Henry, we are assured, blew the flames.

"Ludolf, in youthful impetuosity, formed an unfortunate resolution. Without permission or leave-taking, he quitted Italy with his Swabians, and crossed the Alps into his own country. And he went not alone. Many princes of the empire accompanied him."

These discontents did not, however, break out into rebellion before the year 935, and the immediate cause seems to have been a slight put by Otho upon his son-in-law Conrad. Ludolf

and Conrad conjointly rebelled, and for a while success attended their arms. But gradually they were overpowered, and the sentence of the College of Princes deprived them both of their respective duchies. Otho now divided Lotharingen into two duchies, Upper and Lower Lotharingen, and committed the general superintendence over the whole to his brother Bruno, now Archbishop of Cologne.

These civil wars revived the hopes of the Hungarians; they renewed their devastating inroads, and Henry and Ludolf reciprocally accused each other of having invited them into the country. We have no intention of wearying our readers with further details of the wars with barbarians, with which Otho's reign, like his father's, was harassed. But the battle of the Lechfeld was too important to be passed over in silence. In the year 935 the Hungarians in great force penetrated to the river Lech in Bavaria. There Otho, with an army drawn from all parts of Germany, met them on the 10th of August. The Hungarians were the first to attack. The battle was hard fought and long contested. In the end Otho triumphed, being mainly indebted for his success to the prowess and skill of his son-in-law Conrad, his confidence in whom appears to have been little impaired by that prince's revolt and punishment. The victory was purchased with Conrad's life.

"The joy was nevertheless great and universal. The king ordered a solemn service to be performed in every church throughout his dominions, giving thanks to God for the victory he had granted to the German arms. To Pope Anapet II., likewise, he, in the joy of his heart, sent tidings of this victory gained, not for Germany alone, but for all the Christian nations of the west. Those nations acknowledged that the victory of the Lechfeld was the greatest gained by any monarch for the last 200 years; and the victors, in exulting inspiration, hailed the king as emperor, and father of the country. In fact the consequences of this victory were most important. \* \* \* The Hungarians never again invaded Germany collectively. \* \* \* Scarcely a quarter of a century had elapsed since that battle, when many of the Hungarians knelt to the Cross: and, before the end of the tenth century, the princes of that people had acknowledged that the only security for the welfare and existence of the nation lay in the Christian religion, the universal Church, and the institutions of German life in peace and war. Such were the consequences of the victory of the Lechfeld."

When Germany was tranquil within and without, Otho revisited Italy, and, with Adelheid, received the iron crown of Lombardy at Milan, from the hands of the Archbishop of that city, and the Imperial crown at Rome, from those of the Pope.



He established his authority over the Romans, as well as his right to inquire into, and ratify, every Papal election, before the new Pontiff should assume the tiara. Upon his return from Italy, Otho visited his mother in a nunnery that she had built and endowed at Nordheim; and we cannot resist our inclination to soften the picture of these rude and troublous times, by extracting the simply touching account of their parting.

"Both felt that this parting would be their last. On the appointed day, the mother and son repaired early in the morning to church, to hear mass. After service Matilda thus spoke to the emperor: 'Once more, my dearest son, I repeat my request,' (for his favour to the nunnery). 'In this town I gave birth to your brother Henry, whom, because he bore your father's name, I have dearly loved. Your sister Gerberg likewise was born here. Therefore I have founded this convent, chiefly for the salvation of your father's and your brother's souls. Favour it. We speak together for the last time; let the recollection of your last sight of your mother always remind you of this convent.' Otho promised. She then embraced her son with tears, and accompanied him to the church-door. Otho mounted his horse. Then was he told that his mother had returned into the church, and was there upon her knees, covering his footsteps with tears and kisses. This message moved the strong man so powerfully that, springing from his horse, he hurried back into the church, flung himself once more into his mother's arms, and could with difficulty tear himself from her heart."

Otho's last years were much occupied in founding bishoprics, throughout such Slavonian districts as really owned his authority, in order thus to promote the conversion of the heathen inhabitants. In 973, in the 62d year of his age, Otho I. died suddenly; and with him again died the splendour of a dynasty. Ludolf had preceded his father to the tomb, and Otho I. was succeeded by his second son, Otho II. The short reigns of this prince and of his son, Otho III., offer nothing beyond the calamities usual to weak sovereigns of feudal kingdoms. They were followed by a yet feeble prince, Henry II., grandson to Otho I.'s troublesome brother of the same name; and he, who died childless in 1024, was the last of the Saxon kings.

Again the German princes were free to choose themselves a sovereign, and their election now again fell upon a Franconian, Count Conrad, the great-grandson of Conrad, Duke of Lotharingen, and of Luitgard, daughter of Otho I. Conrad II. distinguished in history by the surname of the Salic, was an able prince; but his reign was chiefly occupied by wars against the insurgent Slavonians, who had cast off the imbecile Henry's sovereignty, and in recovering the authority that this, his feeble predecessor,

had lost in Italy. Conrad II.'s principal achievement was annexing Burgundy, both Swiss and French, to Germany. He claimed that kingdom, either as the husband of Gisela, the heiress, if the succession were open to females, or, if not, as a fief lapsed to the crown for want of a male heir; and he accomplished his purpose, though not without some harshness and perhaps injustice to Ernest, Gisela's son by a first marriage.

Ernest, who, though his mother, the lineal heiress of Swabia as well as Burgundy, was still alive, had become Duke of Swabia upon his father's death, strove in arms against his step-father; and in many successive feuds the mediation of the Empress Gisela, wife of the one and mother of the other, succeeded in restoring peace, or at least mutual forbearance. At length the interference of third and fourth parties drove matters to extremities, and the end of this dispute offers, we think, a happy illustration of the manners and opinions of these times.

"A Swabian Count, named Welf, began a feud against a Swabian prelate, Bruno, Bishop of Augsburg, to whom Conrad had committed the education of his little son Henry. \* \* \* Duke Ernest perhaps took no part; certainly he did not oppose Welf; whence it is clear that he was no stranger to the Count's enterprise."

This might seem a hasty conclusion of our historian's; but from the context there can be little doubt of Ernest's having been from the first intimately connected with Count Welf, (an ancestor, we believe, of the House of Hanover,) and well acquainted, at least, with all his schemes. We cannot give the whole of this civil and domestic broil, but must select the most striking parts. Luden thus relates the catastrophe of the war between the Count and Bishop.

"In the following spring the Count took Augsburg, and put the Bishop to flight. Bruno, with his royal pupil, escaped across the Alps, and joined Conrad in Italy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Emperor summoned Duke Ernest and his partisans to a Diet at Ulm, that the Swabian disputes might be legally decided in Swabia. The Duke appeared, but not as a suppliant. He came in hostile array, surrounded by his Swabian vassals, either, thus armed, to conclude an honourable agreement with the Emperor, or to depart as an enemy and try the fortune of war. \* \* \* Before entering into negotiation, he again assembled and addressed his followers. He reminded them of their oath of fidelity; exhorted them not to forsake him, not to endanger his honour: he bade them remember their fathers, who had ever been true to their lords; and promised them, provided they would act as good Swabians, great present rewards, as well as future honour and glory. When he ceased speaking, the Counts Frederic and Anselm stood forward. \* \* \* They said, 'We purpose not to deny that we

have sworn fidelity to you against every man, him only excepted through whom we are subject to you. Were we the thralls of our King and Emperor, and by him given as thralls to you, then we might not sever ourselves from you. But we are free men; and the chief protector of our liberty is our King and Emperor. Should we desert him, we should therefore forfeit our liberty, which a nobleman resigns only with his life. So long as you require of us what is just and right, so long will we obey you. Should you demand other than that, we shall return freely thither, whence, conditionally and as free men, we came to you.'

"This declaration opened Duke Ernest's eyes. All, indeed, were not thus disposed. Many were resolved to run every risk with him; either because they had pledged themselves so to do, or because, knowing themselves the instigators of the insurrection and seducers of the young prince, they feared the Emperor's wrath. Of these Count Wernher of Kyburg was the bravest and noblest. But Duke Ernest felt that these few could not protect him. He saw the precipice upon which he stood; he saw his only resource, and, submitting unconditionally, threw himself upon the Emperor's mercy. Conrad accepted his submission, but judged it fitting to confine the untractable youth for a while in the Saxon fortress of Gibichenstein. All the Duke's followers at once submitted. \* \* \* Only Count Wernher disdained to yield. He flung himself into his strong castle of Kyburg, and there awaited the Emperor."

Of course this single Count could not resist the Emperor. His castle was taken, he became a fugitive, and the duchy of Swabia was Conrad's. But the fate of her son lay heavy on the heart of the Empress Gisela, whom Conrad tenderly loved; for her sake he resolved to release his step-son, and give him the duchy of Bavaria, instead of Swabia; since there, where he had no family connexions, his restless temper would be less able to excite rebellions. But untoward circumstances prevented the fulfilment of this wise and generous plan, and the Emperor now resolved to bestow Swabia upon him, first however completely separating him from his misleaders. He thus executed his purpose:—

"The Emperor kept his Easter at Ingelheim. He released Duke Ernest, and invited him thither. The Duke appeared. Conrad restored Swabia to him, but upon condition that he should swear to pursue, as a public enemy, the still contumacious and fugitive Count of Kyburg.

"Conrad, who had conceded so much from affection for his Empress, might deem this a fair and moderate condition. \* \* \* But Ernest, exasperated by his captivity, looked upon the restoration of Swabia, as only giving him back what was his own; whilst he thought himself wronged by the denial of his right to Burgundy: and for this was he required not only to abandon Count Wernher, who had fought for him, had lost all for his sake, was for his sake living the life of an outlaw—must he even persecute this faithful friend? Ernest rejected the Emperor's proposal, and fled, to share the lot of those who had proved true to him.

"The young prince's flight threw the Emperor into perplexity, the Empress into despair. \* \* \* To console the sorrowing mother, Conrad conferred the duchy of Swabia upon the younger son of her first marriage, Hermann, under the guardianship, during his nonage, of Warmann, Bishop of Constance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Duke Ernest, bursting with grief and anguish, with rage and affection, with all feelings, noble and ignoble, joined Count Wernher and a few faithful followers. \* \* \* He was now abandoned, even by his mother, and saw no resource but in his sword and the fidelity of his friends. With them he returned to the land of his birth, of which even in childhood he had been Duke. The little troop concealed themselves in the most inaccessible ravines of the Black Forest, supporting their wretched existence by plunder and by the chase. When armed men were sent out to seize the Duke and his band, the outlaws flung themselves into the rock-fortress of Falkenstein; and thence, compelled by hunger, plundered the neighbourhood. Want of food for themselves and their horses soon obliged them to extend their excursions. Count Manegold was now commissioned by Bishop Warmann to watch Duke Ernest and his companions, to prevent their marauding expeditions, and to shut them up in Falkenstein. The Count found means to seize at pasture the fine horses upon the strength and fleetness of which they relied in their adventurous excursions. The loss was irreparable. Ernest, Wernher, all, saw that no choice now remained but death in battle, death by famine, or a dastardly surrender at discretion. The choice could not be difficult. Having supplied themselves with horses, though of an inferior kind, they left the castle and the forest, on the 17th of August. They met Count Manegold and his men; few against many. The fight was horrible. Manegold and his warriors fought, like brave men, for honour, fame, and reward; Ernest and his comrades, like heroes self-devoted to death. Manegold and many of his party fell; Duke Ernest, sparing none, spared by none, covered with wounds, found the death he sought; so did his friend Wernher;—and the fight ended when the last of his band was slain."

And thus, partly from the unsettled state of the law respecting succession, and, indeed, respecting most other points, partly from the habits of fierce independence and self-reliance belonging to a rude age, the son of an Empress, the descendant, and perhaps heir of Kings, the legitimate and acknowledged Duke of a wealthy and powerful Duchy, fell as the leader of a band of robbers.

Conrad II. at his death transmitted the uncontested sovereignty of Germany, Burgundy, and Lombardy to his son Henry III., a prince as able and yet more energetic than himself; who, had his life been prolonged, might perhaps have secured the permanent union of Italy with Germany, and the subjection of the Popes to the Emperor. Luden, of course, rejoices that he did not live to effect this, and thereby change that course of events

which has produced good. During the seventeen years of his reign, Henry III. reduced the Duke of Bohemia to actual faithful vassalage, and compelled the Hungarians to acknowledge Peter, the nephew of their first Christian king, the subsequently canonized Stephen. He subdued insurrection, and enforced tranquillity amongst the great German vassals. He supported the citizens of Milan against the nobility, and thus helped to found the subsequent liberty of that republic. He acquired the right of naming the Popes, and cordially concurred with Hildebrand, then Papal adviser and director, afterwards the formidable Gregory VII., in his endeavours to purify the Church of Rome from the vices that defiled and deformed her, especially from simony. But Henry III. was cut off under 40 years of age, leaving his crown to a child five years' old, and the regency to his empress Agnes, a French princess. And here, for the present, we lay down the pen. The troubled reign of Henry IV. is, under every aspect, not to be reviewed but at length, and as a whole; and Luden, whom we cannot desert for the uncircumstantial Mannert, gives us in these volumes, as before said, only its earlier portion.\*

ART. X.—1. *Souvenirs d'Orient*, par Henri Cornille. 1831, 1832, 1833. Paris, 1 vol.

2. *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient*, 1832, 1833. Par A. De la Martine. Paris, 4 vols.

3. *Moniteur Ottoman*. Weekly Newspaper; Turkish and French. Constantinople.

WE cannot afford to remain any longer in such absolute ignorance of the state of the East. We cannot remain ignorant as hitherto of the ties that bind together a society, which appears on the very surface so differently constituted from our own. The public, if we only judge from the extensive demand for works professing to give an insight into the state of Turkish society, has shown that it takes a deep and lively interest in the inquiry. It is no idle curiosity that seeks to be gratified—it is not the curiosity of the enlightened few that would understand our nature better by studying mankind living under institutions different from what they have been accustomed to—it is imperative necessity that urges on the European community to investigate the nature of that social system, which has so long single-

\* The appearance of Luden's ninth volume, since this was written, does not induce us to change our purpose. We reserve it for a future article.

handed arrested the tide of Russian encroachment; whilst Russia has been aided by the ignorance, the errors, of her antagonists, has been supported by the whole weight of the moral influence of the kingdoms of Christendom, and has had the dexterity to turn against her rival the arms of those most deeply interested in her preservation, and that too at a moment when she was the least capable of resistance.

In spite of such a formidable confederacy against her, Turkey still survives. The public then desires to have this extraordinary vitality satisfactorily accounted for. It seeks to know what are those ties that bind together populations differing so essentially in every respect, that, judging according to notions drawn from the centralized administrations of Europe, there seems to exist no common bond of union. It would know the reason of that deep repose, observable in every part of the Ottoman dominions, which so strongly contrasts itself with the actual state of Europe; of that absence of all revolutionary feelings, of that restless, reckless desire of innovation, of those principles of *mouvement*, the absence of which Monsieur De la Martine noticed in a speech pronounced from the tribune, but which he did not—shall we say, could not?—account for. Has the government been obliged to imitate the example of our continental neighbours? Has it had recourse to those strong and vexatious measures, and that formidable organization, by which the cabinets of the Continent seek to arrest the progress in their dominions of the moral contagion? It has not. But is this war of principle an evil of our day only? Ever since European society has been fashioned on its present basis, has not every century had to record its tale of popular convulsion, which has shaken society to its centre—its tale of domestic strife and civil bloodshed—of monarchs hurled from their thrones, not by a foreign foe, but by an angry and excited multitude—of dynasty succeeding dynasty—of principle supplanting principle—system changed for system? and yet how has the mass profited by these violent changes? We appeal to history for the answer. If, after some terrible crash, there has been a pause and temporary reaction in the popular mind, it is because the people stand aghast at their own handiwork. In amazement they find that, in their work of destruction, they have failed to arrive at the source of their disquietude, to eradicate the root of bitterness.

To this confusion, what a forcible contrast does Turkey, and Turkey alone, present! To this day, the race of Othman sits on the throne it has occupied for six centuries, and governing its subjects according to the same fixed fundamental principles. This, be it remarked, is not predicable of any other eastern go-

vernment. It is not predicable of Persia, India, or China. Any one, reflecting for a moment on this remarkable fact, must admit that the institutions which form the links of this society cannot but contain principles at once natural and strictly conservative. The public would inquire what these principles are? and this question is not one of speculation, but to be turned to immediate account, that we may oppose the progress of Russia.

Now, how have the travellers who profess to exhibit a picture of the social system of Turkey discharged their duty to the public? How have they answered these questions, which meet them at the very threshold? How have they accounted for facts of such a startling nature? There is not one observation, in the numerous volumes that yearly issue from the press, under the title of *Travels in the Levant*, that intimates that the mind of the writer was in a state to feel the importance of these facts—the necessity of their being accounted for. We are not therefore surprised at finding that the traveller has only recorded those facts which he could hardly have failed to notice, without shutting his eyes—and that he has been quite contented with the picture he has given of eastern society—that he has mistaken the exception for the general rule, the general rule for the exception, so that the falsehood of an opinion often rests on the correctness of a fact. Just as we should have expected, after a hurried journey, a superficial view of the country and its inhabitants, and a necessarily slender stock of information; the traveller decides off-hand on all the subjects that connect themselves with such a vast and extended question—subjects of so diversified a nature that the very giving an opinion on them would presuppose at once an intimate acquaintance with military tactics; political science, whether administrative or financial; the principles and details of commerce; and not only a minute comprehension of the habits, local usages, and trains of thought, of all the different races and populations that inhabit this extended empire, but also a profound insight into the feelings and motives that actuate the human heart.

When conclusions are formed so hurriedly, it is no wonder that facts, as they come to light, show the invalidity of these conclusions—that the anticipations based on them are disproved by time. Whilst industrious to record and prone to condemn the individual instances of misrule and abuse which have come across them, we find them clinging to the very causes of the abuse, as if they were the conservative principles to which the Sultan owes the stability of his rule. Had they taken the trouble of tracing the abuses up to their source, whilst, on the one hand, their opinions respecting recent changes would have been of more

value, on the other, the spirit of research would have probably led them on farther, and, finding the true principle of conservation, they would have been able to separate the good from the bad in the institutions of Turkey. Were we to draw our moral code from their writings, we should come to this conclusion, that honesty, integrity, and a regard for truth, may be domestic virtues, but must be looked on as political defects; and that institutions which foster their growth, and with which their development is inseparably connected, are radically and incurably bad;—that hospitality and politeness are signs of barbarism, when divested of certain conventional usages which mark a feudal origin;—that simplicity and docility of character are barriers to improvement, and that a high state of civilization and refinement is necessarily one of falsehood, pauperism, political fermentation, and crime. Whilst protesting in the strongest manner against doctrines so abhorrent to our better nature, we are combating no ideal phantoms; we have marked with pain these sentiments gradually gaining force in the public mind. We have heard them put forward in society and defended, as justifying the notorious neglect of our political interests in the East. That neglect and all its consequences, together with the disposition to observe and judge uncharitably, we cannot but attribute to the absence of correct information respecting Eastern society.

But the question naturally suggests itself, why it is that only writers of the stamp we have described have taken up the subject? Are there not others who might give the public more correct information? If so, why have they not done so? We ourselves know several who have seen the question in its true light. But these are naturally men of a logical turn of mind; cautious by temperament and habit; and not inclined to appear before the public rashly. The mass of evidence they have collected bearing on the question appears to them insignificant when they compare it with what they deem necessary for discussing with satisfaction to themselves a subject of such gigantic dimensions. They in fact have felt the real difficulties of the question. The difficulties that a man has to encounter, who would penetrate beyond the veil that conceals the East from the West, are not few or easily overcome. Indeed we should be inclined to place more confidence in the published accounts of travellers, had they shown symptoms of their feeling these difficulties. These difficulties the *Mouiteur Ottoman* indicates to us in language equally forcible and comprehensive.

“ In order to understand Turkey, one must disencumber one's-self of an immense load of prejudices, and when the investigator has put off the old man, the man of Europe, he has to surmount numberless obstacles,



which arise from the difference of manners, ideas, and language. The very terms he is accustomed to use characterise but imperfectly every step of the social question, and express erroneously every part in detail of the social system. Then what a void in the absence of all those facilities which the publicity of facts and statistics afford in Europe! There is no spirit of analysis to be found among the Orientals. He that would observe them as a nation must collect all this information for himself. To the European, Turkey is a political accident—an assemblage of facts essentially differing from the facts of Europe. Not one of these facts has been classified by political economy, and yet the knowledge of these facts would enrich that science, and extend its bounds."

Here then we find difficulties which the observer of the Turkish social system has to overcome, sacrifices which he is called on to make, and a vast field of inquiry opened to his view, which we should have never dreamed of had we seen only with the eyes of the tourists in Turkey. In order to be able to appreciate the merits and demerits of any of the societies which form branches of the grand European family, the traveller must divest himself of all his national prejudices. Our neighbours on the continent have failed in their attempts at forming a just estimate of society in our own island. Why? The traveller had perhaps freed himself from the pre-conceptions peculiar to his nation, but he had forgotten to divest himself of his continental prejudices. Yet what advantages does he not enjoy! He possesses our language, or at least a language in common—he enters into our society—he has access to our newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, and parliamentary reports, our ballads, proverbs and histories, illustrating our society at different periods; and our own social system, in that it has a common origin, bears somewhat of a family resemblance to that on the continent. But he that would appreciate eastern society at its just value is called on to divest himself of the more abstracted prejudices of the European. This requires no little exertion. Nor is this all. He must learn to think in a foreign language; for the words in which he is accustomed to clothe his thoughts, and which seem to stand for things that bear the closest analogy to what he observes in Turkey, are most calculated to lead him astray. He must go forth without a guide to direct his inquiries, and then he must break up new ground; he has to study a new science of political economy—he has habits and national usages to familiarize himself with—he must penetrate into a society which has been described by those who never saw it—he has histories to study—the languages in which the histories are written to acquire. In order to comprehend Turkey as a whole, he must remember that the system of government is not uniform as in the centralized administrations of Europe, but diversified and adapting

itself to the local exigencies of the different regions and districts. Not one faith, but many—not one race but many—not one region but many—a generalized view of the whole can only be taken after an intimate acquaintance with all the parts. An acquaintance with any one of these branches requires many years' labour and calm investigation; yet, before this investigation can be effectual, the master-key must be found, and that is, a correct understanding of the general principles of the economy and administration of the government.

Now, what are the qualifications which enable the travellers that have published on this subject to form any thing like a correct estimate? What information did they possess which would enable them to generalize? Which of these conditions have they fulfilled? With the exception of the lamented Burckhardt and Colonel Leake, which of them has examined satisfactorily any of the details? And neither of these two touched even remotely on the principles that bind together eastern society. They did not treat of the action of government on the different parts, nor of the ties that connect these parts with the government. They had not the advantage of witnessing events of recent occurrence, which have rendered the task of anatomizing Turkey, and of discovering its principle of vitality, one of less difficulty than formerly. But, coming to the others, what one of these conditions have they fulfilled? and, not fulfilling them, they are exposed to all the dangers incidental to a man who cannot distinguish false information from true.

We know what it is to travel in Turkey. We have had to struggle against all the difficulties which beset the path of the inquirer, and we have found that it is only by coming in constant contact with the natives—by witnessing the manner in which they conduct the concerns of their families and their villages, and the economy of the local administrations—by diving into the minutest circumstance—by abstaining from forming any opinion until one has frequently shifted his ground and examined the subject in different lights, that one can hope to preserve one's-self from being deceived by the false medium which surrounds every department of the Turkish question. We have ourselves had opportunities of observing many of the travellers who have since published the results of their inquiries, when engaged in collecting what they look on as information, and think that we can point out the sources whence this information is derived, and account for their works bearing such a strong family resemblance. The traveller, on landing at any seaport in the Levant, is immediately struck by a number of moral phenomena which are contrary to any thing he was prepared for or accustomed to. He enters into a

new world, where every thing astonishes and confounds. Like the blind man restored to sight on a sudden, he sees objects quite new and strange to him, but they present themselves in a confused manner. It appears to him like a chaos. Institutions, manners, habits, customs, trains of thought, nay, every thing, from the most trifling conventional usage to the very foundations on which the society is based, appears to him, and indeed is, the very antithesis to what he has witnessed in Europe. He would come in contact with natives; but he is ignorant of any languages in which to hold communication with them,—but he would learn them. His enthusiasm is cooled by the information that the two languages most current in these countries would each of them require at least ten years hard study to gain a competent knowledge of them; and then these are only two of a dozen, at the lowest computation. Resigning all hope of deriving information immediately from the natives themselves, he turns to the European population, expecting to gain at least from them what he is in quest of. Travellers have over and over again described what is the character of the society of the Frank population in the seaport towns of Turkey; in fact they have devoted so many pages to the description of this society, that we suspect they gave more of their time to studying it than they did to that society which they came professedly to examine. They have set it in the strong light of caricature. They have ridiculed the ignorance, presumption, and corruptness of these people, little imagining that they were breaking the ground from under their own feet; that they were invalidating their own testimony; for, such being the character of their informants, their information was good for nothing. Much as we may think the pictures they have given of this society overcharged,—much as we must disapprove that heartless levity which could wound the private feelings\* of individuals, and violate the sanctity of hospitality, frankly offered and as eagerly accepted,—we think their description in the main correct; and it is natural to expect that a European should be better qualified to judge of European society than of Asiatic, especially as he saw the one and did not the other.

The Frank population, either at Constantinople or Smyrna, (and these two cities give the tone of opinion to the Franks all over the Levant,) is as ignorant of the nature of Turkish society as the mass in England with the difference of their pretensions.

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\* One writer sets down a young lady at Smyrna as an ignoramus, because she said she did not know what a nightingale was. The poor girl said to us, with tears in her eyes, "French is not my language; I did not know what a *rossignol* meant; had he addressed me in Greek, and spoken to me about the *andén*, I should have said 'I hear multitudes of them at Budjá, where I spend the summer.'"

The Franks have no sort of intercourse of a friendly nature with the natives; instead of mixing with them and instilling into their minds more civilized notions, if so superior in civilization as they pretend to be, they are exclusives! The Turks have more than once endeavoured to establish amicable and social relations with the Franks, and that not only latterly—but they have been invariably repulsed. The merchant transacts his business with the people of the country. How is it that this does not lead to more familiar intercourse? The Turkish purchaser and the European merchant were ignorant of a common language, separated by feeling and custom; thence arose a class of persons—brokers—or *μεσσηται*, who transacted all business between them, and whose interest it was to render all direct communication impossible. What Frank merchant has been able to emancipate himself from this interference, and to do business directly, if ever so well acquainted with the language? It has been tried and failed, we know, in Smyrna. Thus naturally arose prejudice between the two parties, which has led to ill will, opposition, and mutual injury.

Formerly the Frank merchant, particularly the English, was, though prejudiced against the native, blindly attached to the government. Recent circumstances have changed his opinions. The Frank merchant, now no longer a member of a privileged body, has to compete with the superior knowledge, activity, and economy of the native trader. His position daily rendered more slippery—his profits diminished—his feelings soured—he exclaims, “Trade decays and the government is detestable.” The answer of the *Moniteur Ottoman* is conclusive:—

“It may be granted that commerce, especially in Turkey, has diminished for each establishment in particular; but it has increased considerably for the mass. The proof of this is, that in all the ports of the empire there are twenty times the number of establishments that existed in the time so regretted, reckoning only European establishments; and all these are placed in a state of affluence and luxury which they could not enjoy elsewhere, without considerable capital and more sedulous attention. Forty years ago, the French almost alone monopolized the commercial resources of Turkey,” (during the existence of our Levant Company.) “Compare the exports and imports then with what they are now, and you will find them increased more than tenfold. But it is said, that the productions of Turkey have decreased; with what then does she pay for the enormous importations from England, America, and France, which existed not before? It is notorious that she can only pay in kind. If the French have fallen behind their rivals, they must thank the monopoly created by the sanitary system at Marseilles. Turkey has never known the *scientific madness of a balance of trade*. In consequence, every part of her territory is supplied according to its wants and at a moderate price. Paying with her productions, the internal production has in-

creased with increased consumption—which is sufficiently proved by the increasing demand for the rich cargoes from England and America, of which none remain without buyers and consequently without payment.”

Besides, the atmosphere of Pera and Smyrna is designedly impregnated with maxims favourable to Russian designs; and it is not to be supposed that Russia, who makes her influence and her gold be felt in every country of Europe, should neglect to poison the sources whence the traveller receives his information. But do not the *employés* of the different governments move about and examine for themselves? Yes: the Russian and Austrian do; and we know how anxious they are to make out the best case possible for Turkey. Well—but the dragoman? Here we come to the ultimate cause of the line of demarcation drawn between the Frank and native society. The system of using interpreters at first was only contemplated as a temporary measure. It never could have been imagined that any friendly intercourse could exist between two nations, when that intercourse was carried on through the medium of men who lived by non-intelligence and fattened on the misintelligence of their employers. How can we expect to have any beneficial intercourse with the Porte, so long as the channel of our communications is not only not one of our own nation, but one who knows no country, is connected to us by no tie, and is thus ready to sell our secrets to the highest bidder? The power that pays is Russia; therefore she is the only power served. The dragomans are the noblesse of Pera. They, with the different missions, give the tone to opinion; consequently that power, which has the most of these attached to her, will impregnate the society with maxims favourable to her views. This power is Russia, and she has at her disposal the Prussian, Austrian, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish missions, all which openly and notoriously work for her,—others do so not less effectually, because in secret. But what opportunity have the dragomans, if ever so conscientious, of understanding the Turk? They are Franks—members of that community which is neither eastern nor western by virtue or intelligence, but both in vices, prejudice, and ignorance. How can the Turk unbosom himself to one whom he has so little reason to trust?\* Besides, this small isolated society is bound up in an endless chain of relationships and connections. Our present head dragoman is brother of the first dragoman of Russia! What a field for Russian intrigue to work in. Then for *espionage*. We know a consul at Smyrna, representing a nation whose guns once shook the windows of

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\* A delicate matter was in treaty between one of our former ambassadors and the Porte. Our then dragoman revealed the secret to his wife, she to her paramour, he to the Prussian minister, and thus did it reach London through St. Petersburg.

Catherine's palace at St. Petersburg, to make a diversion in favour of Turkey, who is invited on board every English ship of war that visits the bay; is on the most intimate footing with our consul; and gets acquainted with every traveller. We observed one of the highest orders of Russia glittering on his breast, and we had ourselves observed enough to justify the recompense.

Such is one source whence the traveller derives his information. Let us examine another. There are some Greeks acquainted with the European languages, who possibly have travelled in Europe. They have been dazzled with the glittering varnish that covers the exterior of European society and conceals its defects from their eyes. Perceiving that we in Europe are free from that peculiar class of abuses, which they have experienced in their own country, and dreaming of no others, they imagine that our system must be perfect, and conclude that the government in Turkey, in that it differs *toto cælo* from European governments, must be radically bad. They turn an eye of hope to the new kingdom of Greece. Their hearts' desire is, or rather was, until very lately, its aggrandizement, which is incompatible with the existence of Turkey. Many such individuals went to Greece enthusiastic in the idea of a government established on the European model. They have found with amazement that the system does not work—that the people sigh for their old institutions—that the peasantry in bodies and whole communities emigrate to Turkey. If some travellers, who have built their opinions on such testimony, were to visit Turkey again, they would find the sentiments of their informants essentially changed.

The traveller, in his peregrinations through the capital, in his visits of ceremony to the officers of the Porte, or in his journeys into the interior, is accompanied by an interpreter; and he cannot well escape seeing every thing with the eyes of this *fidus Achates*. In fact, the occupation of the interpreter would be well-nigh gone, and his gains decreased, if his master were to burst his trammels, and to come to any thing like an understanding with the people of the country. It is his interest therefore to spread before the eyes of his employer a beguiling medium. Nor is it intentionally alone that these people mislead you. Their position, ignorance, and disposition, unfit them for rendering any useful assistance to the traveller's inquiries. They generally are men who have been driven by their vices from their native land—who perhaps have only a smattering of the language they pretend to interpret; despised, they hate in return; but they are clothed with the immunities of a Frank—the privilege of censoring what they do not comprehend, and flippantly designating their superiors among the natives barbarians. The traveller,

soliloquizing with himself on observing different occurrences that strike his senses, and thinking them anomalies, exclaims, "This is a most extraordinary country!" His companion replies, "*Quest'è Turchia, signore.*" "Who is that man with such a dignified carriage?" "*Ba! è Turco.*" "That shopkeeper is a rogue." "*Che volete, signore? E Turco.*" It is on *such* testimony that the traveller builds his opinions, although unconsciously. Nay, we have traced to no better authority than this, tales which travellers have recounted as facts; while they have sought to conceal, by metaphor, point, and antithesis, the spuriousness of the source.

What confidence is to be given to those who have enjoyed the greatest advantages may be seen from the following circumstance, which places the difficulties of this inquiry in a different point of view from any we have as yet touched upon:—A French consul stationed in Albania during the war, and who, by long residence, by acquaintance with the language of the country, by travelling into the interior, and by his very position, one would imagine, was better enabled than any one else to give an exact description of the state of the country and its resources, returned to Paris with the materials which he had collected, and, above all, valuable statistical tables of the productions and resources of the country, compiled with great care and attention. The results of his experience and observations were calculated to leave a favourable impression, in the main, of the action of the Turkish government, and to make the commercial world alive to the importance of that country remaining in the hands of a government which, with all its abuses, maintains the principle of free trade. A high Russian functionary, then at Paris, and now in our own capital, accidentally saw the MS. when the work was in the press. The result was, the picture was changed, and the resources of the country diminished one-third,—but the author since then has been an opulent man!

But we think that the traveller is not only unfortunate in his having every source of information poisoned, but the public whom he addresses must come in for its due share of blame. Whether seeking emolument or reputation, the writer depends for both on the public. Now, how would the public receive, at least until very lately, a description of the state of Turkey that only observed the modesty of nature and the simplicity of truth? From our infancy we have been accustomed to look on the East as a land of romance and fable; in our nurseries we have assigned it as the "local habitation" of genii and monsters, armed with supernatural powers and inhuman propensities. The untractable taste of the writer and the public alike *must* find in the East

associations, impressive scenery, costumes, and drama; it will not endure investigation, reasoning, statistics, all important but sober every-day occurrences, and scouts the homely narrative of facts recorded and accounted for. To prove this assertion, we will give one instance out of the many which have come to our knowledge: A distinguished member of the French chamber, several years ago, published the result of his observations in the East. He had remarked the high state of morals in Turkey, so strongly contrasting itself with what he lamented in Europe. This phenomenon he traced to the financial system in that country, which had not the effect of arraying interest against interest. This he conceived removed the manifold causes of uneasiness, animosity, wretchedness, and crime. He traced to this cause the absence of pauperism and idleness, the parents of crime. He found this so contrary to the public conviction, that he bought up the first edition of his work, and put forward a second, more in harmony with the notions of the day.

We think it necessary to make some apology to our readers for having dwelt so long on this branch of our subject; but when we look on this question as involving interests dear to us as Englishmen, and affecting our future destiny as men, we feel that no consideration ought to prevent us from removing whatever stands in the way of its being fully and clearly understood. Our brother critics have done little to expose these mis-statements; nor was it to be expected that they should possess the necessary information to do so. It requires no small acquaintance with a subject to be able to detect error when put forward in an abstract form. This is a subject on which every part of the community, however well-informed on other matters, has been notoriously in the dark—a subject on which only now light is beginning to break—and, in the absence of correct data to go upon, even critical acumen becomes dangerous, because it systematizes error. Whatever may be the wholesome influence that the periodical press has exercised on the mind of the public in this country on the generality of the subjects which it is called on to handle; whatever may be the learning and talent it has evinced for the most part in exposing error and supplying information where wanted; whatever may be the consistency, impartiality, and discrimination, with which it has generally discharged its high office of censor, we find on this subject—we had almost said alone—the periodical press exhibiting a remarkable exception. Every new author is cordially welcomed, his tale listened to with marked attention, his assertions admitted unquestioned. His judge descends from the bench, conscious that he is not possessed of a body of evidence sufficient to decide. He feels it useless for him to attempt to hold the



critical balance, not possessing the weights for trying the testimony. He knows of no test by which to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the statements. Thus we find in the same review statements approved of and argued on in one number, and subsequently contradicted. Nay, we have observed two works on this subject, containing statements so contradictory that, if one was true, the other was altogether false—we observed these two works reviewed together—both authors equally commended; the testimony of both admitted; no attempt made to sift out the truth; a syllabus of the opinions of both drawn out: and, presenting it to the public, the reviewer said—"Decide for yourselves, we cannot."

This confusion and uncertainty of opinion shows that ideas on the subject are in a state of transition, incidental to the birth of a new science; for the study of the Turkish social system involves in it a new science, important in its results, wide in its bearings, extensive in its application. Whilst then we have seen that there exists in this country no standard of opinion on the subject, we congratulate our readers on one having arisen (where indeed it was most natural to look for it), that is, at Constantinople. Availing ourselves of this new and most important light, we shall proceed to examine the different false positions that some of the most popular or most recent among European writers on the subject have taken up.

One of the most popular English writers on Turkey is Mr. Slade. If compared with those only that went before him, we may say he deserved his popularity. He enjoyed great advantages, from the position into which he was thrown by accident, at the time he made his tour, and his having taken the trouble to obtain some small acquaintance with the Turkish language, which saved him from being haunted by a vagabond interpreter on ordinary occasions. These advantages, however small, compared with what was requisite to understand Turkey, might have led him to greater results, as we shall show. But, first, we shall do him the justice of pointing out what he has done well. The insight he gave us into the state of the Russian invading army of 1829 is important. This was comparatively easy; for, as we observed before, there is no reason why a European should not form a correct estimate of what is European. He sets before us the degraded and demoralized state of the Russian soldiery; their ignorance as contrasted with the intelligence and independent spirit of the peasantry of the country invaded; the wretchedness and starvation of that army, occasioned by a peculating commissariat and a defective medical department; the excesses the soldiery were thus driven to commit, which, together with bad

faith and other causes, had disgusted for a time the Russian predilections of the Christian natives. He ridicules the ignorance\* that could make us fear Russia's menaces of attacking our Indian possessions until fairly at Constantinople, and thus holding Persia. He exposes the falsehoods published by the authority of that government. Nor did the deep mystery with which Russia carries on all her operations in this quarter, concealing them carefully even from those mixed up in them, escape him. Officers were ignorant of the most trifling incident passing out of their encampment. "They asked me of the state,—strength of regiments,—existence of officers, &c. They knew not in one station what passed in another. The death of a general officer could scarcely transpire ten miles off. The estafette carried no private letters: indeed none would be written for the commander-in-chief's inspection." In fine, he gives much information which would lead us to form a correct idea of the designs of Russia, and the means employed to realize them; but gives nothing by which we can even suppose that there exist in Turkey elements by which we may foil them. It was with society, as it exists there, that he had principally to do. So have we. We therefore turn to what he says of Bulgaria.

He was the first and only traveller that has given a description of that country, with something of detail, and true as far as it goes. He shows the ease and affluence which the inhabitants enjoyed even in the midst of a war, and quotes passages from other authors, showing that the comfort he observed there is not confined to Bulgaria. He describes the domestic peace and contentment in the main to be found there, the industrious habits of the people, the development of their agricultural resources. Finally, he finds an absence of crime and a consequent absence of punishment. This is correct; indeed, we may say, that whatever he saw with his

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\* We have heard it stated that when there was an idea that our fleet was likely to come in collision with the Russian at the Dardanelles, in 1829, *secret orders* were despatched by the government for a formidable army to hold itself in readiness to march to India. This was one of her *stage whispers*. Let us hear what Mr. Slade says: "The penury of the Russian government renders its armies inefficient when dependent on their own resources. We have seen how the army that reached Adrianople suffered from the common casualties of wind and rain in this fine climate; yet there are some who seriously think of a Russian army being capable now of reaching India. Russia may in time grow to India, if we allow her to continue extending her Persian frontier. At present, if 200,000 men left her frontier, not 2000 would reach *ours*. Russian officers, with all their boasting, treated this as visionary, for at least the next twenty or thirty years. By that time they hope to have Persia organized, cultivated, intersected with roads, the Persians Russian vassals and their resources theirs," &c.

In a preceding article we have shown that Russia, if once she establish a camp at Herát, will be able to dislodge us without the expense of sending troops so far by means which she has already created.

own eyes is generally so. But he is a careless observer, and as seldom penetrating beneath the surface as any of his predecessors. His very manner of mistaking misplaced levity for wit leads us to expect it. We shall give one remarkable instance of this, to illustrate our meaning: After a tiresome journey, "three hours wading through deep mud," he seeks refuge in a Bulgarian hamlet, in which the only house unoccupied by the Turkish soldiery was one "where lay a child with a bad fever. This was offered to us; but, preferring filth to disease, we crept into an adjoining shed. Our host and hostess (parents of the sick child) were unremitting in their attention; they gave us a good soup, eggs, and a dish of fried meat (*perhaps from the next dead horse*)." Comment on this observation would be needless. While noticing the strict attention to cleanliness of this population, both with regard to their persons and their dwellings, he seems to forget that it extends to what they eat, drink, or touch; that it is considered a religious duty, not only by Mussulmans, but by all the different races and populations. Thus the bare intimation of the possibility of a peasant's serving up fried carrion, shows such an ignorance of the habits and feelings of the people, that it is no wonder he falls into graver errors. It is a notion common in the East, that all Europeans are unclean, and will eat carrion or any filth; an idea taken up and exaggerated by seeing some Franks not over-nice. We have observed a Greek peasant relieved from a load of horror, when we succeeded in convincing him that the guest he harboured belonged to a nation that prided itself on its cleanliness. It may be said that the observation above was a mere slip of the pen: perhaps this little slip may better account for the want of hospitality on the part of English merchants to English travellers, and particularly the navy, which our author complains of, than the supposition that the merchants, as a body, have taken it into their heads that the navy swarms with *Dou Juans*.

But, little fitted for judging what we call things of sense, what can we expect when he comes to grapple with abstraction. He says, the prosperity the Bulgarians enjoy, is the result of the country being thinly inhabited. We have seen elsewhere the misery, mendicity, and discontent of the Greeks under the rule of Capodistrias, ascribed to the same cause—thinness of population. We can conceive Nature having fixed some limit to a nation's population; but what is that limit? Is the number of paupers a criterion? Then long before Elizabeth's time this country was over-populated. Has a system of government nothing to do with creating paupers? Has a change nothing to do with diminishing them? Look at France since the revolution. With all her errors, only one-twentieth part of her population are

paupers. Ours amount to one-sixth. Mr. Slade contradicts himself elsewhere—noticing “the superior condition observable in their flourishing towns and abundant fields. “Witness,” he adds, “*Tarnova, Gabrova, Rusgrad, Selimnia, Yamboli, Aidos, &c., all thickly peopled, wealthy, and possessing manufactories of cloth.*” Besides, the quotation above contradicts the implied assertion, that the inhabitants derive their revenues from the land. This is so far from the fact, that, calling to mind the manufactories of woollens, silk, and cottons, as well in Philippopoli and its environs, as all over Bulgaria, and the articles for which different places are famed;\* remembering the magnificent khans with extensive magazines, that we remarked on our road from Constantinople to Philippopoli, which, of themselves, show the activity of the trade between the capital and that town, chiefly in the hands of the Bulgarians; having seen the immense numbers of Bulgarians that at a particular season of the year regularly repair even to Syria to meet the Persian caravans, and exchange their own manufactures for the rich stuffs of Syria, Persia and India; not to mention their coasting along Asia Minor, when homeward bound, and making further exchanges—judging from these simple facts (if we had not the surer grounds of statistics to go upon) we should not hesitate to assert that the most apparent portion of their prosperity depends on their manufacturing energy and commercial enterprise.

Having shown what is *not* the reason of this prosperity, we shall show what is. In Mr. Slade’s work, we find no mention of the Codjâ Bashi, though we doubt not that he, as well as ourselves, was more than once indebted to the municipal officer for lodging and entertainment; but this authority has higher functions to discharge than merely to attend to the wants of the casual traveller. He is the intermediary between the government and the people of his district; but, elected freely by the suffrages of every tax-payer, or (which is the same) householder, he represents public opinion. It is as much the interest of the government as of the people that the communications between them should be as easy as possible; and whenever the municipal authority does not represent public opinion, opposition to authority follows, which there is no organized system to overawe. Being thus the focus of public opinion, and placed in such a situation, one can conceive what influence he possesses, and how naturally he turns it against any thing that might disturb the peace of the community. Thus he prevents the commission of crime rather than punishes it when committed. Further, when the Turkish

\* To adduce an obvious instance—the otto of roses.

government demands the payment of the taxes, he convenes and presides at an assembly of the tax-payers. The sum required is stated, and the tax-payers assess themselves, distributing his share to each, or throwing the burden on whatever, looking at the locality, can best bear it. It is not a central administration, deciding on what demands at once a perfect knowledge of minute detail and immense powers of generalization. Industry and commerce are left entirely free, because it is impossible to use difficult methods of raising the revenue, therefore the government does not vexatiously interfere with men's buying where they can cheapest, and selling where they do so to the best advantage. The interest of the community is not sacrificed to a few by fiscal artifices: there is no collision of interests, each interest striving to shift the load of taxation from its own back to that of another. National interest is felt as *one*, and therefore the central administration has not more work than it can do, in trying to reconcile interests, which it has first brought into collision. It is betrayed into the enactment of no laws creating fictitious crimes, the commission of which holds out great advantage, and insensibly leads on the mind to transgressions against the light of nature and Divine commandment. It is not tempted to enact laws thwarting Nature, by "unequally distributing wealth, to the great deterioration of social happiness" (Slade). It is not tempted to enact laws, which give a few dazzling results, at the expense of widely diffused misery.

Such is the social system which we observed in Bulgaria. We might have scrupled to lay this statement before the public a few years—perhaps months—ago, fearing to be met with an incredulous smile. But now these accounts have received confirmation, and we know that the enlightened at least, of the public, will admit the correctness of our statements.

It would be curious to trace in history the origin of institutions which have converted hordes that once menaced Europe into the peaceful husbandman, the industrious artisan, or the enterprising trafficker. Did the Bulgarians bring them with them? Possibly; as nearly similar institutions are found among all the tribes that travelled westward from the East about the same period. But there are institutions, resembling these, which the Turks brought from Tartary, and the Arabs from Arabia. This circumstance leaves us in doubt as to who planted them, but prevents us from forming a contemptible idea of the skill with which the social system was founded as a whole. Speaking of the institutions of Turkey, we feel the danger of treating them in general terms. The system is not uniform, it being the distinguishing feature of the Ottoman government,

not to interfere with the genius of the place, but to suffer its attachment to its natural predilections. Thus the constitution of the local authorities in mountainous tracts is somewhat different, but their intercourse with government, as regards taxation, nearly the same. In champaign countries (not the deserts) the system is much the same as in Bulgaria; in some places worked out with more purity, in others less so. In different places, more or fewer abuses prevent the free action of the system; but we have invariably found, in the low lands, comfort and prosperity in proportion to the purity with which the municipal system was worked out.

Mr. Slade, having allowed this to escape him, blames the government for having acted up to the very principle which is its strength, thus :—

“The more we examine the conduct of the early Ottoman conquerors, the more we are convinced that *religious toleration* is the rock they split on in Europe. They should have either *extirpated* the Greek religion, which has ever been a cancer to the Mussulman power, as they could have done, or they should have made its professors dependent on the government for salaries, whereby *they would have ceased to care so much for the affection of the people*. Amurath II. adopted the former plan in Albania. [?] He succeeded. [?] The Christians that are now there are later settlers. [?] After all, conversion by the sword, though it sound horrid, is as good as any other way—certainly more efficacious. There may be doubts as to the insincerity of forced proselytes, but their children are certain of being born in the faith; and this assurance in the converters of saving generations in future counterbalances the injustice of making one generation forswear itself.”

What a host of reflections rush on the mind while reading the above paragraph! The monstrousness of the opinions (if such a term be applicable) is paralleled by the perversion or ignorance of historic events, and may suffice to render the author's conclusions suspicious by the very fact of his having arrived at them. We were inclined to think that the Ottoman government was obnoxious because it had not allowed sufficient freedom to conscience. We had hailed with pleasure the recent enactment of the Porte, which went still farther towards equalizing the rights of all sects, especially as the Porte showed that it felt “that equality of rights involves an equality of duties.”

The Porte may thank its stars that it has rejected all fellowship with all such counsellors, who would parade, for its initiation into civilized existence, the worst errors and vices for which civilization has to blush. Have “salaries, which made religious teachers dependent on governments,” removed “the cancers to their power”? Has not the system broken up sympathies, because these teachers “ceased to care so much for the affections of

the people"? Mr. Slade says elsewhere, that the Bulgarians, of the Greek Church, "lived tranquil, and never, until 1829, formed one of the jarring elements of the empire." Neither did they then, unless momentarily. He has shown how soon they learned to hate the Russians. Recent events have proved the strong and increasing attachment of all the Christian subjects to the Porte; but if it ought to extirpate the Greek Church in Europe (the religion, by-the-by, of the Cossack refugees, the most faithful adherents of the Turkish government), why not also in Asia Minor? why not the Armenian Church? why not the religions of the Maronites and Druses, in the mountains of Lebanon?—that of the Jews every where? "Amurath II. adopted such a plan in Albania, and succeeded." Where is this fact to be found? It is not a century since the mass of the Albanian tribes became Mussulmans. It is worth while to compare with the above quotation one on the same subject from another writer on Turkey:—

"What traveller has not observed the fanaticism, the antipathy, of all these sects—their hostility to each other? Who has traced their actual repose to the *toleration* of Islamism? Islamism, calm, absorbed, without spirit of dogma or views of proselytism, imposes at present on the other creeds the reserve and silence which characterise itself. But let this moderator be removed, and the humble professions now confined to the sanctuary would be proclaimed in the court and the camp; political power and political enmity would combine with religious domination and religious animosity; the empire would be deluged in blood, until a nervous arm—the arm of Russia—appears to restore harmony by despotism. Did not the animosities of the eastern and western churches lay the Greek empire at the feet of the Turkish conqueror? Open abruptly the political arena to similar contentions, the same scene would be reproduced; and, even if the Christian sects alone remained, the theologian and sectarian acrimony of Mount Athos, of Etchmiadzin, and the Vatican, would re-appear, unaccompanied by the remnants of the science and philosophy of Athens and of Rome, England, France, Russia, and Turkey."

We think a great number of Mr. Slade's miscalculations may be ascribed to his imagining that the government held its tenure by force and religious fanaticism. This explains his idea, that the annihilation of the corps of the janissaries is the ruin of Turkey; that the body of the Ulemas is its "sheet anchor," &c.

"It is to form of government in general a very contracted and gross idea, to believe that it resides alone in the coercive element, particularly that it resides in its force to make itself obeyed. Without doubt force is originally mixed up in every institution; doubtless it has something to do with its progress; but, whenever you find results established and continually occurring—whenever you find a great event develop itself

and reproduce itself during a long series of centuries, and in the midst of different situations—you must not attribute it to force.

“Whatever part force plays in human societies it is not force that governs, that presides over their destinies; but principles and moral influences, which, concealing themselves under the accidents of force, regulate the course of societies.”

Such is the philosophic Guizot's view of the influence of the *element coercitif*, even in societies where there are strong standing armies, not to repel foreign invasion, but to keep the people under—where a formidable and costly organization constrains the free action of thought.

But in Turkey, where is that organization of force to which the long stability of the empire is to be ascribed? The population of European and Asiatic Turkey amounts to thirty millions, at the lowest computation; the standing army to 40,000 men, and that not an element of internal conservation. Contrasted with this, the population of Egypt is two millions. Mohammed Ali, before he was possessed of Syria, could hardly keep down a tame, dispirited people of Fellahs, chained to the soil, and whose daily bread is the condition of their slavery, with an army of 60,000. In Candia alone, an army of 10,000 was necessary for a population of 90,000. Such is the practice of *civilization* as applied to the East. Further, in Independent Greece, with a population of 850,000 to 10,000 troops, the people are always, whether under the Germans or Capodistrias, on the verge of a revolution. The police of Constantinople (a population of 600,000) consists of 150 men. Was it ever greater? Since the destruction of the janissaries, the executioner has found his office a sinecure. Are there prisoners immured for political offences, or rather opinions? In fact, where are the state prisons? Capodistrias filled Napoli with spies;—is there one in Constantinople? Do not the Turks, &c. meet every evening at the coffee-houses, and freely discourse on every topic? Could they not hatch treason during the nights of the Ramazan, the Saturnalia of the Turks, inasmuch as all discipline is then relaxed? Finally, so strongly is the idea of individual liberty rooted in the habits of the people, that no sooner is any one, no matter who, put in confinement, than every influence is at work to procure his liberation.

But the Turkish government held its tenure by force, and the organization of this force was the janissaries. The most superficial glance at the history of the Turkish empire, and of this corps, shows, that ever since the days of Murad IV., if not before, the existence of this body was a source of internal weakness—a reason why the real strength of the government could scarcely develop itself. They were the first to mutiny, whether



in peace or during war. It was this body that resisted every change, whether beneficial or the reverse. What hold had they in the Mussulman's affections? Selim III. contemplated their destruction; but before, he had rendered himself unpopular by the enactment of some erroneous financial measures derived from Europe. The janissaries, whose interests were in common with the body of consumers, found the people enlisted on their side, and he was deposed. His fall, while it taught Mahmud a lesson, made the military oligarchy miscalculate its own power. Mahmud did not mix up with foreign matter the simple question, whether the janissaries were to govern Turkey or he; and they fell without enlisting one partisan—nay, out of their own body proceeded that man, who was the immediate instrument of their downfall. He is allowed on all hands to be one of the ablest administrators in Turkey, the one best acquainted with her history, and consequently best acquainted with her real elements of strength. All the janissaries were not cut off, only the ring-leaders and those found in arms. How came it, then, that Russia tried to awaken the janissary feeling during the last war? Should not this very circumstance have opened Mr. Slade's eyes, knowing, as he does, the designs of Russia, and how she works to effect them, namely, by fostering every element that can weaken the Porte, and alienate the affection of his people from the Sultan? She attempted to enlist a body of them in her service, and failed. This experiment was tried in the North of Roumelia and Asia Minor. Since then the Albanians in the West of Roumelia made an insurrection—Ibrahim Pasha marched through Asia as far as Kutahia. Neither attempted to resuscitate the janissaries; for they knew that the people had, with a unanimity seldom witnessed, passed on that body the sentence of condemnation; the Sultan only carried that sentence into effect.

It is quite new to us, that a measure which gives universal satisfaction should have a tendency to weaken the hands of government. But are the disasters of the late Russian war attributable to the extinction of the janissaries? Would the janissaries have compensated to the Porte for the destruction of her fleet, which gave the Russians the command of the Black Sea? Would they have prevented us from throwing in the whole weight of our moral influence against Turkey, and on the side of Russia? Turkey was attacked at a moment when least capable of defending herself, being without an organized military force. But he must have read the Turkish history to little purpose, who has not seen that this military body, in

her wars with Christian and other powers, acted invariably as a drawback on the inherent power of Turkey.

Akin to this error is the supposition, that the abolition of the Derebeys has weakened the power of the Porte. So much did Mr. Slade understand the constitution of the Derebeys, that he confounds them with Ayans. The former were usurpations against the principles of the government. The Ayans were the municipal officers of the Turkish population, originally elected like the Codjà Bashi. Some of these had also made successful usurpations, and rendered their office hereditary. The Porte, putting an end to these usurpations, showed the intention of returning to her original principles.

We come to the question of religious fanaticism. This is generally supposed to be the vital principle of Turkish power; so that we are not surprised at a superficial observer setting down the Ulema as "the sheet-anchor of Turkey." What is this body of the Ulema? is it a body at all? What is its constitution? what its constituency? what its revenues? what its rights, influence, functions? These points should have been defined; they ought to be self-evident. A body which is the anchor of hope of an old and tottering empire must force itself on the attention of the most superficial observer of its agonizing throes. Can Mr. Slade answer the questions we have asked? can any traveller tell us satisfactorily what the Ulema are? If not, is not the supposition merely gratuitous? Does Mr. Slade suppose the Ulema is the body of the Church? If so, he is mistaken. He cannot suppose they are merely the body of the law, and call them the sheet-anchor of Turkey. But he supposes that they are possessed of immense revenues—revenues so large as to be visible means of accounting for the existence of the capital, namely, the revenue of the vakoofs and mosques, or a full third of the rental of the empire. It happens most unfortunately for Mr. Slade's theory that the administration of this property has been lately taken into the hands of the government. The proposition was coolly, calmly discussed. It was decided. A firman of thirty lines appeared in the Gazette. A week sufficed for the new arrangements to be understood and acted on; nor was there opposition or convulsion among the Ulema; and though some of the individuals of the body may have suffered in their pocket, neither did the body consider itself injured, nor was it lowered in public estimation. We have not undertaken to say what the Ulema are: we merely cite this fact to prove that our author understood no one branch of what he decided on so summarily.

It is too bad to see fact, morals, history, institutions, and futurity, dealt with in this heedless style, and the compound considered

a work of authority on Turkey—we turn for relief to something satisfactory, something intelligible on the principles of conservation of the Ottoman Empire. A cotemporary has this remarkable passage, when speaking of the Crusades :

“Christianity,” or rather Catholicism, “then put on all that warlike character to which the success of Islamism is ascribed. The tide of Mohammedan conquest was rolled back, Christian kingdoms erected, and Gothic dynasties established in the centre of the former conquests of Turks and Saracens. Mussulman enthusiasm, ardour of conquest, and zeal for proselytism, might be deemed extinguished by defeat and the triumph of a hostile creed. From what series of causes then should Christian princes fail to consolidate their dominion in the East, and reap the fruits of their labours? Why could they not, by virtue of civil institutions, retain conquests won by religious zeal and superior military prowess? The difference in the mode of civil government pursued by Europeans and Asiatics offers the solution. The causes of the disastrous results of the religious wars are to be found in certain points of contrast between the administration, political maxims, and practice of Europe and the East; and these points are chiefly the introduction of feudalism and all its concomitant evils by the Norman and Gallic princes, together with the commercial despotism of the trading republics, the carriers of the crusaders, and the ascetic severity of a political church government. Against these are to be placed a government despotic in name, but never exercising its despotism in the local administration of the country; occasionally oppressive in its burdens, but leaving commerce and industry free; intolerant in its creed, but without a political church or inquisitorial police. *The establishment, remarkable prosperity, and permanency of Islamism in countries where that creed does not predominate, can only be attributed to its political character.*”

But we will give other instances of Mr. Slade's carelessness, and self-contradiction. Looking at the immense number of buildings at Constantinople, he says,

“The question naturally suggests itself—how do their inhabitants exist? for Constantinople does not offer the same resources as the great Christian capitals for those who live by their wits. *Vice, the great alimenter of idleness, is kept under by the strong arm of religious law!* There is little commerce, few arts, no great influx of travellers. The rich men of the provinces do not congregate to it. The commonest necessities come from distant parts; corn from Odessa,” [this, we observe, is not the fact, but the reverse was the case during the year of Russian famine,] “cattle and sheep from Asia Minor, &c., rice from Philippopolis, poultry from Bulgaria, fruit and vegetables from Nicomedia and Macedonia. Thus a constant drain of money was occasioned without any visible return except to the treasury or the property of the *ulema*. The places mentioned may be considered foreign parts; their inhabitants never visit the capital to restore the equilibrium. Though I cannot precisely solve the problem of the incomes of the Constantinopolitans, I may give a rough sketch of them, &c.”

"The manufactures of Constantinople consist chiefly of sword-blades, gun-barrels, pipes, saddlery, gold-lace, muslins, silks, leathers. Their gun-barrels are singularly good, made of heated wires beaten together, often inlaid with gold, producing a beautiful wavy appearance, the stocks generally inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the locks bad. Flowered muslins; embroidery of all descriptions, sometimes in gold and silver, executed in a manner superior to any thing of the sort in France or England. Great skill is shown in chibouques, silver coffee saucers, and every thing relating to horse furniture. The excellence of Turkish woollens, especially carpets, and the temper of Turkish blades, is too well known. Wonderful art exhibited in MSS. Korans, well-written and illuminated, are beautiful things, as also the Perpetual Almanacks, on long rolls of parchment. The Osmanlees carry the art of dyeing to great perfection; their vegetable dye, *sang de bœuf*, is inimitable and unsurpassed in durability. The art of coining, in which they are the only people except the Venetians that preserve the same colour in every piece of their gold money."

We might extract from other parts of the work, what would swell the number of the arts of the Constantinopolitans. Had the writer observed caravans and boats at their departure from Constantinople, as well as at their arrival, he might have seen how the equilibrium is restored between the capital and the provinces, just as it is between the capital and the provinces of this or any other country.

Again, we are informed the Turk is externally decorous, but his harem is a scene of obscenity. Does the writer speak from personal observation? We had imagined that unlimited gratification of brutal lust had a tendency to smother all the kindly sympathies of our nature; to break up the ties of kindred; and yet we find these sensual animals make the tenderest parents—the most dutiful, respectful, and obedient children that are to be found. By his own confession, by the laws of Mohammed the Turks are allowed to take four wives. The availing one's self of this license is the exception; *one wife* is the general rule.

In regard to the individual Greeks he happened to come in contact with he is pretty correct. They were in a certain manner "the most favoured subjects of the Ottoman Porte," and this was "an abuse that crept in with time." Hear him further:

"Visit any part of Grecian Turkey, the peasant is well clothed and well fed—his property protected—his wife and daughters held sacred—(excluding periods of revolt) his great hardship is being obliged to lodge and feed troops on the march, and to receive government officers. The Turkish peasant is equally exposed. The Armenians, though *not more oppressed*, are less considered, because not so completely a nation; the Jews absolutely despised; the Fellahs of Syria slaves in comparison." [It is not the fact.] "The Fellah in Egypt is in a state disgraceful to humanity."

He concludes, then, that the Greeks had nothing to complain of. The simple fact of their revolution is a sufficient answer. Men in these countries do not fight about theories; when they complain, they do so about something tangible, although it may escape the observation of the European speculator, who expects to see in the clouds what lies at his feet. They did suffer under oppression, on which foreign intrigue was able to work. It is true their wrongs have been exaggerated and misunderstood. Their condition was infinitely superior to that of the peasantry in most countries of Europe, but there was not that complicated organization to keep them under. We think that the view which the official organ of the Turkish government has given on this subject is more intelligible. Speaking of the unwholesome influence of the janissaries:—

“If Greece is objected to us, we answer that events in Greece come precisely in support of an opinion which we have entertained so long. Detached, because the municipal principle was deprived of free action by military preponderance, Greece took up arms in the very sense of those reforms which were beginning to form themselves in the mind of Sultan Mahmoood. This very revolution has contributed to his success, and if Greece be now separated, it is because, during the first five years of the insurrection, the government and the Ottoman people were still under the fatal and stationary dominion of the janissaries.”

Mr. Slade seeks to lower the character of the Greeks, and to do so, says that Greek literature has had little influence on the development of mind in this country. Mr. Slade, we believe, makes little pretensions to scholarship, yet, even on such a subject as this, talks of what he has never had opportunities of understanding.

We dismiss this author, on whom we have spent more time than really the intrinsic merits of the book might claim. We have done so, because a happiness of style and facility of expression have served him as a passport to public favour, and given currency to his most erroneous opinions. In conclusion, whatever Mr. Slade describes from personal observation is generally to be relied on. Whatever he took on the testimony of others is the reverse. Whenever he attempts to analyse, abstract, and reason, he goes beyond his tether. Take his facts—avoid his opinions.

From what we knew previously of Monsieur Cornille's character, we should have said that he was the last person from whom was to be expected not a description of Turkish institutions, but even a faithful picture of the most obvious parts of that society. There is a frivolity and flimsiness about all he says or does—a jumping to conclusions when he should be looking for premises—a tendency to erect theories on small foundations

—to establish analogies where little or no similitude exists, that totally unfit him for a work which demands patient investigation and cautious deliberation. His political bias makes him necessarily see every thing through a distorted medium. The modern republican, if we are to take our author as a fair specimen, is one attached only to outward forms, substituting theories for practice, and taking words for things. If he wants to know whether a nation enjoys liberty, he looks for charters in black and white, not perceiving that the very writing down that “*Tous les Français sont égaux devant les loix,*” is the severest satire on his nation. What faculty for observation of society can he have who looks on religion as a matter of taste and treats it as a theme for jesting ! He observes amongst the Turks great moral virtues, and the use to which he has applied this observation is to cast a stigma on the Christian religion.

Religion has been on all occasions brought forward as the mode of explaining effects of political and moral causes beyond the observer's reach. In no country has that word stood more in the way of inquiry than in Turkey. Habits, institutions, there, are the reverse of our own. Islamism is called in to account for them all. To-day we find Islamism the cause of political prostration, and to-morrow we meet with it as the cause of the successes of the Califat. In one author we find Islamism productive of turpitude, corruption, and crime ; in another bearing the goodly fruits of chastity, sobriety, honesty, and truth. In fact, we see in the lucubrations of our wanderers over the East the counterpart of the impressions which some Turk, ignorant of the manners, history, languages, and differences of Europe, might carry home to his own country, after a visit to the West. All that was not eastern, correctly or incorrectly observed, he might trace to the effects of Christianity. Let us imagine what our feelings would be on finding, in a Turkish tourist, our dogmas called in to account for the victories of Napoleon, the Reform Bill, Arkwright's spinning-jenny, saving banks, and street prostitution.

We admit Mr. Cornille's observation to be quite correct. What we have ourselves seen of the Turks, subsequently, of course, to the first two or three years of false observation and difficult apprenticeship, induces us to give our unequivocal testimony to the truth of the observation, that the Turks (excepting always government *employés,*) are a people “that speak only the truth and always act honestly.” If there be truth in this proposition, and we fear no contradiction from those whose contradiction would be of weight, it proves that no institutions seriously affecting the moral and political state of this people

can be radically bad. But while we deny that religious dogmas have produced this political prostration, we also deny that the faith of Islamism accounts for the moral virtues of the Turks.

There is a passage in the fifth edition of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," that so illustrates this position, that we extract it. Speaking of Lazistan, the author says,

"The Dereh Bey system sprung up, and this, with the discredit attached to Christianity by the proximity of Russia, has led to the apostasy of the Lazes. Russia, in separating them administratively from the Porte, has unexpectedly brought about their union to the Sultan: she has also raised their character; for, it must be observed, the difference here is not between the Bible and the Koran, between Christianity and Islamism, but between the superstition and idolatry of the Greek church and the simplicity of the Mussulman practice, but between two systems, the apparent differences of which are religious, but of which the material differences are *political* and *social*.

"The Georgians are proverbial for drunkenness and debauchery: they are not brave; they are superstitious. Those who have become Mussulmans have also become sober, chaste, and hospitable—these are habits of their new faith. In confirmation of this change of spirit it may be mentioned, that the village schools date in each from the period of its conversion."

M. Cornille treats of the Mahommedan religion. His first observation shows that he knew nothing about the most trivial circumstance connected with it. He confounds the Ulema with the Emirs or descendants of the Prophet, whose distinguishing badge is, as any child knows, a green turban. Hear him—this is a man who was three years in the country—speaking of the Ulema. "Cousins and children of Mahomet, if one may believe their own story, they bind their heads with a triple green handkerchief, as a mark of their boasted descent. We know that green was the favourite colour of the Prophet. The Ulema alone have the right to wear their master's livery."—"The Ulemas," he goes on to state, "enjoy high consideration from wearing green turbans;" whereas, in what estimation the "turbans verts" are held, may be learned from their obtuseness of intellect having passed into a proverb. He then tells us that the Ulema are "a privileged body, immoveable in the enjoyment of their property." He does not tell us what property belongs to the body, but he lets us into the secret of their privileges, or at least one of the most important of them—the being allowed (if condemned to death) to be pounded in a mortar! The address he puts into the mouth of a poor Ulema going to suffer capitally, and revolting at the idea of being hanged like a dog, is excessively witty—"You must pound me, Sultan—pound me, for it is written (we suppose in the Koran), 'Thou must be

pounded.' " We thought that this privilege was confined to the Sheikh-El-Islam ; at least we do remember that one Sheik Islam, in the reign, we believe, of Murad II., about to be executed for his misdeeds, claimed that his blood could not be spilt. The Sultan ordered (in wanton waggery) that his brains should be dashed out with a stone. Thus originated the story of the mortar. Our author's three years in the East were certainly not necessary for him to acquire this information: he might have got it in his nursery. Every thing is in the same character. We feel that we have done him too much honour in noticing him at all. We have only done so, to show the public what trash will be foisted on them, if they do not show a disposition to resist imposition.

We make some observations on a trite parallel which he reproduces, between Peter the Great and Sultan Mahmood, not because brought forward under such auspices, but because we have heard it so frequently repeated, and think it perfectly unfounded. We introduce it in the garb in which we find it decked out by Mons. Cornille.

" Mahmood has commenced, they say, the work of Turkish regeneration. Like Peter the Great, he combats the prejudices of his people, and imposes on it civilization. But Peter had to do, as it were, with a new people. He had not to do with a people grown old in its opinions, unattackable in its faith. Branches are not revived when the root is dead. One hopes every thing from a new sprout. It has every care taken of it. The oak, which shows above the young forest but two long branches, blackened and worm-eaten—the tree contemporary with bygone ages—is left to die in peace."—p. 69.

Now, wherein lies this analogy? Peter destroyed the Strelitzes, Mahmood the Janissaries; both military bodies—it goes no further. The constitution of the two bodies was different: the influence they wielded: every thing different. We have seen it elsewhere asserted, that Mahmood *copied* Peter. He had as much thought of imitating Peter as any of his predecessors who, before Peter was born, contemplated the same thing, and for the same reasons. Monsieur Cornille remarks a striking difference between these two sovereigns, but instead of following it out, immediately rushes off into a labyrinth of analogies and similes. The common-place parallel between the infancy, youth, maturity, and old age of individuals and nations, has been demolished by the profound Playfair. In his work on the decline and fall of nations, he shows that nations have nothing analogous in their constitution that causes them to decay—that no law in nature condemns them to death—that nations, the institutions of which were originally good, are only in danger if corporate



bodies grow up with interests distinct from those of the community, with chartered privileges, exclusive rights, and a strength of organization by which they divert to themselves the nourishment that should be equally distributed over the whole body. He says, if such corporations exist, and the nation has not sufficient energy to shake them off in time, they must lead to national extinction. Now Turkey has shaken off the only corporation that had the consistency to prevent her institutions from working as they were intended to work, and the machine of government from performing the necessary functions. Peter, M. Cornille says, had to do with a new people. What does that mean? A people that had then no institutions capable of giving them national strength and consistency. He was thus necessarily a creator. Mahmood reigns over a people whose institutions had once made them formidable to Europe. He does not harbour the remotest idea of imposing on his people *French* civilization, and if he did, he could not; for his people are too sober-minded. His reforms, hitherto, have a tendency to lead the nation back to their original principles. We mean not to say that he has not committed errors, but of these very errors M. Cornille has not the slightest idea.

The nonsense that M. Cornille talks about the people being "grown old in their opinions and unattackable in their faith," shows that he knows nothing about the matter. As he can never get beyond externals, we suppose that he means the change of dress. What complaint did he hear in 1833 among the people? The Sultan feared that contemptuous depreciation of every innovation had too long co-existed with the turban and a particular style of dress, for the two ideas not to have become associated. Consequently, he laid aside the turban and appeared in the simple *fez*, which he had always worn underneath—a head-dress that abolished, too, all vexatious distinctions, because common to all, and the only part of Eastern costume that is so.

To say, as M. Cornille does, that the turban is as much the sign of Islamism as the cross is that of Christianity, shows that he knew as much about one religion as the other. He should have known that there are many individuals, many classes, among the Mussulmans who never wore the turban—the artillery, bombardiers, and *dchlis*, among the military, for instance, and the dervishes, or monks, among the religious community; and that there are many who never wore it from choice. We have entered into this absurd question further than its importance demands. It makes a great noise in Europe: it is rarely spoken of in the East. We do it to descend to our author's level, and to show the style of observation of Eastern travellers. On this

subject we add, that we know many Turks deeply interested in the regeneration of their country, who desire, not to return to their ancient costume, but to change their present attire for something more oriental, merely because they apprehend that, by too near an approach to European systems, their national character and spirit may be impaired. In this wish we cordially concur. This notion is gradually gaining ground among the influential portion of the community, and we entertain no doubt that the Sultan, when relieved from his political embarrassments, will turn his attention to the subject; and from his innate good taste may be expected a change to something more national, convenient, Eastern, and picturesque.

We respect the personal character and talents of M. de la Martine. We feel that we should wrong him by contrasting his full-toned mind and piety with the flimsy superficiality of his sceptical compatriot. But he seems not the person to be able to appreciate Eastern society. There were impediments in his way peculiar to himself. In his manners, conversation, and writings, whether prose or verse, we see scarcely anything that denotes his belonging to any particular nation in Europe. But he has not those cosmopolite qualities so necessary for examining the comparative merits and demerits of a society so differently constituted to that of Europe, in order to give an impartial verdict. He is essentially a European. He had been accustomed to move in society where there was much that was trifling, but much that was agreeable and brilliant. He had too long been accustomed to give the tone to opinion in his own country to consent to modify his opinions—too long a doctor to become a disciple. His character of poet alone disqualified him for political investigations. Poets, in simpler states of society, were the best instructors in legislation, were the best builders up of social systems, because their study is nature, whether physical or moral; —but, in the European system, nature and politics have been so long disunited, that the observer of nature is disqualified for political investigation; so unused to the task that, even where he may find political institutions based on natural principles, he fails, as M. de la Martine has done, to observe the connection.

But there was another impediment. It has long been the object of M. de la Martine's writings to arrest the progress of the *mouvement* in France. The means by which he proposes to accomplish it, is the revival of the attachment of his fellow-countrymen to Catholicism. Coming into a country where he found the faculties of the Maronite Catholics developed by education, by contact with Italian priests, by their own natural quickness, (if we may use the expression), contrasting them

with their neighbours the Druses, the mass of whom is uninitiated into any creed, whose ignorance is a by-word,\* he perceives their superiority. But then he finds that the Catholics do not enjoy that consideration in Syria which would please his predilections: for the Mahomedans, who give the tone to opinion in the country by their numbers, by their connexion with the religion professed by the chief of the state, and by their superior intelligence, cannot disguise their real sentiments; they despise Catholics as idolaters and inferiors. He then observes the tolerance, the dignified forbearance, of the Mussulmans. He feels the moral superiority of Islamism over what he had mistaken for Christianity: but he dares not hint it to himself. Thus he is overpowered, confounded. His convictions receive a rude shock, but his prejudices remain unchanged. He was labouring too under considerable irritation of mind when he visited the East, where he wandered an involuntary exile. He left France in a moment of disgust at seeing the turn things were taking; still he longed to have an excuse to return. We witnessed his delight when his nomination as deputy for Dieppe furnished him with that excuse.

With such conflicting feelings, he was too preoccupied and prejudiced to look at any thing in its true light. He had not the spirit of investigation. In his conversation with a distinguished lady, who, in spite of all her eccentricities, might, had he better chosen his subject, have supplied him with much correcter local information than he did obtain, he neglected any topic that was connected with the spot. He converses with two intelligent priests,—not on the nature of a society on which he was to pronounce an opinion. He asks not how they account for its existence; he touches not a theme, on which, in discussion, either he or they might have thrown out some new view whereby to account for that which has never been fully explained. His heart turns to Europe: he speaks of Paris, London, Florence. He travels to Syria to discuss St. Simonianism, and makes greater progress in their doctrines than in Syrian customs.

Yet what a field of inquiry does not Syria present? Let us take, for instance, the commercial emporium of Damascus. We meet there the nomade Arab, the mountaineer, and the inhabitant of towns, of villages—their character partly agreeing, partly disagreeing—we there see mingling specimens of the patriarchal system preserved in the desert—of mountain clanship—of the

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\* Little is known of the religious tenets of the Druses. They are divided into two classes:—a few called Accals, Intelligent, or initiated into the mysteries of their Creed. The mass are Jaheels (Ignorant)—literally, believing they know not what. Their only religious tie is implicit obedience to the Accals.

municipal system prevailing in the plains. Were these distinctive features, not to be remarked by an inquiring mind? Were not these apparent contradictions sufficient to call forth the analytical powers of a man of superior and logical intelligence? Would not the first appearance of classification lead on to further inquiry? And, to take in a more immediate point, does not the practical, though certainly neither the intelligent nor systematic, reverence of the Porte for different institutions, that is to say, its non-interference, explain the greatest phenomenon of present history, the permanence of its dominion?

The high state of cultivation in which he found the mountains of Lebanon strikes him, but only as regards the picturesque. He admires the precipitous and terraced sides clothed up to the summit with vines and mulberry trees. The high cultivation of the plain, wherever the presence of water enables the inhabitants to struggle against the aridity of the soil, does not strike him, as not being so obvious; and, while he imagines that he is giving a history of the government of the mountains, he does not attempt to trace this prosperity to any causes. •Our readers may well imagine what it is to be ascribed to, when we say that, though the local administration is in the hands of an hereditary governor, this governor is easily removed, if he opposes the feelings of the people, another, of the same family, being set up in his stead. The revenue is collected by self-assessment, as in Bulgaria, and we thus find in these two countries similar results;—property equally distributed—absence of crime and punishment, except in times of high excitement—and great manufacturing industry, great commercial enterprise. Would Monsieur de la Martine trace these results to religion, because the Maronites are Catholics? This prosperity is common to the Druses, Muttuals, &c. as well as the Maronites.

He says that he ventures to entertain hopes of a brilliant *avenir* for the Maronites. But he neglects to state what it was that allowed him even to entertain hopes which we think delusive. Did he know that, had it not been for the supremacy of Mahomedanism, the Maronites would now be extinct? Fakreddin was the last Druse Prince of the Mountains. The Maronites were then a small sect, their numbers few; but they were more enlightened than the Druses. The prince naturally favoured his own race, and harassed the Maronites. For this reason, the Turkish authorities discontinued the Druse princes, and placed a Mussulman chief of the race of Chab, under the title of Emir Beshir, over the mountains. Thus, justice being in the hands of one that could judge impartially between the contending creeds, the continual jar was removed, the resources of the

country developed, as we have seen, and the natural power of superior intelligence felt, insomuch that the Maronites now are equal in numbers to the Druses, and are augmenting their converts. Take off the balancing weight, and you will have discord again. This is proved by events of no very ancient date.

The Druse population, perceiving the inroads that the Christians were making on their body by proselytism, raised a storm, which forced the Emir Beshir to fly. He was reinstated by a small body of troops sent by the Pasha of Acre. This shows that the mountains are not inaccessible to Turkish troops. Besides, the Maronites are far from united; for amongst the party opposed to the Emir Beshir were many Christian chiefs; and thus we do not exactly discover the brilliant prospects which Monsieur de la Martine holds out to them, to prop up his confederation theory. The Emir Beshir, he seems to think, is a Christian: we know that this is an opinion entertained by the Franks at Beyrout; but we imagine that they have as little means of judging as Monsieur de la Martine or ourselves; for this distinguished personage does not let out his private opinions to casual visitors. As he is a man of enlarged mind, he may possibly see something superior in the tenets of the Christian religion; but he governs the country according to the administrative maxims which have become incorporated with the religion of the Mussulman. The Maronites are promised this brilliant prospect, because they are of the same creed as Monsieur de la Martine. The external form may be the same, but the practice is essentially different, as the priesthood forms no corporate body, separated from the community by vows of celibacy or by such a provision "as makes them careless about the affections of the people." The Jesuits, who have penetrated into almost every country in Europe, and succeeded in distracting the settled march of government, whether courted and caressed by the chief authority, or discountenanced and frowned on,—after having made repeated efforts to gain a footing in Turkey—after having spent such sums to erect vast edifices for monasteries, &c.—have failed to establish themselves even in the mountains of Lebanon, where there are so many Catholics. It must be premised that it is contrary to the principle of hospitality acted on by the Porte to expel the stranger. Should not this failure then be tried to be explained as well as noticed by M. de la Martine?

M. de la Martine goes on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there alone he observes the beneficial effect of the Turkish system. It forced itself on his notice. He approached the Holy Sepulchre with notions highly exaggerated, and with worked-up feelings. He expected that the priests (of his persuasion at least),

from residing within an enclosure which was hallowed to him by every association, would be men devout and pious, who had long withdrawn their thoughts from earth to heaven. He found them mercenary, ignorant, degraded, demoralized; jesting and blaspheming near the tomb itself; with their utmost might fanning the flame of superstition and fanaticism, in order to turn it to profit. In the moment of bitter disappointment, he looks at the conduct of the Mussulman guardians of the church. What a mortifying contrast!—Dignified and decorous; showing respect for the feeling that led the pilgrim to the spot; they watch over the Sepulchre, to prevent one religious communion from interrupting the devotions of others, which they are well disposed to do; such is the rancour of the several sects against each other. But for the Turks, he says, the tomb would be a scene of constant strife between rival creeds; would pass into the hands of some one, to the exclusion of every other communion. “I see no grounds,” he observes, “for accusing and abusing the Turks: their alleged brutal intolerance only shows the ignorance of those who prefer the charge—*they are the only tolerant people in existence.*”

Is not this one fact worth all his lucubrations, as showing, what he did not himself understand, the nature and spirit of the government of the country? In every other part of her dominions, and with very few exceptions, the impartial toleration of the Ottoman government has calmed down the irritations of religious animosity. Here, the associations of the place keep alive angry recollections; but even here, all record of the fierce disputes between the Christian churches of the East and West would have died long ago, had it not been for the intrigues of Italian monks, supported by foreign powers. But we do not attribute this toleration to dogma, because we find the same feeling taking upon itself a character purely institutional; because we find the Porte not only respecting difference of creeds, but difference of local laws, usages and customs; because we trace to this spirit, combined with hospitality, the privilege that the Porte confers on the stranger of every nation—the privilege of living under his own laws though in her dominions, enjoying his own customs, gratifying his own tastes, amenable only to officers appointed by his own government. These are the obligations which M. de la Martine and every eastern traveller have been under to the Porte; and the way in which these individuals have, for the most part, repaid her, is, by misrepresenting her people, her institutions, and her system; by publishing mis-statements that favour the designs of her ambitious enemy.

We have not space to enter into all the erroneous opinions that

have given a false colouring to all M. de la Martine's pictures of Eastern society. A *résumé* of his opinions is to be found in a speech which, on his return, he pronounced in a deliberate and solemn manner before the assembled representatives of his nation. How well he understood Turkey may be seen from his mistaking her vital principle for symptoms of dissolution. So well had he appreciated the reforms of the Sultan, that what had curbed the arbitrary exercise of power, repressed military tyranny, secured property from rapacity, and increased the resources of his people, was characterized as elements of weakness; so well had he studied the spirit of the different races and creeds, that a confederation of states was to be formed—that they were to be bound by sympathies when the Ottoman supremacy ceased to connect them; so deeply had he penetrated into Russian policy, that such a confederacy was to prevent a power so artful in sowing dissensions from occupying a position, which was not with her a question of more or less importance, but one of life and death; so well had he read history, that the ground (once Turkey) was to be proclaimed by a simple treaty neutral; and that thus, amidst jarring interests and conflicting passions, we were to see there Elis reproduced without its associations.

A detailed refutation of these visions appeared in the Augsburg Gazette, which subsequently was reproduced and still further commented on in the *Moniteur Ottoman*. The first of these works happily contrasts, in its refutation, as it says itself, not of the arguments of the statesman, but of the metaphors of the poet, the benevolence of the intentions of M. de la Martine with the bigotry of his opinions.

M. de la Martine, in his anxiety to invigorate the East, looks around to see if he can find elsewhere renovating materials. He sees that under "*notre brillante civilisation le peuple souffre et se plaint.*" The philosopher is not arrested in his speculations by this astounding fact, which strikes him with such force when, coming from the East, he sets his foot on Europe. No! but the benevolent poet sees in this *mal-aise* motives to induce the most unhappy sufferers from European civilization to emigrate, and thus enlighten the barbarous East. "Is this, then," continues the writer in the Augsburg Gazette, "the result of all your charity, to cast the Dejanira robe of Western fiscality over the simplicity of Eastern institutions?" But that speech carried with it its own refutation; and, had the recollection of it not been revived by the publication of his "*Souvenirs*," it would have passed from our mind as the weakness of an amiable man of genius—"absorbé dans une contemplation mystique plus près au ciel qu'à la terre."

But we return to our original question : Is the problem not to be solved? How frequently and anxiously have we asked ourselves this question, while wandering over the East? We saw the danger that menaced Europe; we saw that, if the name of Turkey were blotted out of the map of Europe and Asia, Russia's would there be stamped in characters which must efface every other. We heard of several proposals. We had sufficient local knowledge to see that, the Ottoman supremacy once removed, no substitute but Russia could be found. The Ottoman government we considered in a state of rapid decline; Russia constantly encroaching. Is there no expedient to be hit on? Can Turkey be made to stand by herself? Is she not rotten at the core? Must she not always be propped up? To this doubt we opposed the extreme difficulty that Russia had ever experienced in dislodging her antagonist, though Russia really had so many, and seemed to have every advantage. What necessity, we reasoned, for those immense exertions, those enormous sacrifices, those extended ramifications of intrigue, which she carries into every cabinet in Europe, to subvert an empire tottering to its fall? Why not wait patiently until it falls, and then step in quietly, to reap the fruits of a conquest which would not cost either blood or treasure?

We could not explain the reason of the extraordinary contradiction. This very difficulty was a result of long observation. We did not even appreciate the facts as we should have done: we knew that the Ottoman dynasty was the oldest in Europe—we could not account for it. We saw populations so divergent held together for ages, and subject provinces lost with difficulty and retaken with ease by the Ottomans. We could not account for these historical facts; we had not possessed ourselves of the key. We put these questions to others—every one had his different theory—none was satisfactory to any but himself. We visited almost every province in Turkey—we examined every circumstance carefully. We stored up in our mind facts, opinions, conversations. We looked into books, we found nothing satisfactory.

In this state of gloomy foreboding were we, when a small unpretending volume fell in our way. It was no account of fearful accidents—it was no romance of which the author was the hero, and in which he recounted the perils he had gone through while roaming over the world in quest of adventures. In fact it was not "*Travels in the Levant.*" It was "*Turkey and its Resources; its Municipal Organization and Free Trade.*" The title startled us—It appeared as if it was rearing at once the standard for Turkey? We glanced at the advertisement. The first sentence



riveted our attention—"The lingering adhesion of the parts of Turkey to each other is far more surprising and less easily accounted for than the dismemberment of the empire." Here then was one who at length had addressed himself to the problem which so long perplexed us. We sat down to read the volume: at the first hasty glance we found that it bore the internal evidence of truth. It traced great effects to simple and natural causes. We then perused it with more serious attention; and we found here the key to the system which appeared before no system; that institutions did exist, although those who lived under them and enjoyed their advantages were totally unconscious of their existence. We tested the positions by the facts which we had been long collecting; we found that they solved them, that they completely reconciled all apparent discrepancies.

But we feared that we were under delusion, and became sceptical from the desire of finding it true. We examined its effect on others, and we found even the most deeply-rooted prejudice staggered. We heard men for the first time actually talk of the institutions \* of Turkey; differences of opinion then for the first time arose. In discussion, the abuse began to be separated from the principle. We observed, even in the ambassadorial circles, from which such discussions had been banished by absurd mystery and pompous trifling, these questions mooted, attacked, and defended. But, what was much more important, we observed this influence over Turkish opinion. The government had formerly felt the necessity of reforms, of removing abuses. It had entered the career without a guide, without having reasoned on itself. Anxious to imitate Europe, that it might be admitted into the European family and enjoy its protection, the imitations were undertaken without system, consequently they were often injudicious, and opposed to the very organization to which the government owed its stability. It attempted to imitate the errors of Europe: the genius of the people formed by these unknown institutions prevented it from succeeding. Their pride was insulted by the necessity of change; the injudiciousness of the change often ennobled that pride. The nation, detached from its habitual moorings of cus-

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\* The Frank population and the merchants naturally pronounced at once their anathema against these doctrines. Their animosity has since subsided, as will appear from the following extract:—"If I could speak to you I could convince you that there is not a resident in Turkey, or an individual who had any transactions with the country, who is not under the greatest obligations to Mr. Urquhart. Should Turkey become alive to its own intrinsic value—should monopolies be done away with—should the *iktisab* be taken off—I say, should such things take place, whom will you have to thank but the man you are so violent against?"

tom and opinion, was exposed to every danger and every apprehension. They concurred in the mass to despise their own practice, to imitate foreign customs and manners, of which scarcely one individual knew even the external forms; or, on the other hand, they clung with a hopeless [but pertinacious conviction to all that was old. They knew not where to stop or where to begin; they knew not what was European or what was not—pride and expediency stood opposed—yet pride, honest pride, was often uselessly sacrificed, and expediency disregarded in the means taken to secure it. At this moment the opinions of a European became known, and as immediately obtained favour and carried conviction—for that European commenced by reconciling them with themselves—pointed out excellencies they had neglected, and which were worthy of the admiration of that very Europe whose contumelious reproach had not less affected them than its untoward acts—while he urged them to hold fast by that which really was good, he pointed out to them that which really was bad, and thus again conciliated their self-esteem even in their self-condemnation. While they themselves despaired,—despaired of even arriving at the conditions required by civilized Europe,—he, a European, having examined them with the attention necessary to arrive at such results, did not despair; pointed out how the end was to be attained; and revived hope by directing opinion. One instance we quote, out of hundreds, as proving by a single expression the reality of the mental state which we have attempted to describe. One of the doctors of the law declared to us that he had no hope for his country until he understood the principles exposed in this work.

The Turks felt respect and awe for the power of Europe, and admiration for her institutions. From political circumstances they felt that their existence depended on its good opinion. Their feelings may well be conceived when they found themselves treated with respect. They received encouragement and confidence from feeling they had claims to that respect. Could they doubt that the European who had taken this view, who had rendered them this service, must be right? How many authors have reproached the Turks with intractability, because, though they received politely the suggestions of reforms offered by Europeans, in imitation of European models, they did not adopt them. How could they adopt suggestions offered in total ignorance of all that it was requisite to know, and which, consequently, generally injudicious, were often impracticable? Could these fail to produce a most unfavourable impression with respect to individual European sagacity and judgment? The Turks, too, were intractable while we were ignorant. This change of disposition, so contradictory

to all preconceived opinions, proves *that we have now arrived at the truth.*

The influence that the author of these views gained amongst them was of the most rapid growth. To enter into the reasons of this we must observe that he was the first European who had gained their confidence on account of his opinions. His position then had all the charms of novelty. Besides, it is further accounted for by that very absence, among the Turks, of analysis, and of those laborious habits of thought necessary to arrive at conclusions, which led them more readily to adopt conclusions formed for them, when these bore the characters of truth recognizable in their eyes; and oriental society is not split into a number of factions, with opposite opinions and interests. The confidence of one man thus gained implies the confidence of the million. There is a difference of creeds and races, but no difference of opinion. The unity of sentiments and principles is at once satisfactorily established by the fact, that the author of "*Turkey and its Resources*," while enjoying the confidence of the Turks, enjoyed equally that of the tributaries and rayahs.

The Turkish government had asked for encouragement from Europe by means of its official organ. "When the West confers on the East the benefit of enlightenment, may it also add that of opinion!" On the publication of this work the *Moniteur Ottoman* sees its aspirations realized. Reviewing "*Turkey and its Resources*," and putting the seal of its sanction on those principles as the authentic elements of Turkish institutions, as the directing spirit of future reforms, it prognosticates that the work will operate change in the sentiments both of the East and West towards each other; and time is beginning to show the truth of the prophecy.

"A fact occurs to-day, which has occurred once before in the history of Europe. The fact is, a violent animosity against Mahommedans, changing suddenly into contrary sentiments, and seeking, with all the good faith of real regret, to discover its errors.

"The early times of the crusades, that long *cauchemar* of the Christians, was a period of bitter hatred, of infuriated passions, rejecting all inquiry and exercising a despotical action over the masses of men that passed over to Asia. To hate and to fight, such was the only thought of the crusaders, during the eleventh century. But in the succeeding, opinion changes. The struggle between two systems, religious and social, loses its character of blind fury. It continues because begun; but the spirit of inquiry had taken the place of passion; fanatical prejudices are effaced. The crusaders study the character and habits of their enemies; sympathies arise; and from this moment commences that movement of civilization, which was the final result of that vast ~~eruption~~ <sup>invasion</sup> of the West on the East.

“ The crusade of civilization of the nineteenth century commenced precisely as the religious crusade of the eleventh—in prejudices, blind hate, and condemnation, without reason. It finishes, like that of the thirteenth, in inquiry, sympathy, and justice. Ten years have sufficed to operate this reaction, which in another age required two centuries. The diffusion of knowledge, facility of communication, and the immense power of the press, explain the difference. Thanks to those whose high intelligence raises them above the prejudices of their day, to whose investigations we owe this return to impartiality, fraternity; this return to the true spirit of civilization. Mr. Urquhart has caused his contemporaries to make a gigantic stride in the path of honour, of social science, and of humanity. His laborious researches have thrown a new light on the question, so obscure before, of the institutions of the Ottoman empire, of the reason of its decay, and of the means of its regeneration.”

After opening up the elements of Eastern society, and of the state of Turkey, the author turns round to the political question, for it is impossible not to attribute the Pamphlet that appeared at the close of last year, under the title of “ England, France, Russia, and Turkey,” to the same master-mind that created order where all before seemed confusion—that reduced to principle what appeared only “ jarring elements,”—that, after having worked through the minute details of local administration, finance, and commercial intercourse, rose to all the imposing truths of political economy, social science, and moral philosophy. In both publications we find the same observation and appreciation of minute detail—the same searching analysis of facts—the same facility of combination, and what is still more striking, the same tracing of great and complicated effects to simple causes. So evident appears to us the connection between the discovery of the cause of resistance on the part of Turkey to Russia, and an understanding of the means that Russia takes to overcome that resistance—of the necessity for those immense exertions she makes, both in East and West, and of the simple means by which Russian progress may now be arrested—that we hesitate not to say, that if the author had not written on the Institutions of Turkey, his *exposé* of Russian policy for the last twenty years would never have appeared. He never could have made that policy intelligible even to himself. We refer not to that pamphlet for the purpose of pointing out its merits or supporting its positions. We merely point out the intimate connection between the administration of Turkey and the policy of Europe. The effect of this publication on opinion, in England, is perhaps unparalleled; the question interests now because it has been rendered intelligible.

But its action on the mind of the Turk is not so well known,

and yet more remarkable. It has attracted the attention of the Turkish government, and has been translated into Turkish, by order of the government. Turkey had been calumniated by Europe; from Europe she had learned that she did possess elements within herself of regeneration. By the errors of the European cabinets, particularly that of England, she had been prostrated; from England again proceed a dissection of those errors; an exposition of the means by which Russia was working her destruction; of the means of rectifying these errors. It is shown that, whilst she depended on England, England knew and felt the necessity of her existence. Thus, while the consideration of her dependence on foreign interference humbled her and rendered her docile, she rose in her own estimation, from feeling that her existence was necessary to the tranquillity of Europe.

It is wonderful to see a great nation perishing through ignorance of its own means of existence, abandoned and wounded by other powers through the same ignorance; one able power profiting doubly by this ignorance, to cause this nation to destroy itself, and to cause others to destroy it; and by such means proceeding uncontrolled to the erection of one universal dominion on the ruins of all existing powers; and to discover that it is owing probably to some trifling accidents of every-day occurrence, which led to the observation, establishment, and combination of these simple truths in the mind of one individual, that the means are pointed out of blasting the gigantic schemes of such insatiable ambition.

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ART. XL.—*Tableau de la Dégénération de la France, et des Moyens de sa Grandeur.* Par A. M. Madrolle. (Picture of the Degeneracy of France; and the means of her greatness, and of a fundamental Reform in Literature, Philosophy, the Laws, and Government.) 8vo.

It may be taken for granted that the author of a work under such a title could not fail to discover abundant matter for severe censure, indignant reproof, and bitter sarcasm; that, if so disposed, he would find—

“Ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace;”

and this, were he merely to confine himself to the Dramatists and Novelists of the day. But his work appears to us to be a singular performance. While, on the one hand, it contains many evident truths clearly and forcibly stated, and supported by incontrovertible facts; it puts forth many notions which will be deemed literary heresies, and many bold assertions, chiefly remarkable for the dogmatical *nuireté*, (if the expression may be allowed) with which they are advanced. He dedicates his work *à la jeune France*. He says—

“The greatness of France is the hope of the world. France alone is great, gentlemen, and you are France.—You are France, and you know it; and you act accordingly. On whatever side we turn our eyes, in the lower, in the middle, in the higher classes, among all the factions which now divide society, among the citizens and the merchants, in the University and at the bar, even in the Academy, in the Chamber, in the Ministry, and above all at the Tuileries, it is *la jeune France* that is the most prominent, that gives the law.”

He then compliments *la jeune France* as commanding public opinion by the Journals, the young editors of which, and not Messrs. Soult, Guizot, Thiers, &c. and Louis Philip, are now the true prime ministers of France, and its kings.

We fear that those who are acquainted with the French journals of the present day will hardly join our author in expecting from their conductors the religious and moral regeneration of France; for which, in fact, he does not seem to have any much more solid foundation than that his principle, which is exclusively religious, is proclaimed by the most independent of them; that one of them has said, that “the annihilation of religious faith has left a vacuum in the world, which it is difficult to fill up; that a religious tendency, a moral *reaction* are evident; that the journals hesitate less than ever to mention God.” But, in another chapter, treating of the bad effect of the revolution in putting every thing out of its place, he says:—“Old age, so respected among the ancients, is now an object of contempt; it has every where given way to youth, which inundates (he says incumbers, *encombre*) the public functions, *the journals*, the schools, societies, the forum. In a word, we have children every where; all that we now want is one upon the throne, and all that we do, our passions, and even our virtues, are about to place him there.”

We must leave it to the author to reconcile these sentiments with his  
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compliments to *la jeune France* in commanding public opinion by the journals.

"Modern literature is complex, obscure, hollow, unintelligible, untranslatable. I defy you to understand a single word of Messrs. Janin, Hugo, Villemain, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, as they themselves understood it. Only one of their thoughts is clear to every body; I mean the blank spaces, pages, and even leaves, which they interpose in their works; these are their real lucid intervals."

"There is nothing more systematic than genius; nothing more opposite to the sublime than literature; nothing more different from great men than men of letters. We are so blind, so simple, that we give the epithet of sublime only to *ignes fatui*, the name of genius to flagrant contradictions, of great men to dwarfs."

It would require a work much larger than that of the author to accompany him in the development of his opinions, either to show their truth or to expose their errors. There is scarcely a name of eminence in literature or science, from the remotest ages to the present time, that is not pressed into the service. While we agree with much that he alleges respecting the existing evils, we are by no means sure that we should be satisfied either with his remedies, or the results which he would obtain. From what he says of the reformation, of England, of its government and the spirit of the people, and from the whole tenor of his argument, we conclude that, while he would with reason make a religious principle the foundation and the strength of political institutions, he has the Roman Catholic religion alone in view. We apprehend that he misunderstands the signs of the times; and that there is perhaps more truth than he will allow in the assertion, which he quotes, of the *Globe*, the *Tribune*, and the *National*, that "Catholicism, Legitimacy, Nobility, all this is *dead, absolutely dead*, in France. You may give to it, as to a corpse, a convulsive semblance of life, but life itself is fled for ever."

M. Madrolle has composed a work called "Universal Legislation," of which he gives the heads, and which he seems to expect will produce the happy change to which he looks forward.

ART. XII.—*Pensées d'un Prisonnier, par le Comte de Peyronnet*. (Second Edition.) Paris. 1834.

THERE are many reasons why we should not give our own opinions concerning the above-mentioned work, of which we will state only one. There is a sacredness in the present situation of the author, that would prevent us from openly expressing ourselves, either to praise or to condemn; for we might be accused of being misled by our feelings of compassion, or admiration of the magnanimous bearing of the prisoner of state; or, on the other hand, we might be thought to insult an unfortunate minister, who has been punished for doing what he deemed his duty.

However all this may be, there can be no reason why we should not

tell the reader what is the nature of the Count de Peyronnet's work. It is prefaced by a zealous and admiring friend, Count Jules de Rességuier, who commences in the following manner: "Thoughts of a prisoner! . . . . Are these thoughts marked by the impress of fetters? narrowed by the want of space? discoloured by the absence of light? No; they are animated, they are lofty, they are free; because bolts cannot curb either the mind or the soul of the prisoner;" and who relates the following anecdote:—"The chapter concerning the punishment of death was written while the author was imprisoned at Vincennes, when the people were loudly demanding his execution." M. de Rességuier conjured him to lay more stress on several parts of his defence; but he, valuing his reputation more than his life, said, with the utmost tranquillity—"My friend, I have two causes in hand, that of the present, and that of the future. I should be sorry to lose the first, but I am anxious to gain the latter."

The book consists of a series of political reflections and essays, some written before the last revolution in France, others at Vincennes, during the Count's temporary imprisonment in that castle, and the rest at Ham. It is dedicated to his friends, and is divided into short chapters, treating of some of the great political questions which have, in all modern times, agitated mankind; such as, Liberty of the Press, Civil War, Capital Punishments, Amnesty, Oaths, Obedience, Factions, Perseverance in Opinions, and (which forms a very curious chapter) Women in Adversity; to which is added an imitation of Montaigne, entitled, "*De la Solitude Forcée*," a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, an ingenious defence of, or rather reconciliation with, the Count's present situation.

In order to give an example of the style in which the work is written, we make the following extracts:—

"Now, how are we to understand this? If the people are to command, who is there to obey? If the people are to obey, who shall command? Shall we have obedience without command, or command without obedience? Do you take it to mean that the people shall be their own masters, and at the same time their own subjects? that they shall obey themselves collectively, and command themselves in like manner? that there shall need a deliberation of this collective sovereign for each collective act of this subject, prince and people?" . . . . .

"And where shall reside the sovereignty, one of whose principal attributes is command, while the people, reduced to obedience, shall have no other condition than that of subjects? Will you tell me that it shall be vested in the prince? Is it then an essential of your popular sovereignty to reside habitually elsewhere than in the people? Oh, the marvellous prerogative, which one possesses merely to be subject to it, and which one obtains only to let it be exercised by others! Do you tell me that it will not be in the prince? Shall it then be no where? Admirable sovereignty, whose character is that it exists scarcely for once, and but for a day during many ages!" . . . . .

"Confess, then, that popular sovereignty is but the negative of sovereignty. You give the appearance of it to the people, to take its reality from the prince; you take the reality from the prince, without being able to give more than an empty and false appearance to the people."



Our female readers will thank us for giving the Count's opinion of them while labouring under misfortune :—

"What can be more beautiful, what can be greater, what less analogous to our miserable characters as men ; in general so cold, so inattentive, to all that does not concern ourselves ! Pure and true devotion, that is to say, the entire sacrifice of self for others, is incompatible with us, and out of our nature. This virtue, which brings with it so many others,—exquisite mixture of courage, perseverance, charity, and forgetfulness of self,—is the most perfect of perfect virtues.

"It is nevertheless to this that weak women raise themselves, where great calamities help and conduct them : it is in this that they excel, and ennoble and fortify their sex. Their soul is transformed, if I may so express myself, and the emotions which take possession of it far surpass the common limits of humanity."

Far otherwise does the noble Count speak of the weaker sex in prosperity ; but we suspect that he will be forgiven when it is seen what he thinks of it in the hour of trial.

**ART. XIII.—*Réponse de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque.* London, 1835.**

THE object of this pamphlet is to justify the writer and his imperial brother from the accusations of General Lamarque, who, in his Memoirs, imputes to them the having been actuated, respectively, by self-interest and mental feebleness, in the course they adopted after the battle of Waterloo. The Prince of Canino is an acute and subtle dialectician, who reasons ingeniously and plausibly, even when he fails to convince. With respect to his own conduct and motives, however, we think he does more, and, although we can occasionally detect a fallacy, resting upon an ambiguous use of words, we think he may be fairly said to exonerate himself from the charge of having been then, or perhaps ever, influenced by views of personal aggrandizement.

With respect to Napoleon the case is different. Lucien Buonaparte himself allows that, at the time, he thought Napoleon's last abdication an act of weakness, a mean dereliction of his exalted post ; and avers that his own advice was, not to abdicate, but to dissolve the refractory chambers, and appeal to the nation for support against the invaders. It is only twenty years of subsequent meditation that have converted him to his present opinion, which will probably startle our readers as much as ourselves. It is, that Napoleon never held himself to be more than the chief magistrate of the French nation ; that their good, not his own glory or greatness, was ever his paramount consideration ; that he knew he could effect his own personal objects by the help of the army, without the chambers, but thought he could not thus save the country, and, caring for nought else, abdicated. Now, as we before intimated, the prince has failed to convince us of Napoleon's noble and perfect disinterestedness, or indeed, to make it intelligible to our foggy insular capacity ; for, though we readily conceive that the sacrifice of a sovereign and his dynasty may be the price of a country's independence, we

cannot make out how an emperor can preserve his empire without preserving the independence of the country which constitutes that empire : unless, indeed, it be meant that Napoleon might have bargained to be sent back to his empire of Elba, thence annually to invade France.

But we suspect that any question as to the political virtue of a great character who disappeared from the stage of active public life twenty years ago—a considerable period in the life of man—possesses but little interest for the English reading public of the present day ; and to our own mind, the more important part of the pamphlet consists of the views entertained by the Prince of Canino—a professed and unflinching republican, be it remembered—of political liberty, the English constitution, and the late French revolution. This last he holds to be illegal ; but why ? Upon grounds thoroughly republican, but elsewhere conservatively qualified. He says—

“ But this revolution is as yet a mere fact, because it has not received the *indispensable baptism of universal suffrage*, or votation. \* \* \* Since the three general votings upon the consulship, the empire, and the *acte additionel*, the French people, whom you call sovereign, has not been consulted. Without such universal voting, there can be no popular legitimacy. You must acknowledge either the principle of absolute sovereignty, and so Henry V. is your king, or the principle of popular sovereignty, and then you are renegades from your political faith if you do not consult the people of to-day upon the authority that you have substituted to the authorities voted by the people of yesterday.”

Respecting the forms of liberty, let us hear this staunch republican.

“ From my childhood I was accustomed to regard the English government of balanced powers as the only species of monarchy compatible with public liberty. A witness of, an actor in, the French revolution, I could not be ignorant of the national antipathy of France for aristocratic power : or, knowing that, conceive how those who proscribed all intermediate bodies, could dream of constitutional royalty. Without a peerage, I cannot comprehend a limited monarchy ; wherefore I thought, and still think, that France, if irreconcilable to an hereditary peerage, independent by fortune and position, cannot hope for English liberty ; can establish herself only upon a republican basis.”

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“ I am aware that such institutions are still as antipathetic to public opinion as they were thirty years ago ; but all that can be argued from this antipathy is, that it must either be conquered by the influence of a monarchical and constitutional press, or the consulship with two chambers must be revived. Should there be a wish to know more of the opinions of a citizen who has vegetated in exile for so many years, I would say that, could a monarchy, like the English, be established in France, I think it preferable, for the interest of humanity, even to the consular republic ; because it is better adapted to modify, by the force of example, the absolute monarchies of the continent, and thus to establish the constitutional system throughout Europe, without new revolutions, or with the fewest possible. But if, as it is asserted, the successive generations increase in their hatred for hereditary bodies, then I see no possible liberty for France except in a republic, the elective powers of which shall be so equipoised as to maintain us at an equal distance from despotism and anarchy.”

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"I write this in a country happy enough to have enjoyed these blessings (universal personal liberty, and civil equality before the law) for upwards of a century. Although the labouring class be here unrepresented, nowhere does human dignity breathe so freely; and this fortunate land, whose liberty I day by day more envy for my own country, does not slumber in the career of improvement, but advances with measured steps, in order to preserve the legislative equilibrium amongst influences that cannot be stationary."

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"Large property governs through the House of Peers, hereditary, as is the transmission of the land, the greater part of which belongs to that house. Small property governs through the House of Commons. And, to balance these powers of great and small property, exercised by the two branches of the legislature, an immutable head, hereditary and powerful like the peerage, irresponsible, who reigns but does not govern (master-piece of human wisdom) forms the keystone of the social arch. Is not such a monarchy the best of governments, especially where large territorial estates exist?"

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"When can this political equilibrium be constituted in France? If it be true that our social condition repels the great hereditary patriciate, what is the use of an hereditary government?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You cut out of your constitution the power which monarchical hereditary is designed to repress, and leave your king as much power and money as though he had to balance the English aristocracy! Should this king err, where is the independent body, potent, irremovable, hereditary as himself, that may stay him without insurrection, the natural and just counterpoise of powers which have no legal counterpoise? You seek it in vain, that intermediary, which might have held you back from the abyss; and after half a century of alleged political progress, you give the world the frightful spectacle of Lyons and Transnonain!"

We shall rejoice if the republican celebrity of Lucien Buonaparte tempts some of our headlong reformers to read and meditate on his political opinions here avowed.

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ART. XIV.—*De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Par Alexis de Tocqueville.  
2 vol. 8vo. 1835.

MUCH as has already been written respecting America, and especially the United States, the subject seems to be inexhaustible, if we may judge from the numerous publications which the press continues daily to send forth. The present work may be considered as the indispensable companion of that of M. de Beaumont, "*Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis*," who, in his preface to that afflicting, because too faithful picture, speaks of the work of M. de Tocqueville in terms of commendation, in which we are disposed to concur. Limited as is the space which we can devote to this work, we must content ourselves with giving some striking extracts, and withhold the observations which we might be tempted to make.

M. de Tocqueville conceives it to be an indisputable fact that the same democracy which rules in America is rapidly advancing to power in

Europe also. "A great democratic revolution," says he, "is taking place among us; all see it, but all do not judge of it in the same manner. Some consider it as a new thing, and, taking it to be an accident, hope they may still arrest its course; while others think it irresistible, because it seems to them to be the most continuous, the most ancient, and the most permanent fact that we know of in history." Supporting this opinion by a brief survey of the increase of the popular power, especially in France and England, he seems to hope that ultimately "the nation, as a whole, will be less brilliant, less glorious, less powerful perhaps; but the majority of the citizens will enjoy a greater degree of prosperity, and the people will be peaceable, not because they despair of improving their condition, but because they feel that it is already good." He, however, paints in striking and gloomy colours the actual result of this progress of democracy, as manifested in the present moral and intellectual state of France. "The whole book," he says, "was written under the influence of a kind of religious terror, produced in the author's mind by the sight of this irresistible revolution, which has been advancing for so many centuries, in spite of all obstacles, and which we still see advancing amidst the ruins of its own creation."

"It was not to satisfy curiosity," observes M. de Tocqueville, "that I examined America; I wished to find here instruction, by which we might profit. It will be evident to those who read my work, that it was not my intention to compose a panegyric, nor have I meant to extol any form of government in general. I have not even pretended to judge whether the social revolution, the progress of which seems to me to be irresistible, be advantageous or baneful to humanity. I have taken it for granted that this revolution is accomplished, or on the eve of being accomplished; and, from the nations who have witnessed its accomplishment among themselves, I have selected that nation in which it has attained the most complete and the most peaceful development, in order to study its natural character, and to discover, if possible, the means of rendering it beneficial to mankind. I have sought in America an image of democracy, of its predilections, of its character, of its prejudices, and of its passions; I wished to become acquainted with it, were it but to know what we have to hope or to fear from it."

Our author accordingly, beginning from the first settlement of the colonies, shows, in the spirit that animated the first emigrants to New England, the germ of the peculiarities, whether good or evil, which now distinguish the political and social condition of the American Union, the manners, the character, the virtues, and the vices of the people. Setting out on the incontrovertible assumption that "the social condition of the Americans is eminently democratical—that such was its character at the foundation of the colonies, and that it is so in a still higher degree in our times"—he treats successively of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which, "in the United States, has attained all the practical development that the imagination can conceive;" of the government of the several states, and of the federal government;—he proves, we think, that the latter is admirably adapted to the American Union, where the people were prepared for it by their previous political education. He continues:—

"When we examine the constitution of the United States, the most perfect of all federal constitutions with which we are acquainted, we are confounded on considering the variety of knowledge and the discernment which it takes for granted in those who are to be subject to it. The government of the Union almost entirely rests upon legal fictions. The Union is an ideal nation, which exists, as it were, only in the mind; and the extent and limits of which are discernible only by the understanding. The general theory being understood, the difficulties of applying it remain: they are innumerable; for the sovereignty of the Union is so blended with that of the individual States, that it is impossible at the first view to distinguish their limits. Every thing is conventional and artificial in such a government, and it can suit only a people which has long been habituated to manage its own affairs, and in which the science of politics has been diffused, even among the lowest ranks of society. I have never more admired the good sense and the practical understanding of the Americans than in the manner in which they extricate themselves from the numberless difficulties that arise from their federal constitution. I have hardly ever met with one of the common people in America, who did not discern with surprising facility the obligations arising from the laws of the Congress, and those originating in the laws of his own state."

"The constitution of the United States resembles those beautiful creations of human skill, which give glory and wealth to their inventors, but are unproductive and useless in other hands. Of this truth, Mexico affords a striking example. It has adopted, almost literally, the federal constitution of the Anglo-American States, but it could not acquire the spirit which vivifies it."

But though the federal system of government has so well succeeded in the United States, notwithstanding its complex and artificial nature, and even in spite of the second and most fatal of all defects, which the author considers as inherent in the system itself, namely, the relative weakness of the government of the Union, he does not seem to think it adapted to nations in other circumstances, especially to those that are liable to be engaged in foreign wars, which the United States have at present no reason to apprehend; for "the nation which, in presence of the great military monarchies of Europe, should divide its sovereignty into fractions, would, in my opinion, resign, by that one act, its power, and perhaps its existence, and its name."

Having in his first volume examined the institutions, the written laws, the present forms of political society, in the United States, the author proceeds, in his second, "to treat of that sovereign power, the power of the people, which, above all institutions, is restrained by no forms, and destroys or modifies them at its own pleasure." He endeavours to show "the mode of its proceeding, its instincts, and its passions; the secret springs which impel, retard, or direct it in its resistless course,—the effects of its omnipotence, and its future destiny."

As, however, an English translation of this work has made its appearance during the preparation of our present Number, we shall refrain from further extract.

Absolute monarchies have rendered despotism odious; let us take care that democratic republics do not re-establish it; and that, in rendering it more heavy for some individuals, they do not take from it, in the eyes of the greater number, its baleful aspect and debasing character.

ART. XV.—*Du Duché de Savoie, ou Etat de ce Pays en 1833.* Par M. F. C. N. d'Héran, d'après les documens statistiques fournis par M. P. P. Darbier. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THIS is a genuine French *mouvement* book. Professedly a statistical account of the duchy of Savoy, it is manifestly compiled and written for the express and sole purpose of proving that Savoy ought to be French, not Sardinian, partly for its own good, partly (and this second partly might be suspected of being the lion's share) so far to re-establish *la grande nation* in her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. We took it for granted that this advocate of natural boundaries was himself one of the *grande nation*, for whose territorial enlargement he so zealously pleads; but some expressions towards the end of the volume seem to indicate that we were mistaken, and that M. d'Héran, like his supplier of facts, M. Darbier, is a malcontent absentee Savoyard; and here we discover a third "partly cause," probably the true lion's share, for the desire of annexation to France; to wit, that such Savoyard gentlemen as find the gaiety and excitement of the French capital more to their taste than the primitive rustic simplicity of their native mountains and valleys, may be enabled to combine the intoxicating pleasures of absenteeism with the moral self-satisfaction of conscientiously discharging their patriotic duties as Savoyards.

One portion of his case, supposing his facts to be correct, our author must be allowed to have made out; to wit, that Savoy and Piedmont are not well adapted, geographically or morally, to be united. Occupying the opposite sides of the Alps, the difficulty of crossing the ridge may so impede the intercourse of the two provinces as really to render their amalgamation into one people well nigh impossible; and if this be so, the national pride of the higher, the educated, classes of Savoyards must needs revolt at seeing their country—which was the original seat of government, which gave its name to the sovereigns until the ducal hat of Savoy was, at the peace of Utrecht, exchanged for the kingly crown of Sardinia—sunk into a dependent province of Piedmont and Sardinia, piecemeal acquisitions by marriage, by conquest, and by treaty, of the House of Savoy.

But if we are willing to be thus far convinced by our statish arguments, still, supposing his data to be correct, we can concede to him no further. It by no means follows that if Savoy be ill governed by Italian officials, and therefore dissatisfied with her Sardinian connection, she must, according to M. d'Héran's plan, be forthwith transferred to France, the King of Sardinia indemnified by Italian provinces—taken from Austria we presume—and the defence of the Alpine barrier against France, which it will be recollected is this sovereign's especial business in the European Commonwealth, withdrawn to the summits, defiles, and actual passes of the mountains. We are aware that civilian judgment upon military questions is seldom allowed much weight; but as neither M. d'Héran nor M. Darbier is, we apprehend, more skilled in the science of the engineer than ourselves, we trust that our opinion may be as available as theirs; and we must say that to surrender all the

lower Alps, and one side of the Alps *par excellence*, to France, appears to us much such a scheme of defence as it would be to place all the outworks of a fortress in a besieger's hands, and, allowing him to make lodgments in the glacis, to limit the exertions of the garrison to endeavouring to maintain possession of its crest.

If, for the satisfaction of the laudable national pride, or even for the real advantage, of some half million of Savoyards (the full amount of their number, as estimated by the best and latest authorities we have at hand,) Europe must, partially at least, be re-constructed—and, in very truth, affairs in the East of Europe are not unlikely to render necessary a large re-modelling of the elements of the balance of power—we think Savoy might, more beneficially for herself and for all Europe, France excepted, be annexed to Switzerland, every possible addition to which seems desirable upon both political and philanthropic principles. This, however, is no proposal of our statist's,—haply, because Geneva, Berne, &c. seem to him scarcely preferable as residences to Chambéry or Annecy. With him Sardinia or France are the only alternatives; and most pathetically does he deplore the cruel rupture of family ties, produced by intermarriages between the inhabitants of the two banks of the Rhone, which must ensue upon the breaking out of any future war between the courts of France and Sardinia. But this argument would equally hold good either against the restoration of any province once unjustly acquired, or generally against river boundaries; and, upon the latter hypothesis, what becomes of natural limits, for example, the Rhine? And how far eastward is France to extend?

But to return to Savoy. Annexation to France our author represents as the ardent desire of the whole population, thus substantiating his assertion.

"Throughout the whole duchy of Savoy, French only is, and time out of mind has been, spoken.\* An idiom exists, nevertheless, which is the language of the populace of the towns and of the peasantry. This idiom, or dialect, reaches far into Switzerland, and into the adjacent French departments; a pretty strong proof that it was formerly the language of one and the same people." (A proof, if of any thing, that at least half of Switzerland, as well as Savoy, properly belongs to France.)

"The affection of the *Savoisiens*"—a new denomination coined by M. d'Héran, to avoid, we conclude, the vulgarity of Savoyard to Parisian ears—"for France induces a large portion of the young generation to leave their country upon reaching the age of fifteen or twenty. Unable to endure at once the intolerance of the priests, indigence, want of liberty, indeed a sort of slavery, they leave their mountains, repair to France, chiefly to Paris, rather than to Piedmont or Austria. Since the restoration, the emigration increases from day to day; so that some districts, the inhabitants of which never before quitted their domestic hearths, now reckon their absentees by hundreds. There are in Paris from 350 to 400 persons, belonging to a single parish; and in France alone, upwards of 100,000 men are reckoned either native Savoisiens, or of Savoisian descent."

Out of a population of half a million, these numbers sound rather appalling; otherwise we need hardly refer to mal-administration and

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\* Is Italian nowhere spoken in Savoy?

priestly intolerance, to explain the temporary emigration—for all return to enjoy their earnings at home—of young chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, and errand-boys, who cannot find occupation, or, consequently, food, upon their bleak native mountains, and whose fathers thus emigrated before them; especially as this seeker of deep political motives for the actions of hungry children afterwards remarks that—

“The ignorant Savoisian mountaineers can no more conceive limits to royal authority, than the possibility of lessening its extent. It would take them three centuries to overthrow a throne, a dynasty, a deceptive charter,—to destroy the old established order, which they hold sacred, and to create a new one which they cannot imagine.”

For the preference given by the migratory Savoyard youth to Paris, over Turin or Vienna, we are quite content to see the causes in similarity, or rather approximation, of language, and facility of communication; the more so, as this preference equally prevailed, we believe, when France was as despotically governed as Sardinia or Austria.

But enough of our statistician's theories and projects of improvement; let us now look at the *dutu* upon which his schemes rest. In turning over the leaves to look for them, we meet sometimes with pieces of information, which it is surely a work of supererogation to repeat in these enlightened times, when the schoolmaster has so long been abroad; such as that—“at the epoch of the second kingdom of Burgundy,” (which ceased, merging into the Holy Roman Empire, A. D. 1032,) “Savoy was not traversed in all directions, as now, by good high roads.”

But think not, gentle reader, that all the information afforded by M. d'Héran is of this truismatical kind. He sometimes shakes the reliance which might thus have been induced upon his diligence and accuracy: as when he speaks of King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th century, when kings were not “as plenty as blackberries,” and no Savoyard Amadeus aspired to a higher title than that of duke; adding that J. J. Rousseau, who lived, as we fancied, in the 18th century, wrote 200 years after the days of the said King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th; or calls Adam Smith, whose Wealth of Nations he cites, Schmit, as though the great Scotch political economist had been a German.

That he makes the Rhone *enter*, instead of *issue from*, the Lake of Geneva on the side of France, is, we may charitably conclude, a mere *lapsus penne*, analogous to the *lapsus lingue* recorded by Mrs. Butler, whose American guide descanted upon the grand effect produced by the water falling from the *bottom to the top* of a cataract. And as M. d'Héran is a most unskilful writer—we apprehend a very tyro—often by the awkward construction of his sentences, and collocation of his matter, seeming to say the reverse of what he means, we conclude that he does not purpose to assert that the representative system of government was established amongst the Allobroges prior to their subjugation by the Romans, although such a chronological order of events might be inferred from the following passage:

“The States-General consisted of prelates representing the clergy, of military barons, castellans, governors, bannerets, representing the nobility, and of the syndic of all the corporations, representing the third estate.



"The Romans, once masters of the defiles of Maurienne, triumphed over the Allobroges and Centrones. After a long sanguinary struggle, the Allobroges were subjected to Rome, in the year of Rome 691. But the Roman Senate, appreciating the virtues, the character, and the courage of these dwellers of the Alps, left them their democratic form of government, respected their usages, &c. &c."

But want of method, or slips of the pen, will not explain all M. d'Héran's startling positions; amongst others, that the clergy, secular and regular, in Savoy and Piedmont, are as numerous as the working classes or proletariats of France and England; the assertion being positive, not relative. Nay, we confess ourselves somewhat posed by the following illustration of the tyrannical and bigoted form of jurisprudence imputed to the kings of Sardinia:—

"By the aid of affirmation on oath, they will some day or other succeed in practising the greatest iniquities, in destroying all those who disturb their measures, or impede their schemes,—all whose knowledge, intellect, or spirit of independence they dread. By following the tyrannical system of Richard III. and Edward IV., they will deliver up to the injustice of tribunals, consisting of their own creatures, such men as they suspect of being opposed to their doctrines; the magistrates will condemn through a religious spirit (*par esprit de religion*,) &c. &c."

Now, really, did history afford us any variety of Richard the Thirds and Edward the Fourth's to choose from, we should suppose the author did not mean the English kings thus designated, partly on account of the order in which he places them, and partly because we are not aware either of anything that religion had to do with the executions or murders that disgraced their reigns, or of any peculiar system of tyranny that they devised or practised, beyond putting their enemies to death, like many other selfish and unprincipled rulers. We should have thought Louis XI. of France a far better pattern-tyrant.

But we have probably said enough of M. d'Héran, and the manner of his book, to satisfy our readers that we were more surprised than disappointed, when, upon seeking the statistical information furnished by M. Darbier's documents, we found—to say nothing of what we did not find—that the mensuration upon which the proportion which the cultivated bears to the uncultivated land in Savoy, is given in dates pretty nearly a hundred years back, to wit, between 1735 and 1738. The population is stated to amount to 550,000 or 560,000 souls; 50,000 or 60,000 higher than it is estimated by our Encyclopædia, a German one, just completed. But we confess that we feel too little confidence in our professed statistician's accuracy, to be disposed to pick out his facts, which, we presume, might almost be termed his *postulata*; and think that, if M. Darbier, *ex-procureur* in the province of Haute-Savoie, really has collected any important statistical documents, he would do well to publish them in a simpler, or at least in a different, form.

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ART. XVI—1. *Die wahre und die scheinbare Bahn des Halleyschen Kometen bei seiner Wiederkunft im Jahr 1835, anschaulich dargestellt und allgemein fasslich erklärt.* Von Möbius, Professor der Astronomie zu Leipzig. (The true and the apparent Path of Halley's Comet, on its Return in 1835, represented and explained in a popular manner, by Möbius, Professor of Astronomy at Leipzig.) 8vo. Leipzig. Göschen. 1834.

2. *Beiträge zu einer Monographie des Halleyschen Kometen.* (Materials for a Monography of Halley's Comet.) Von Littrow. 8vo. Vienna. Müller. 1835.

3. *Neue Erfahrungen und Ansichten über die Kometen, insbesondere über den 1835, wiederkommenden Aprianschen [Apian] Kometen, und über dessen Einfluss auf die Witterung.* (New Observations and Views respecting Comets, particularly the Apian Comet, which will re-appear in 1835, and on its Influence upon the Weather.) Von Dr. J. W. Fischer in Kornenburg. Vienna. Lollinger. 1834.

WE shall endeavour to compress into as small a compass as possible the most important particulars furnished by these works respecting the comet which is to make its appearance towards the end of the present year.

Our countryman Halley, who observed it in the year 1682, was the first who demonstrated its identity with the comets observed in 1607 and 1531, and, from a calculation of the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn, predicted its re-appearance about the end of 1768 or the beginning of the following year. Clairaut, a distinguished French mathematician of the same period, subjected Halley's calculation to a rigorous scrutiny, and after a most laborious investigation, embracing the three revolutions of the comet, he decided the time of its nearest approach to the sun to be the 4th of April, 1759. It took place a little earlier, namely, on the 13th of March; and this calculation, which reflects honour on astronomical science, would have been more exact, if Clairaut had been as well acquainted with the mass of Saturn as we are, and had been able to take into account the planet Uranus or Georgium Sidus, which was not then discovered.

Two French mathematicians, Pontécoulant and Damoiseau, have distinguished themselves by their calculations of the next appearance of Halley's comet. Pontécoulant has gone through this labour several times, and fixes the 31st of Oct. 1835, for the day of its nearest transit through the point of the perihelion (*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*, tom. ii. 147), but afterwards (p. 500 of the same volume of his work) the 2d of November, and finally, in the "Connaissance des Temps" for 1833, (p. 112,) the 7th of November. Damoiseau, on the other hand, in the "Connaissance des Temps" for 1832, (p. 33,) fixes the 4th of November as the day. The differences are small: they arise chiefly from the difficulty of taking into the strictest account the earth's power of attraction on the comet approaching it within twenty-four millions of miles; on which subject, Pontécoulant, in the passage already quoted,

remarks *que cette détermination est fort délicate et que l'on doit s'attendre à plusieurs jours d'incertitude.*" We have thought it right to insist with such emphasis on this circumstance that, in case the comet should not appear punctually at the specified time, our readers may of themselves be able to account for the deviation and not conceive a distrust of the most sublime of sciences, Astronomy. \*

In August, 1835, the comet will advance towards us from about 230 to 130 millions of miles, and during the latter half of that month it will rise about midnight in the north-east, and be visible till the dawn of morning in the eastern quarter of the heavens.

In September it will proceed with augmented velocity towards the well-known constellation, the Great Bear. Its apparent magnitude will increase considerably, in proportion as it approaches nearer to us; and towards the end of the month, it will be but about 28 millions of miles distant from us. It will rise earlier every evening and more northwardly; and, towards the end of the month, it will be so near to the north-pole that it will cease to set, and of course be visible the whole night in the vicinity of the Great Bear.

During the first days of October, the comet will approach nearest to us in its present revolution; it will then be no more than 23 million miles distant from us. If the weather should be favourable, its appearance will then be the most brilliant: it will still be in the northern heavens, but at no great height above the horizon, and of course it will not set. It will then recede rapidly to the south, and towards the conclusion of the month, it will be visible only in the south-west, where it will set earlier every succeeding evening.

In the month of November, at the beginning of which the comet, as we have already mentioned, approaches nearest to the sun, it will cease to be visible, being concealed from our view by the sun's rays.

In the last days of December, however, about six in the morning, it will again be discernible in the eastern horizon. Its distance from us then will be nearly 190 millions of miles.

In January 1836, it will again approach us and be visible, after three in the morning, in the southern sky. It will rise earlier and earlier, and, in February, soon after midnight. In March it will again be visible all

\* It is frequently the case that persons who have not penetrated into the mysteries of astronomical calculation, raise doubts of the possibility of the most accurate determination of the result of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and have alleged the difficulty of calculating precisely the movement of bodies so much nearer to us on the surface of the earth, for example, the course of a projected ball. None has given a more triumphant answer to this objection than Ponceau, in the excellent work quoted above (tom. ii. 167): "The motions of bodies which we observe on the surface of the earth," says he, "are thwarted by so many obstacles, and affected by so many secondary causes, that the simplest frequently surpass the powers of analysis; but this is not the case in the heavens. One general law, which it is easy to subject to calculation, governs the motions of the celestial bodies. One principal power animates them, and the action of the secondary powers is so small in comparison with that of the primary one, that it produces in their course slight irregularities only, the effects of which may be comprehended in general formulæ." This explanation, brief as it is, is yet perfectly satisfactory.

night in the southern heavens; it will then rapidly recede from us, and in April we shall lose sight of it entirely.

Its nearest approach to the earth therefore, as it takes place in October, will precede the transit through the point of the perihelion, which, as we have seen, will not occur till the beginning of November—a circumstance that is to be regretted, because it is not till after the latter that comets assume their most brilliant appearance, and that phenomenon therefore will not be coincident with its greatest proximity to us. Had these two circumstances occurred together—that is to say, had the comet *after* acquiring its greatest brilliancy approached us within 23 millions of miles, as it will do in October, we should probably have enjoyed a more magnificent spectacle than will now be presented. In December, on the other hand, when the comet, after acquiring its greatest brilliancy, will again become visible, it will unluckily be 190 millions of miles distant from us, as we have already observed.

We may here take occasion to observe that the history of astronomy makes mention of many comets, the appearance of which, with their luminous tails, was not less beautiful than terrible. Thus Justin, for example, relates of a comet which appeared at the time of the birth of Mithridates (130 years before Christ), that its brightness seemed to illumine the whole sky, and the length of which occupied a fourth part of the visible heavens.\* Another comet (135 years before Christ) covered, according to Seneca's account (*Quæst. Natural. vii. 15*), the whole milky way; and in modern times, a comet that appeared about two years before Halley's, in 1680, excited notice and apprehension by the extraordinary magnitude of its tail. "La comète de 1680 était une des plus étonnantes qui eut jamais paru, par l'étendue de sa queue" (*Astronomie*, par M. de Lalande, iii. 382.) The magnitude of these tails seems in many cases to depend on the proximity of the comets to the sun at their transit through the perihelion. This was particularly observable in the above-mentioned comet of 1680, whose tail appeared so unusually large and brilliant on its approach to the sun, to which, on the 18th of December in that year, it was 166 times nearer than the earth at its mean distance. Newton, who adverts to this circumstance (*Principia*, p. 640, edit. 1742), is of opinion that this comet, when so near to the sun, must have acquired a temperature far surpassing that of red-hot iron, and retained it for thousands of years; on which perhaps may depend the possibility of keeping a certain temperature at the immense distances to which comets afterwards move from the sun. He also considers the extension of the tail as depending solely on the vapours exhaled by the sun's heat from the nucleus or body of the comet. Later experience, however, seems to impugn this assumption; and the comet of 1811, for instance, which must still be fresh in the memory of many of our readers,

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\* "Hujus (Mithridatis) futuram magnitudinem etiam cœlestia ostenta prædixerant. Nam et eo quo genitus est anno, et eo quo regnare primum cœpit, stella cometes per utrumque tempus septuaginta diebus ita luxit, ut cœlum omne flagrare videretur. Nam et magnitudine sua quartam partem cœli occupaverat, et fulgore sui solis nitorem vicerat; et cum oriretur occumberetque, quatuor spatium horarum consumebat."—*Just. lib. xxxvii. cap. 2.*

had a magnificent tail, though it did not approach so near to the sun in its perihelion as the earth.

Without attempting to follow Dr. Fischer, the author of No. 3, in his theory of the generation of light, and its application to comets, which would require the coinage of new terms, we shall merely protest against his connecting with the subject certain pre-suppositions, which have nothing in their favour but their triteness. How happens it that mathematical minds, which do not suffer themselves to be easily led astray by the fancy, nevertheless scruple not, pretty generally, to maintain that comets travel through two, perhaps more, solar systems, which they visit by turns? Not a single fact can be adduced in support of this hypothesis: it is a pure fiction. Equally unfounded is the assumption that "comets are planets in a state of transformation." Not only is there no evidence to this effect, but the conjecture is, on the contrary, most improbable; because there is such a striking difference between comets and planets, and because comets are so innumerable that all of them, in process of time, could not possibly find a place as planets in our solar system, without overturning those laws of harmony by which it is governed. If, in order to escape this objection, you thrust out all these supposed new planets beyond the Georgium Sidus, and adopt the notion that new comets are continually forming, and that these again are transformed into planets, you do away with all limits to the solar systems, and multiply their spheres to such a degree, that they could not find places without disturbing one another. In fact, you might as well insist that falling stars are transformed into hills, as that comets change into planets.

Respecting the great comet which is expected to appear in the present year Dr. Fischer thus expresses himself:—

"This comet is usually called Halley's comet, after the celebrated astronomer of that name, because in the year 1682 he turned his particular attention to it, determined its course more precisely, and predicted its re-appearance in the year 1759. Edmund Halley was appointed astronomer royal at Greenwich in 1720; he was born in 1656, and lived till 1742. But it was by the assistance of the earlier observations and conjectures made by Apian, the German astronomer, in 1531, that Halley was enabled to arrive at his conclusions. Peter Apian or Bienewitz, born in 1495 at Leisnig, near Meissen in Saxony, and afterwards professor at Ingoldstadt, where he died in 1552, deduced from his observations on the comet of 1531 the probability that it was the same which had appeared in 1305, 1380, and 1456."

Dr. Fischer next presents us with the substance of all the recorded observations of this comet since the year 1005, and a statement of the weather which attended each of its appearances—an interesting analysis, the results of which we shall subjoin as briefly as possible. In 1005 the appearance of this comet was attended by a great famine; in 1080 by an earthquake; in 1155 by a cold winter and failure of crops; in 1230 by rain and inundations (part of Friesland was overwhelmed, with 100,000 inhabitants); in 1304 by great drought, and intense cold in the following winter, succeeded by a pestilence; in 1380 by a still more destructive contagion; in 1456 by wet weather, inundations, and earthquakes; again, in 1531, by great floods; in 1607 by extreme drought,

followed by a most severe winter; in 1682 by floods and earthquakes; in 1759 by some wet, and slight earthquakes. Hence it appears that this comet has brought with it sometimes heat and drought, at others wet and cold, but the latter oftener than the former: if, however, these meteorological phenomena were not wholly independent of its appearance.

The author concludes with some particulars respecting its next appearance, which differ, more especially in regard to distances, from those given in the preceding part of this article. His report of its course and motions is as follows:—

“Towards the end of August, 1835, the comet will make its first appearance in the eastern quarter of the heavens, in the sign Taurus. Its light will then be very faint, partly on account of the length of the days, and partly on account of its distance at this time from the earth, amounting to 190 millions of miles.

“As the motion of the comet will be at first directed towards the earth, its position in the heavens will not be much changed till the middle of September, though its light will rapidly increase in intensity. On the 13th of September its distance from the earth will be 95 millions of miles; from this time its magnificent tail will increase in magnitude and brilliancy; the comet will rise gradually earlier; and its motion will appear to be more and more rapid. In the latter half of September it will enter the sign Gemini.

“On the 1st of October the comet will be only 27 million miles distant from the earth, and it will then enter the fore-foot of the Great Bear, in which it will cease to set, so that about this time it will have attained its highest degree of brilliancy and its greatest apparent magnitude. On the 6th of October its distance from the earth will be only about 16½ millions of miles, being the nearest point to which it approaches. Its magnificent tail will now extend from the hair of Berenice to the principal stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. The head of the comet will set about nine in the evening, whilst the inner visible tail will be visible the whole night in the northern heavens, till the head re-appears in the morning red. From this period it will continue to approach perceptibly nearer to the sun, setting earlier in the evening, and at the same time receding from the earth.

“On the 17th of November the comet will be in its perihelion, consequently it will be no longer visible to us, either during the rest of that month or in December.

“In the beginning of January, 1836, it will issue from the sun's rays, again become visible, and be 190 millions of miles distant from the earth, as it was at the end of August. Meanwhile it will approach the earth a second time, and remain visible to us during the month of February.

“On the 1st of March it will be about 120 millions of miles distant, and will be visible to us in the morning in the constellations of Corvus and Crater. Thence it will continue to recede more and more from the earth and the sun, attain its greatest distance from the latter in 1873, and again arrive at its perihelion in 1912.”

# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXIX.

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## BELGIUM.

The Royal Commission for collecting the Chronicles and History of Belgium held a meeting on the 3d of April, at which Mr. Gachard read a very interesting account relative to the Bollandists, and to their great work, the *Acta Sanctorum*, which was left incomplete. The printing of the Chronicles of Belgium, which are to be divided into three series, will immediately commence. Three volumes of each series are to be printed at the same time.

Mr. Serrure has just made a discovery which is highly interesting to the lovers of the Flemish language. He has found, on the parchment cover of a book, about seventy verses of the Nibelungenlied in Flemish. The importance of this famous poem, which has for the last twenty years engaged the attention of the German literati, renders the discovery both interesting and honourable, since it proves how far advanced the Netherlands were in literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The celebrated Mr. Micali, author of the History of Italy before the Times of the Romans, is now at Brussels, collecting materials for a history of the commercial intercourse between Flanders and the Italian Republics in the middle ages.

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## FINLAND.

A translation of the Odes of Anacreon and Sappho has appeared in the Finland language, by Erich-Alex. Ingmann;—also a translation of the Goldmacherdorf, by Zschokke.

The first tragedy ever written in the Finland language has been published by Fr. Lagerwall, by the title of "Bunulmus Murhe Kurwans." It is a decided imitation of Macbeth, adapted to the manners and scenery of Finland.

The Finland Literary Society at Helsingfors intends publishing a very large collection of ancient Finland songs and ballads, made by Dr. Lourot, physician at Kajana, during many pedestrian excursions, which extended into the government of Archangel.

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## FRANCE.

There never was at any former period such ardour in France for the publication of the sources of the national history as at this moment. The government has successively taken up again the collections commenced before the Revolution, by the Benedictines, and the Academy of Inscriptions, the Cartularia of Brequigny, the writers of the Crusades, the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France*, and the Literary History of France. To these are to be added the colossal enterprize of publishing the Documents of French History,

the two commissions, appointed within a few years, have commenced; the foundation of the Society for French History, which has begun two series, and lastly, many private speculations, the object of which is to publish important MSS. Should this zeal continue for twenty or thirty years, the only necessity of the historian will be to read this immense mass of documents. It is to be regretted that, all these plans being independent of each other, there will be numerous repetitions of the same documents; the collection of the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France* will frequently come into contact with the other collections, and the *Histoire Littéraire*, with the two last collections. So early as 1762 the French government conceived the idea of a work similar to *Monner's Fœdera*. Three volumes, in folio, of a catalogue by Brequigny, were printed in 1769, 1775, 1782, and four-fifths of the fourth volume was printed before the commencement of the French Revolution. But a decree of the 14th August, 1791, suspended all the literary undertakings commenced by the government, and confiscated the sum in the funds, producing 45,000 francs per annum, which had been allotted to the publication. The Directory, indeed, ordered in the year iv., and the Consulate in the year xi., that the publication should be renewed, but as no money was granted nothing was done. However, in 1832, funds were assigned to complete Brequigny's Catalogue. All that portion of the fourth volume which was printed had been lost or destroyed during the Revolution, so that it was necessary to do it over again. The fourth volume is nearly ready for publication, and the fifth is in great forwardness. This, however, is but a preliminary work, and the great work, which is to contain the documents themselves, is scarcely begun. The Academy, however, has now resolved to proceed in earnest, and by the advice of M. Pardessus, in a report on the subject to the Academy of Inscriptions, has made some judicious alterations in the original plan. But still, as is above remarked, the want of concert in the direction of the several collections will cause numerous repetitions.

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At the end of February last there were in Paris 81 printing-offices, 155 lithographic printers, 32 copper-plate printers, 25 letter-founders, 8 press-makers, 9 printing-ink manufacturers, and 95 engravers and punch-cutters.

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In the 84 departments of the kingdom, including Corsica, there are 258 newspapers, consequently on an average three to each department. But three departments,—the Upper Alps, the Lower Alps, and the Upper Pyrenees,—have no newspaper at all. Out of these 258 papers, 101 are exclusively devoted to local intelligence, and 4 are confined to literary matters; so that the number of political journals is no more than 153.

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The French papers have announced a singular speculation. They say that several booksellers, in concert with the proprietors of "*Œuvres complètes de M. Chateaubriand*," are preparing a new edition of the works of that eminent writer. Each subscriber will be furnished with a ticket which will entitle him to a chance of obtaining one of 70 prizes, representing the value of 180,000 francs. One of these prizes will consist of one third of the property of the complete works of Chateaubriand—a property which is known to have cost more than half a million (of francs.)

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M. Fontanier has published a new volume of *Travels in the East*, undertaken by command of the French government from 1830 to 1833. It contains the narrative of a second tour made by the author in Anatolia. The account of the first appeared at Paris in two volumes, 1829.



The commission appointed for superintending the publication of the works of M. Champollion, junior, composed of Messrs. Silvestre de Sacy, Letronne, Champollion-Figeac, Lenormant, and some others, presented on the 26th of April the first *livraison* of the "Monuments of Egypt and Nubia" to the minister of the interior. The designs are admirably executed by M. Dubois; and the price will be so moderate as to render this important work accessible to artists and literary men.

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The property of the immense work by Piranesi, representing the most remarkable edifices of ancient and modern Rome, has been lately sold at Paris. Independently of the skill displayed in the designs and the merit of the execution which have given celebrity to the name of Piranesi, senior and junior, these plates possess the advantage of representing a considerable number of monuments which no longer exist, or which were much less injured when the views were taken than at present.

John Baptist Piranesi, whose work formed sixteen volumes, atlas folio, died at Rome in 1778. His son, Francis, continued this work. The Pope conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and Gustavus III. of Sweden appointed him his *chargé-d'affaires* at the court of Rome. In 1798 he was sent as minister of the Roman republic to Paris. Some years afterwards, as he deemed himself unsafe at Rome, he sought refuge, with his collection, at Naples, was there apprehended, and owed his liberation to the interference of the First Consul, who gave him an invitation to settle in France, which Piranesi accepted without hesitation. His collection of engraved plates, which had fallen into the hands of the English, was restored to him, out of respect for the talents and reputation of the engraver. Napoleon granted to him his especial protection, assigned to him the Collège des Grassins for an *atelier*, and one of the lower rooms of the Palais Royal, opposite to the Café Valois, for the sale of his works. It was in this his new country that Piranesi published his "Roman Antiquities." But, though supported by Napoleon, he was obliged, by the magnitude of the undertaking, to dispose of his establishment. By an ordinance of the government it was decreed that it should be purchased at the cost of the state, and that the sum of 300,000 francs and an annual pension of 12,000 should be paid to the artist. But the disastrous Russian campaign prevented the execution of this decree. Messrs. Firmin Didot, brothers, have now become proprietors of this magnificent work, the most extensive monument of engraving produced during the last century. It comprehends 2000 plates, almost all of atlas size, the engraving alone of which cost upwards of a million of francs. Several of them are yet unpublished, and will enhance the value of the new edition which Messrs. Didot are about to prepare.

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It is stated as a fact that 20,000 copies of the "Histoire de la Revolution Française," by M. Thiers, published by Messrs. Firmin Didot, and now completed, have been sold in the course of one year.

## GERMANY.

The Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue comprehends in the whole 4193 articles. Among these are 426 works in the press, and 3767 ready for delivery; and among the latter are 103 atlases or single maps of the earth or heavens. There are consequently 3664 printed works ready for delivery: 320 of these are in living foreign languages, 202 in the ancient languages, and 3142 German

books, of which 146 are novels, and 49 plays, leaving 2047 books and pamphlets of a scientific or miscellaneous nature. The 3767 articles ready for publication have been produced by 487 houses, which gives an average of scarcely eight to each. Those whose publications amount to twenty or more are the following:—Basse, 74; Reimer, 71; Manz, 50; Levrault, 44; Metzler, 42; Cotta, 41; Brockhaus, 39; Reitzel, 36; Hoffmann and Campe, 35; Haase, 35; Hahn, 34; Schlosser, 31; Arnold and Steinkopf, each 29; Gödsche, 28; Perthes and Besser, 27; Duncker and Humblot, and Franz, each 27; Friedrich Fleischer, and Gerold and Mayer, each 26; Barth, 25; Baumgärtner, Hinrichs, Leske, and Voigt, each 24; Budeker and Schubotho, each 23; Vetter and Rostosky, and Weidmann, each 22; Brodhag, Herold, Kollmann in Leipzig, and Max and Co., each 21; Voss, Friese, Hammerich, Kollmann in Augsburg, and Löflund, each 20.

The total number of articles produced since 1831 have amounted as follows:—in 1831 to 5508; in 1832 to 6122; in 1833 to 5653; and in 1834 to 6074 articles. The publications of the last year, under their different classes, exhibit the following proportions:—

1. Belles-Lettres and Fine Arts, 1327 articles, among which there are 358 novels, 173 plays, and 109 relating to music.
2. Divinity, 1141 articles, including 550 sermons and books of devotion.
3. History, 880 articles, including 212 biographies and 87 on antiquities.
4. Politics and Political Economy, 777 articles.
5. Medicine, 639 articles, including 81 on chemistry and pharmacy, 78 on the homœopathic system, and 42 on veterinary medicine.
6. Philology, 597 articles.
7. The Natural Sciences, 400 articles.
8. Geography and Travels, 385 articles.
9. Technology, 338 articles.
10. Works for Youth, among which the 126th edition of Wilmsen's *Kinderfreund*.
11. Jurisprudence, 285 articles.
12. Philosophy and Literature, 269 articles.
13. Domestic and Rural Economy, 237 articles.
14. Education, 217 articles.
15. Mathematical Sciences, 212 articles.
16. Military Science and Equitation, 187 articles.
17. Commerce and Mining, 175 articles.
18. Forests and the Chase, 55 articles.
19. Miscellaneous Works, 200.

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M. Deiters of Münster has announced the speedy publication of a History of the Anabaptists, from their origin to their suppression, by Mr. J. Hast, in an 8vo. volume.

The same bookseller has ready:—"Travels through Italy and Sicily, from 1828 to 1830," by J. B. Hegemann, which professes to furnish an accurate guide to travellers in those countries.

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Duncker and Humblot of Berlin have announced a German translation of "Baines's History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain."

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The announcement of a collection of the German classic-writers by the booksellers of Paris, has induced Brockhaus of Leipzig to issue a circular containing proposals for supplying the trade of Germany with a similar collection. He proposes that each author should be sold separately; that the size of the work should be medium duodecimo; and that there should be no graphic embellishments, in order that the volumes may be afforded at a reasonable price. He also intimates his readiness to treat with the proprietors of copyrights for the use of such books as it may be thought desirable to introduce into this collection.

Chevalier Bander, well known for his efforts for the improvement of rail-roads, has just produced a little work on the impossibility of employing steam-carriages on ordinary roads with advantage as general means of conveyance, and on the absurdity of all the plans for dispensing with rail-roads by means of them.

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The second part of the second volume of the "Description of the City of Rome," by Platner, Bunsen, Gerhard, and Röstell, has just made its appearance, together with thirteen quarto plates in a portfolio. This portion treats exclusively of the rich treasures of art deposited in the Vatican. It gives a complete catalogue of the antiques preserved there, a history and description of the Vatican library and archives, and copious accounts of the principal manuscripts and miniatures, and also of the ancient Christian monuments and antique vases attached to the library. An important division is devoted to Raphael's Cartoons, and the Vatican collection of pictures.

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The "First Tour in North America, in the years 1822—1824, by Paul William Duke of Württemberg," with a map of Louisiana, has just been published in an 8vo. volume.

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The approach of the expected comet has caused a second edition of the work "On the true and apparent Path of Halley's Comet, on its re-appearance in 1835," by Aug. Ferd. Möbius, professor of astronomy at Leipzig, to be required in the space of four months from its first publication.

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Wilman of Frankfort has announced:—"Observations and Remarks on Bessarabia, made during a Residence of many years in that country," by Dr. Zucker, in one volume, 8vo.

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The second and third volumes of Dr. Ungewitter's translation from the Swedish of "Berggren's Travels in Europe and the East," have been published.

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Mr. Cotta is about to publish a complete and splendid edition of the works of Schiller. In the supplement to his works, published by Döring, there is an interesting medico-psychological essay, in which the great writer paints with much delicacy and feeling his sister-in-law, Madame de Wollzogen. A lady residing near Stuttgart is in possession of many valuable papers, among which are the letters to Laura.

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Mr. Cotta has lately published:—"Reise auf dem Caspischen Meere und in den Caucasus," by Dr. Edward Eichwald, in the years 1825 and 1826, with plates and maps. Only the first volume is yet published, under the title of "Periplus of the Caspian Sea," containing the narrative of the voyage on the Gaspian.

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A bookseller at Munich has published a work, in a royal quarto volume, entitled, "*Skereins Álvaggðjóns thairh Jóhannén*," (Explanation of the Gospel of St. John,) in the Gothic language, from Roman and Milanese MSS., with a Latin translation, illustrative remarks, and historical inquiry, a Gothic-Latin vocabulary, and specimens of the writing, by Dr. H. J. Mussman,

Professor of the ancient German language and literature in the University of Munich. This volume furnishes entirely new, and hitherto unpublished monuments of the Gothic language, which are more valuable, as they not only afford ample contributions to grammar and lexicography, but also confirm and complete the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas, but more especially because they supply absolutely new information respecting the Arianism of the Goths. The discussions which have taken place on this subject induced the Editor to engage in a most laborious, but successful inquiry, concerning the author, and the original language, &c. of the old Gothic translation, by which much light is thrown on that very obscure part of the history of the Church,—the Christianity of the Goths, and other German tribes.

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Hoffmann of Stuttgart has announced a popular System of Mineralogy and Geology, by Dr. E. F. Glocker, director of the mineralogical cabinet of the University of Breslau.

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A Mythological Dictionary, by Dr. Edward Jacobi, in two volumes, 8vo., has just been published by the house of Sinner, at Coburg.

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On the 1st of July, Baumgärtner of Leipzig will commence publishing a popular "Bible," with 532 plates and cuts. The ideas for the historical subjects are taken from the works of the most eminent masters, ancient and modern, and M. Leo de Laborde, who has lately explored Arabia, has observed the most scrupulous accuracy in the landscapes, and particularly in those connected with the peregrinations of the Israelites after leaving Egypt. The work will appear in parts at short intervals.

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Rieger and Co. of Stuttgart are preparing "The Select Works of Victor Hugo," translated by Friedrich Seybold, in about twenty small volumes.

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The publication of Retzsch's Sketches to Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, has been delayed owing to an ailment of the eyes, which has prevented the artist from transferring them to the copper. They will appear about the end of the present year.

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The Chevalier Wiebeking, well known by his important publications on Hydraulic Architecture, the History of Civil Architecture. &c., has commenced a work, in two quarto volumes, relative to what is most curious and useful in Hydraulic Architecture, with thirty-six large topographic-hydrographic charts, and seventeen copper-plates. The first volume will be published in the course of the present year.

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The Bavarian architect, M. L. von Klenze, has just published a highly interesting work under the following title: "Anweisung zur Architektur des Christlichen Cultus," with thirty-nine copper-plates, in folio.

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## NAPLES.

The Neapolitan journals give a very favourable account of the recently published "*Grammatica Italiana*," by Dominico Pandullo.

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At Palermo there has appeared the second volume of a new work, entitled—"*Le Antichità della Sicilia esposte ed illustrate per Domen. Le Paso Pietra-*

santa Duca de Serradifalco"—with thirty-seven engravings on copper and lithographs. A curious circumstance attending this splendid work is, that the second volume has been published before the first. It embraces the ruins of the ancient Selinus; the first will comprise the grottoes of Segeste.

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## PORTUGAL.

Accounts from Portugal state that, with the books found in the suppressed convents, a library of 300,000 volumes had been formed in the convent of San Francisco.

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## PRUSSIA.

The late learned Baron William von Humboldt has ordered in his last will, dated January 20, 1832, that all the ample philological materials which he had collected, and which at present are not in a fit state for the press, shall be the property of the Royal Library; on condition that men of learning, who devote themselves to any branch of the study of philology, shall be at full liberty to make use of them in their literary labours. He has also bequeathed to the Royal Library all his books and writings, many of which are very rare, relative to foreign languages. These works are enumerated in a separate catalogue. As the deceased Baron had long intended to leave this part of his ample collections to the Royal Library, he had taken especial care to add to it everything upon the subject which the Library did not already possess.

Among the Manuscripts left by this eminent scholar are two important works designed for publication; the one, "On the Languages of the Indian Archipelago derived from the Sanskrit;" and the other, "On the Origin and the Philosophy of Languages in general." This interesting intelligence has been communicated in a letter from Alexander von Humboldt to M. Arago at Paris.

Professor Preuss, in his life of Frederick II., speaks of the following literary treasure without being able to state where it was to be found. Mr. Polchau, of Berlin, who possesses an invaluable collection of MS. music, has obtained, by the intervention of his royal highness the crown prince, permission to make a search in the royal palaces for early musical compositions, and in particular those of Frederick II. He has had the good fortune to discover in the palace at Berlin and the New Palace 120 musical compositions by his majesty, consisting of concertos, solos for the flute, with bass, &c.

The Berlin Military Journal of May 16, published the hitherto inedited introduction of Frederick II. to his "General Principles of the Art of War, applied to the tactics and discipline of the Prussian troops," 1752. It was a confidential communication to the chief officers of his army, which has been, at length, brought to light after a lapse of eighty-two years.

A splendid work, entitled "*Der Dom zu Königsberg in Preussen*," being a history and description of the cathedral of Königsberg, has just appeared in two parts. The first contains the history of the cathedral, by August Rudolph Gebser; and the second the description of the edifice, and of the works of art which it contains, by Dr. Ernst August Hagen, with eight large lithographic views of the cathedral. The work owes its origin to the celebration of the

five-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the cathedral in 1833, on which occasion it was resolved to build a school-house, and in order to increase the funds for this purpose, the authors undertook this work, which gives much information on many points of local history hitherto imperfectly known.

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## RUSSIA.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, has awarded the first Demidoff prize for 1834 to a work of Mr. Sidonski, entitled "Introduction to the Science of Philosophy," in which the author shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the German Philosophical Schools. The second prize was adjudged to the well-known Father Hyacinthe, for his "Historical Account of the Calmucks, from the thirteenth century to the present time."

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## SWEDEN.

This country may now boast of possessing a history worthy of itself. This is the "History of the Swedish Nation, from the most ancient times to the present period," by Strinnholm. This work is calculated to interest not only the historian or antiquary, but the lovers of history in general, as well as those who take an interest in adventures, and in the manners and customs of ancient times. A young writer, named Cronholm, has furnished valuable contributions to the early history of Sweden, in detached Essays, such as the "Wäringar and Ancient Northern Reminiscences." These compositions, which are the result of long and assiduous investigation, are written in an elevated and singularly pleasing style, and bear indisputable marks of great ability. The collections of Swedish documents and records are of much importance to the history of Sweden, especially the "*Scriptores rerum Suecicarum*;" the "Memoirs appertaining to the History of Scandinavia;" the Swedish Diplomatarium of Liljegren;" and the "Documents collected from the Archives of the Family of La Gardie," edited by Wieselgren.

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Considerable additions have been made to the statistics of Sweden, especially by "Carl af Forsell's Statistics of Sweden," (*Statistik öfver Sverige, grundad på offentliga Handlingar*), which is an invaluable addition to Swedish literature. The author makes comparisons not only between the former and the present state of Sweden, but also that of other countries, and points out some improvements which might be made.

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Professor Geyer, who is still proceeding in the composition of his History of Sweden, has meanwhile published *Reminiscences of a Journey in England and Germany*, under the title of "*Minnen Utdrag ur Bref och Dagböcker*."

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The total number of periodical works in this kingdom is 103; 16 of which commenced during the last year, and 6 in the present. Of these 27 are published in Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, and 5 at Upsal. Among the new works published since June 1, 1835, are: Atterbom's Works, vol. i.; The Scandinavian Fauna, by S. Nilsson, 2 vols., with plates; Travels in North America, by Gosselman, and several pamphlets on the approaching Comet.

## TURKEY.

A young architect, M. Texier, after finishing his studies in Italy, has been sent by the French government to Constantinople and Asia Minor, to examine the antique monuments of that nearly unknown country. He has lately written from Phrygia, and communicated an interesting account of the town of Azan, of the antique monuments of which we have hitherto had neither description nor drawing. He has discovered there a magnificent temple surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, which, he says, surpasses every thing of the kind that either Greece or Italy can boast, in regard to purity of style and preservation. Upon the outer walls there are still eight Greek and Latin inscriptions relating to Panhellenic festivals and magisterial ordinances. Almost all the other public buildings of this ancient town are still extant—marble bridges and sepulchral monuments, quays, the theatre, and the circus. The theatre is in the highest state of preservation. The stage is yet entire, but the Ionic columns have been overthrown by an earthquake, and the orchestra is covered with rubbish. In the proscenium is a frieze with relievos, representing hunting scenes: among the animals may be distinguished the Zebu, or humped ox, (an animal now found no where but in India,) torn by a lion; stags and boars caught by dogs, horse-races, &c. The doors are still standing, with all their decorations. Opposite to the theatre is the circus, built of white marble. Near the temple is seen a large portico, probably the gymnásium, with columns of the Grecian-Doric order. Amidst these remains are scattered the houses of a small village. M. Texier has caused several excavations to be made, and taken measurements and drawings of the buildings.

A late number of the Turkish Gazette announces that the fourth volume of “*Ishak Efendi's Manual of the Mathematical Sciences*” is published, and may be had at the Imperial Printing-office.

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## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Description of the Gold Mines of the United States is published at New York, in numbers; each number has a map of the district containing the gold mines described. No. I. North Carolina, with an Essay on the Gold Region of the United States, for the Transactions of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania. No. II. Virginia and Maryland. No. III. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York.

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## WALLACHIA.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

In a literary point of view our country can hardly be said to exist; we have no national history, and very few works in the national language. The higher classes speak modern Greek, French, or German; the latter is spoken, in particular, by the female sex, because they are, for the most part, brought up by German governesses. We have, however, some good translations of foreign classical works. Thus, for instance, M. Eliade, [Editor of the *Wallachian Courier* at Bucharest, has translated the *Meditations* of Lamartine, and the *Phædra* of Racine. He is now writing a National Epic Poem, the hero of which is Michai Woda Witeczlia, (Prince Michael the Brave,) who lived in the seventeenth century. Among our poets John Vakoresko may be mentioned, who has written some songs, and translated some cantos of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. We are now endeavouring every where to form public libraries with the books that have been long buried in the monasteries. I shall acquaint you, from time to time, with the progress that we make. . . .

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# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM MARCH TO JUNE, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- 286 Coclin, K. G. von, Handbuch der biblischen Theologie. Herausgegeben von Dr. D. Schulz. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Leipzig*.
- 287 Krammacker, E. W., Tägliche Herzensweide aus Dr. Martin Luther's Werken zur Erfrischung und Stärkung der lieben Christgemeine. 12mo. *Frankfurt am Main*. 7s.
- 288 Schleiermacher, F., Sämmtliche Werke. 2te Abtheilung. Predigten. 3ter Bd. gr. 8vo. 4 Bde. *Berlin*. 2l.
- 289 Strack, Dr. F., Stunden der Einsamkeit. Betrachtungen, Gebete und Gesänge. 8vo. *Bremen*.
- 290 Tholuck, A., Einleitung und Commentar zum Brief an die Hebräer, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf biblische Dogmatik. 8vo. *Hamburg*.
- 291 Arendt, W. A., Leo der Grosse und seine Zeit. 8vo. *Mainz*. 6s.
- 292 Beiträge zu den theologischen Wissenschaften von den Professoren der Theologie zu Dorpat. 2ter Bd. 8vo. *Hamburg*. 8s.
- 293 Dahlmann, Betrachtungen über die wichtigsten Gegenstände der christlichen Religions- und Sitten-Lehre. 8vo. *Essen*. 3s.
- 294 Dursch, Prof. Dr. G. M., Geschichte der christlichen Religion und Kirche, zur Belehrung gebildeter Katholiken. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 5s.
- 295 Engelhardt, Dr. J. G., Handbuch der Kirchen-Geschichte. 4ter Bd. 8vo. *Erlangen*.
- 296 Schweizer, A., Schleiermacher's Wirksamkeit als Prediger. 8vo. *Halle*. 3s. 6d.
- 297 Moser, F. J., Gesammelte Kanzel-Reden, herausgegeben von Dr. Räss und Dr. Weis. Die Glaubens-Predigten. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 7s.
- 298 Ruttenstock, Prof., Institut. histor. ecclesiasticae N. T. Tom. III. 8vo. *Viennae*. 6s.

## LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- 299 Code Universitaire de l'Université Royale de France, par Rendie. 8vo. 15s.
- 300 Dalloz, Dictionnaire général de Legislation. Tom. I. 1ère Livr. 4to. 12s.
- 301 Kratzsch, Darstellung der Gerichts-Verfassung in dem Preussischen Staate. 1ster Thl. 8vo. *Zeitz*. 8s.
- 302 Phillips, Prof. Dr. G., Deutsche Geschichte, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Religion, Recht und Staats-Verfassung. 2ter Bd. 8vo. *Berlin*. 13s.
- 303 Savigny, von, Ueber das altrömische Schuldrecht. 8vo. *Berlin*. 2s.
- 304 Schilling, Prof. Dr. F., Lehrbuch der Institutionen und Geschichte des römischen Privatrechts. 1ste Lief. 8vo. *Leipz*. 5s.
- 305 Siegen, H. J., Juristische Abhandlungen, vorzüglich den Zustand deutscher Gesetzgebung und Rechtspflege betreffend. 8vo. *Göttingen*. 7s.
- 306 Zöpfl, Dr. H., Deutsche Staats- und Rechts-Geschichte. 3 Abtheil. 8vo. 1ste Abth. *Heidelberg*. 17s.

## MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 307 Balzac, Etudes Philosophiques. 3 Vols. 12mo. 15s.
- 308 Comte, Cours de Philosophie positive. Tom. II. 8vo. 8s.
- 309 Fichte, J. G., Nachgelassene Werke, herausgegeben von J. H. Fichte. 2ter Bd. 8vo. *Bonn*. 12s.—3ter Bd., 12s.
- 310 ———, Grundzüge zum System der Philosophie. 2te Abtheil. Die Ontologie und speculative Theologie. 8vo. *Heidelberg*. 6s. 6d.



- 311 Krog, Prof. D., Schelling und Hegel, oder die neueste Philosophie im Vernichtungskriege mit sich selbst begriffen. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 2s.  
 312 Rosenkranz, Prof. K., Das Verdienst der Deutschen um die Philosophie der Geschichte, mit erläuternden Beilagen. 8vo. *Königsb.*  
 313 Schlegel, Fr., Philosophischen Vorlesungen aus den Jahren 1804—1808. Nebst Fragmenten vorzüglich philosophischen-theologischen Inhalts. Aus seinen Nachlass herausgegeben von C. J. Windischmann. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Bonn*.  
 314 Schubert, Prof. F. W., Handbuch der allgemeinen Staatenkunde von Europa. 1ster Bd. 1ster Thl. 8vo. *Königsb.* 7s.  
 315 Weisse, C. H., Grundzüge der Metaphysik. 8vo. *Hamburg*.

## MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

- 316 Dumas, *Traité de Chimie appliquée aux Arts*. Tom. V. 8vo. 9s.  
 317 Ponteculant, *Théorie du Système du Monde*. Tom. III. 8vo. 12s.  
 318 Caspari, J. J., *Algebra, von den ersten Elementen bis zur Analysis, oder den Lehren von den Functionen*. 8vo. *Coblenz*. 12s.  
 319 Creizenach, Dr. M., *Lehrbuch der Trigonometrie*. 8vo. *Frankfurt am Main*.  
 320 Grassmann, J. G., *Lehrbuch der Trigonometrie*. 8vo. *Berlin*. 2s.  
 321 Littrow, J. J., *Der Himmel, seine Welten und seine Wunder*. Mit Sternkarten, dem Portät des Verfassers und vielen astronomischen Tafeln. 2te—4te Liefer. 8vo. *Stuttgart*. 7s.  
 322 Mecklenburg und Simon, *Grundzüge der Chemie in Tabellen-Form*. 4to, *Berlin*. 7s.  
 323 Meissner, P. T., *Neues System der Chemie*. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Wien*. 1l. 1s.  
 324 Mitscherlich, E., *Lehrbuch der Chemie*. 2ten Bds. 1ste Abtheil. 8vo. *Berlin*.  
 325 Moldenhauer, Dr. F., *Grundriss der Chemie für den ersten wissenschaftl. Unterricht in derselben*. 3 Abtheilungen, mit Steintafeln. 8vo. *Karlsruhe*. 1l.  
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